

# WAVES OF GLORY

THE BLOOD

OF

JESUS

CHRIST

AS SON  
CLEANSETH US

FROM

ALL SIN //

PUBLISHED BY  
THE

EDITED BY  
W. H. BARNES  
W. H. BARNES  
NATZARENE PUB. CO.  
LOS ANGELES CAL.

SCC  
5119

Benson

# *Waves of Glory*

EDITORS :

J. M. HARRIS and W. J. KIRKPATRICK

PUBLISHED BY THE

*Nazarene Publishing Co.,*

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

1905

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1905

# WAVES OF GLORY.

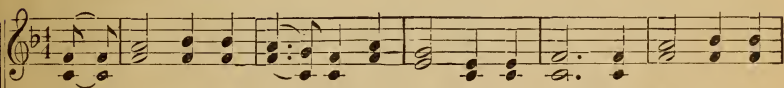


No. 1.

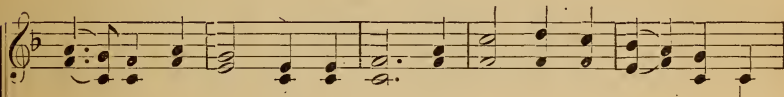
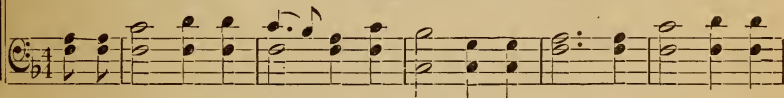
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

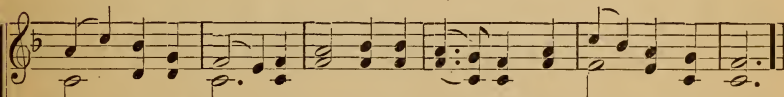
A. J. GORDON.



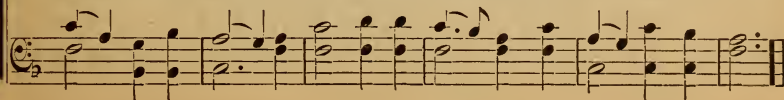
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies  
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sua, 'tis now.

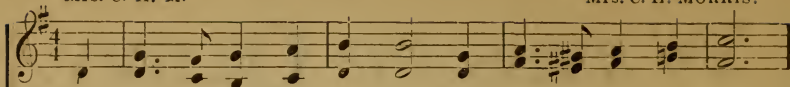


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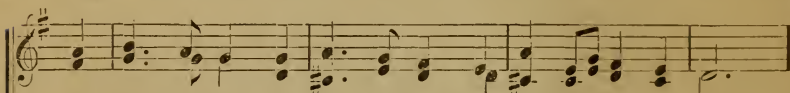
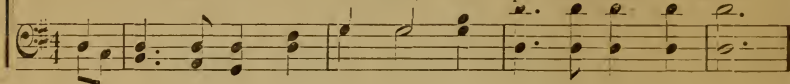
## Get Right With God.

Mrs. C. H. M.

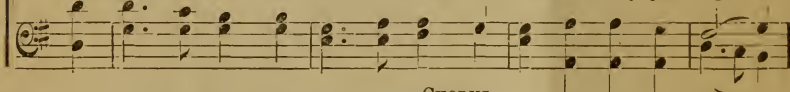
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



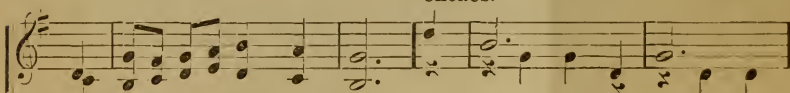
1. Heed thou the voice of wis - dom, Which call - eth long and loud,
2. Seek first His glo - rious king - dom, His love, His right - eous - ness,
3. For God the world so lov - ed, His life He free - ly gave,
4. Your sin - stained souls like crim - son, Are spot - less made and white.



And bids you turn in Je - sus name And make your peace with God,  
 And with all oth - er need - ful things The Lord your life will bless,  
 That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve E - ter - nal life should have,  
 The blood of Je - sus Christ, His Son, Can make and keep you right,



## CHORUS.



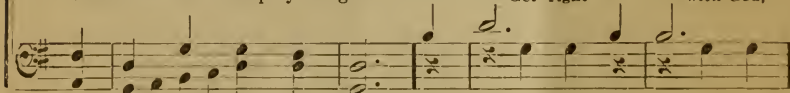
And make your peace with God.  
 The Lord your life will bless.  
 E - ter - nal life should have.  
 Can make and keep you right.

Get right

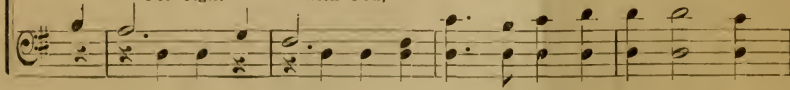
with God,

Get right

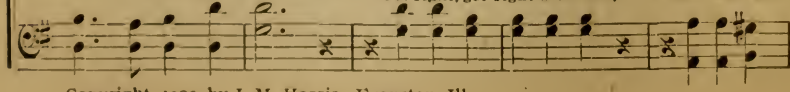
with God,



Get right with God. There is no place of safe - ty, But  
 Get right with God,



un - der - neath the blood. Get right with God, Get right with  
 Get right, get right with God, Get right, get



# Get Right With God.

God, Let thou no oth - er trust in-trude, Get right with God,  
right with God, Get right, get right with God,

## No. 3. O, The Blood.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. From the cross, the cross where the Sa-vior died, A crim-son stream I see;
2. From His home a-bove, Je-sus came in love, A fount-ain o-pened free;
3. At the cross I bow, Je-sus saves just now, His blood my on - ly plea;

'Tis the blood, the blood from His riven side, Praise the Lord it cleanseth me.  
Where its waters flow, I will glad - ly go, Praise the Lord it cleanseth me.  
See the radiant gleam, of the crimson stream, Praise the Lord it cleanseth me.

CHORUS.

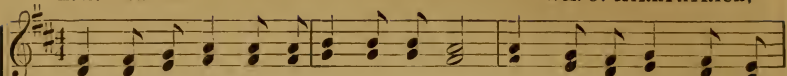
O, the blood, the precious blood, Je - sus shed on Cal - va - ry;

O, the blood, the precious blood, Praise the Lord it cleanseth me.  
cleanseth me.

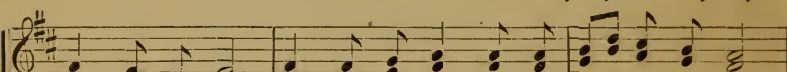
# No. 4. O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,




1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept, neath the  
 2. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Calm in the peace that He  
 3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the  
 4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in His grace and His

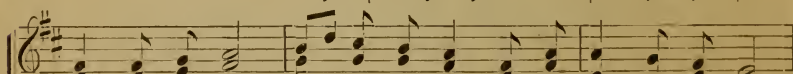


life - giv - ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seek - ing, and pride,  
 loves to be - stow; Dai - ly re - freshed by the heav - en - ly dews,  
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with a love that is true and sin - cere  
 know - ledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat - tern shall be,

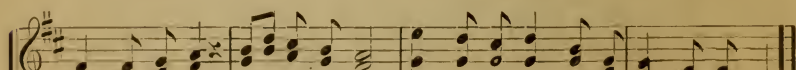
CHORUS.



Washed in the fount - ain of Cal - va - ry's tide.  
 Read - y for serv - ice when - e'er He shall choose. O for a heart  
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.  
 Till in His beaut - y my King I shall see.



whit - er than snow! Sav - ior di - vine, to whom else can I go?



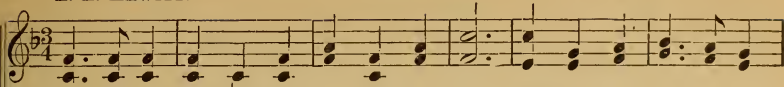
Thou who didst die, lov - ing me so, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow.

## No. 5.

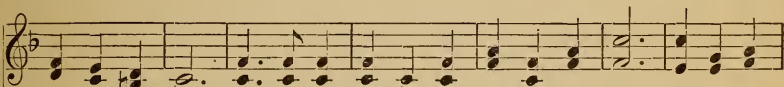
## Lord of the Harvest.

E. E. HEWITT.

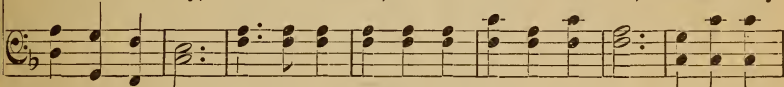
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



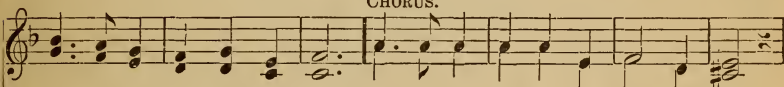
1. Lord of the har-vest, we fer-vent-ly pray, Send forth more la - bor-ers,
2. Lord, in Thy service, there's room for us all, May we who list - en - re-
3. With Thine anointing, now set us a - part, Give us the love that makes
4. Lord of the har-vest, we fer-vent-ly pray, Send forth more la - bor-ers,



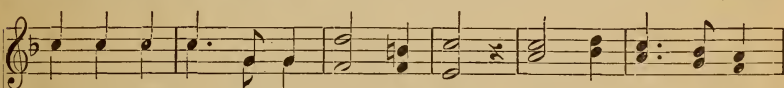
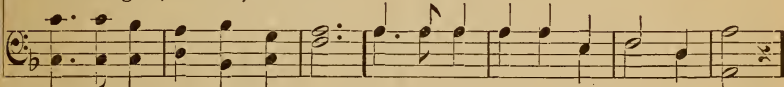
send them to - day: Sow-ers to scat-ter the life-giv - ing seed, Reapers to  
spond to Thy call; Seek-ing Thy glo-ry, we'll sure-ly be blest, Take us and  
will - ing the heart; Will-ing to serve in Thy own chos-en way, Will-ing to  
send them to - day; Home or a-broad, on the land or the sea, Make us Thy



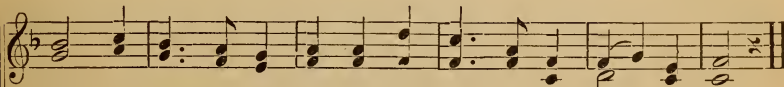
## CHORUS.



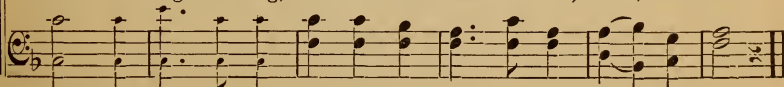
thrust in the sic - kle, we need.  
use us as Thou shalt see best. Lord of the harvest, send me, send me!  
fol - low Thy steps ev - 'ry day.  
mes - sengers; Mas-ter, send me.



Send forth more la - bor-ers, Lord, send me! Fields are whit - en - ing,



Skies are bright - en - ing, Send forth more la - bor-ers, Lord, send me.

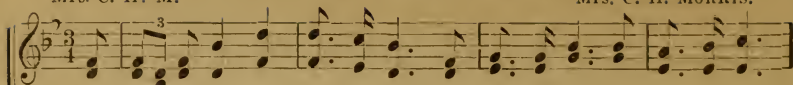


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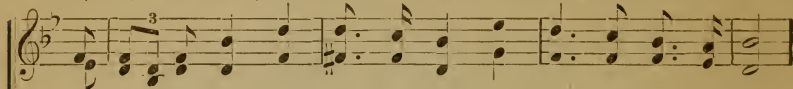
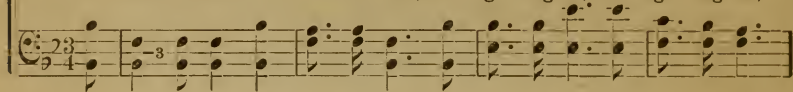
## I'm Going On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

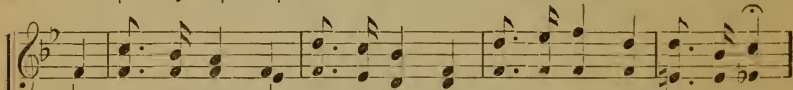
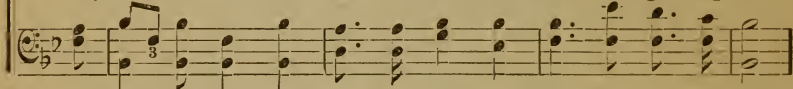
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



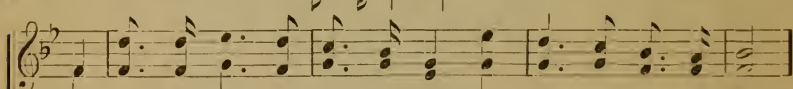
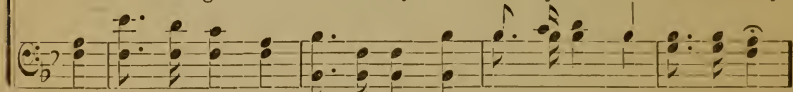
1. I'm o - ver in the good-ly land, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
2. A land that flows with milk and wine, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
3. Tho' gi - ants tall are in the way, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
4. O bless-ed land I love so well, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;



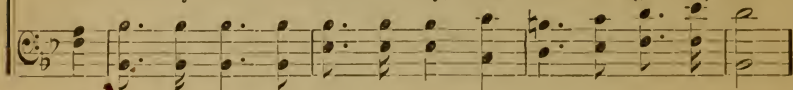
Led by my Fa - ther's guid - ing hand, Bless God I'm go - ing on;  
 Its rar - est fruits are free - ly mine, Bless God I'm go - ing on;  
 My Fa - ther's hand is strong to slay, Bless God I'm go - ing on;  
 Thy won-drous beau - ties who can tell, Bless God I'm go - ing on;



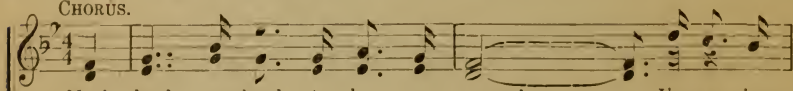
Plains un - ex-plored be - fore me spread, New mountain heights loom just ahead,  
 A bount-eous ta - ble ev - er spread, With "honey from the rock" I'm fed,  
 Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, Je - ho-vah's mightier than my foes,  
 I'm in this glor - ious land to stay, Un - til my Sav - ior some sweet day



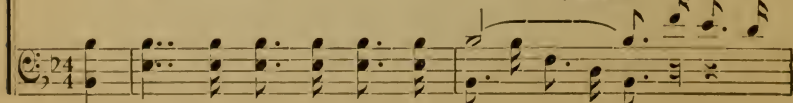
Their sum-mits soon my feet shall tread, Bless God I'm go - ing on.  
 And fin - est wheat my dai - ly bread, Bless God I'm go - ing on.  
 Be - fore me in - to bat - tle goes, Bless God I'm go - ing on.  
 Shall call my soul from earth a - way, Bless God I'm go - ing on.



## CHORUS.



Much land a - head to be pos - sessed, I'm go - ing  
 to be possessed,



# I'm Going On.

on, . . . . I'm go - ing on, . . . . And all is  
I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on,

mine my feet have pressed, . . . . Bless God I'm go - ing on.  
my feet have pressed,

## No. 7. Pentecostal Power.

A. A. P.

Rev. A. A. Phelps.

1. Deep were the groans that heaved my breast, Bit-ter my sighs for per-fect rest;  
2. With yearning heart and streaming eyes, I bro't my liv-ing sac-ri-fice;  
3. Sweet as the sound of ser-aph's lay, I heard the voice of Je-sus say:  
4. My prayer pre-ails! O joy di-vine! The Spir-it wit-ness-es with mine!  
5. Oh, bless-ed pen-te-cost-al pow'r! I take Thee as my promised dower;  
6. Bap-tize the church with ho-ly fire! Je-sus, Thy wit-ness-es in-spire!

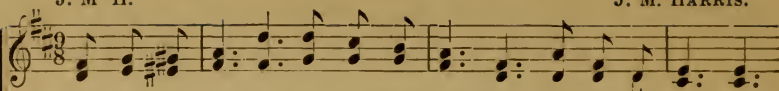
Fierce was my fight with in-bred sin, Firm my re-solve to die or win.  
And cried for God's con-sum-ing fire, That self and sin might all ex-pire.  
"My blood has wash'd out ev-ry stain, No spot of sin doth now re-main."  
Out of my-self I glad-ly fall, And find in Christ my all in all.  
May my a-noint-ed lips de-clare This great sal-va-tion ev-ry-where!  
Let mill-ions in this o-cean lave, And prove Thine ut-most pow'r to save!

## No. 8.

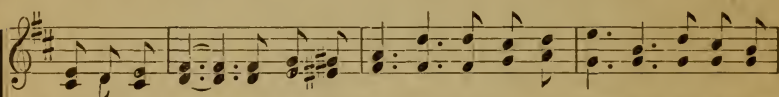
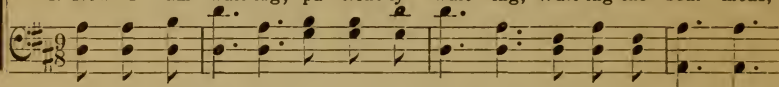
## Jesus Now Saves Me.

J. M. H.

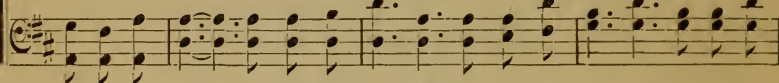
J. M. HARRIS.



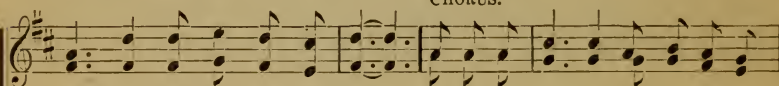
1. Je - sus now saves me, won-drous-ly saves me, All of my sins He
2. Wondrous sal - va - tion, glo - rious sal - va - tion, Stooping to save a
3. I am re - joic-ing, great-ly re - joic - ing, All of my heart is
4. Now I am wait-ing, pa - tient-ly wait - ing, Wait-ing the sum - mons,



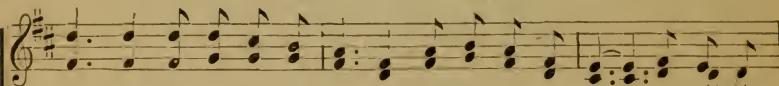
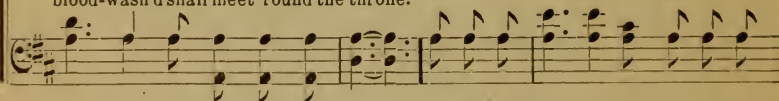
wash'd white as snow, And I have free-dom, glo - ri - ous free-dom, For He now  
sin - ner like me, But I will praise Him, ev - er I'll praise Him, For this sal -  
filled with His love; Glo - rious Re - deem - er, lov - ing Re - deem - er, Lead-ing me  
pil - grim come home; Then what a greet-ing, glo - ri - ous greet-ing, When all the



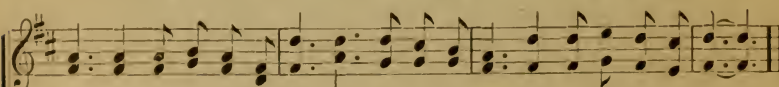
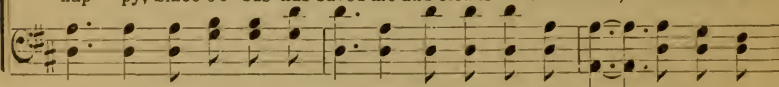
## CHORUS.



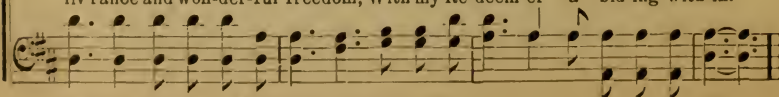
keeps me where ev - er I go.  
va - tion so full and so free. I am so hap - py, so won-drous-ly  
on to the man-sions a - bove.  
blood-wash'd shall meet 'round the throne.



hap - py, Since Je - sus has saved me and cleans'd me from sin; Glorious de-



liv'rance and won-der-ful freedom, With my Re-deem-er a - bid-ing with-in.

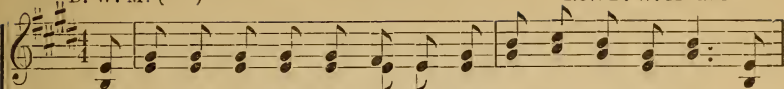


## No. 9.

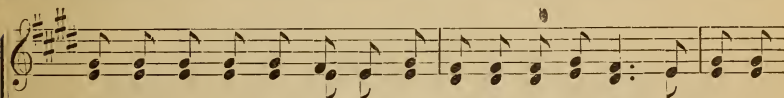
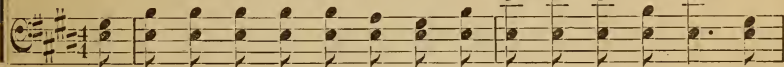
## Tell Jesus.

D. W. M. (\*\*)

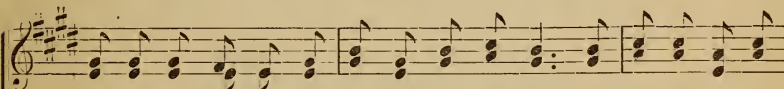
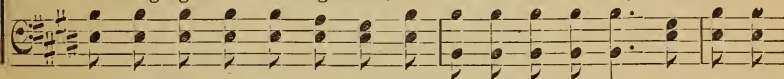
Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



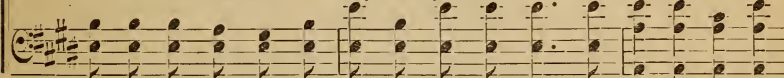
1. Tell Je - sus when the bur - den seems too great for you to bear; Go
2. Tell Je - sus all there is to tell a - bout your dai - ly needs; A -
3. If you could know how ten - der - ly He makes our cares His own, You
4. I tell Him all the' sto - ry now - no oth - er friend can be, In



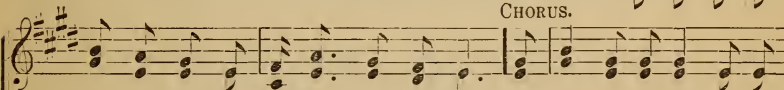
lay it at the feet of Christ, and know that He will care; And tell Him  
bout the dim un - cer - tain - ties thro' which your pathway leads; A - bout the  
would not stand a - part a - gain and bear the pain a - lone; You would not  
morn - ing light or evening shade, what Je - sus is to me; His hu - man



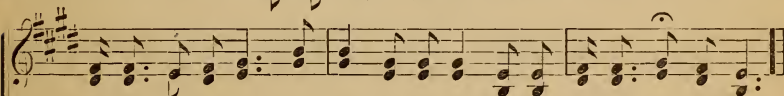
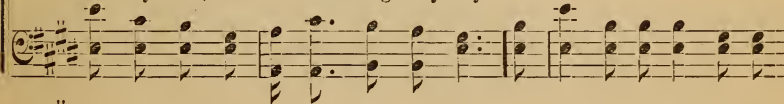
all the lit - tle things that come to cloud your way, The puz - zles and per -  
cherish'd hopes that lie crush'd life - less at your feet, The golden dreams left  
miss the joy and peace of walk - ing at His side, Of find - ing tem - pest  
heart is still the same to - day as yes - ter - day, And in His love I



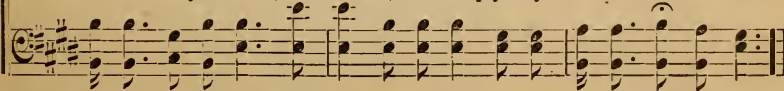
## CHORUS.



plex - i - ties that trouble you to - day.  
un - ful - filled, the la - bor in - com - plete. Tell Je - sus; He list - ens; Go  
chang'd to calm, and sor - row sanc - ti - fied.  
find my rest, and in His strength my stay.



tell Him all your care; Tell Je - sus, He'll help you, your burdens He will bear.

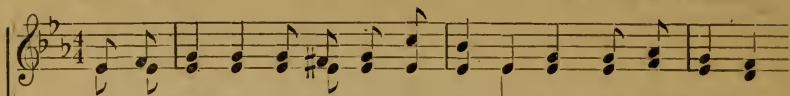


# No. 10. When the Tithes are Gathered In.

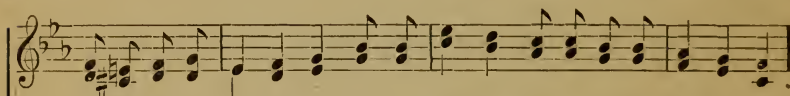
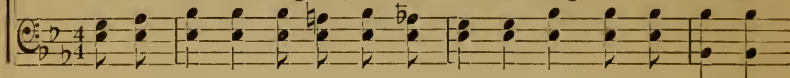
Mrs. C. H. M.

Malachi 3: 8-10.

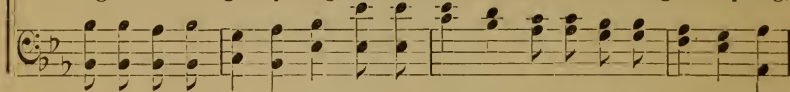
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



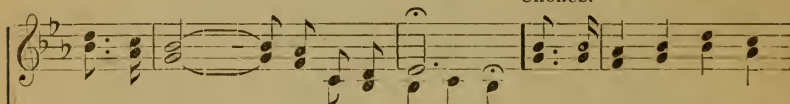
1. There'll be show'rs of bless-ing from our Fa-ther's hand, On His word of
2. There'll be shouts of tri-umph from the conq'ring host, There'll be per - fect
3. Then will come the dawn-ing of the reign of peace. When the wars and
4. We will rob no long - er, then, our Lord and King, What to Him be-



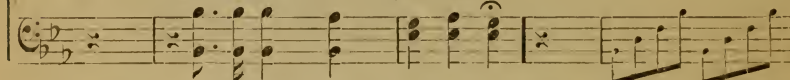
promise we may firmly stand; There'll be rains re-fresh-ing on the thirst-y land  
freedom in the Ho - ly Ghost; Ev - 'ry one em-pow-ered as at Pen-te-cost,  
conflicts shall for-ev-er cease, And for struggling saints shall come a sweet release,  
longeth we will glad-ly bring, And we'll shout ho-san-na, while the glad harp sing,



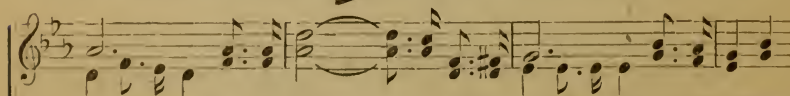
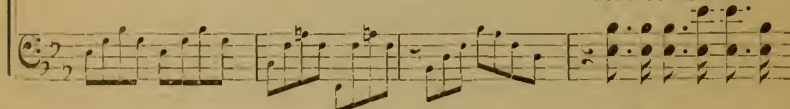
## CHORUS.



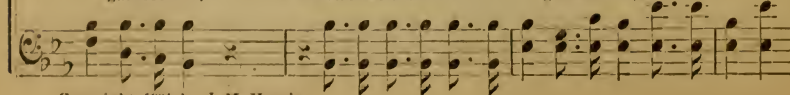
When the tithes are gathered in. Tithes of love and will - ing  
When the tithes are gath - ered in,



serv - ice, Tithes of sil-ver and of gold; When the tithes are gathered  
When the tithes



in, When the tithes are gathered in, There'll be blessings  
gathered in, When the tithes gathered in,



# When the Tithes are Gathered in.

more than we can con-tain, When the tithes are gathered in.  
When the tithes are gathered in.

## No. 11.

## Joy Eternal.

M. A. H.

MAUDE ANITA HART.

1. Go-ing a-cross the riv - er of time, On to the land of rest;  
2. Go-ing to live in E - den a - bove, Free from all sin and strife;  
3. Go-ing to meet the dear ones at last, There in our home so fair;  
of rest;  
Trust - ing a Sav - ior's mer - cy di - vine, Go - ing to join the blest.  
Go - ing to sing of God and His love, Sing of e - ter - nal life.  
When ev - ry dan - ger safe - ly we've past, Then we will an - chor there.

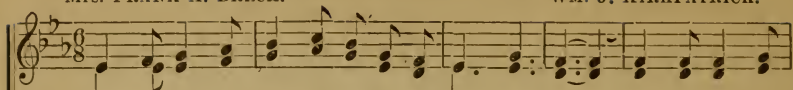
### CHORUS.

'Twill be joy, joy, joy, When all of the faith - ful meet;  
Yes, joy, joy, joy, To sit at the Sav - ior's feet.

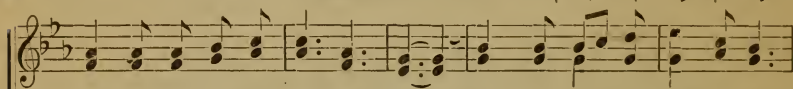
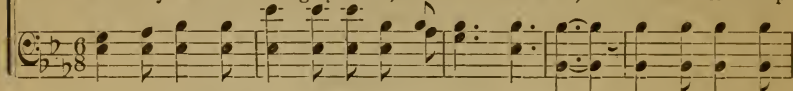
# No. 12. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

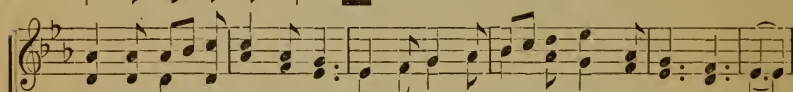
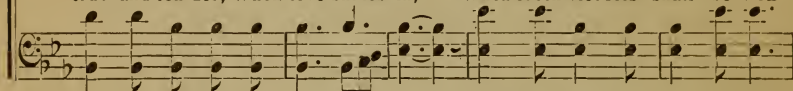
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



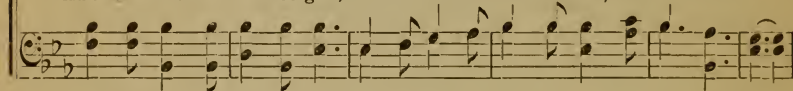
- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. Je-sus comes with power to gladden, When love shines in,  | Ev - 'ry life that |
| 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, | And the heart re-  |
| 3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in,  | And the heav-iest  |
| 4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in,     | And a friend-ship  |



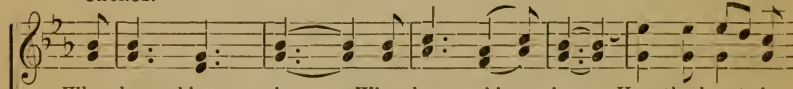
woe can sadden, When love shines in,	Love will teach us how to pray;
joice in du - ty, When love shines in,	Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den, lighter, When love shines in,	'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten - der, When love shines in,	When earth - vict'ries shall be won



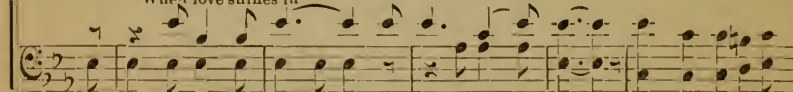
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.  
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.  
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.  
And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



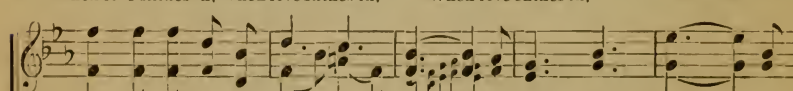
## CHORUS.



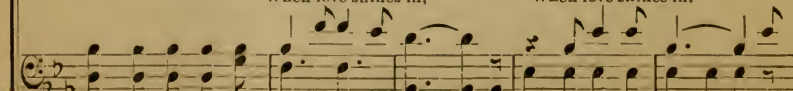
When love shines in When love shines in, How the heart is  
When love shines in



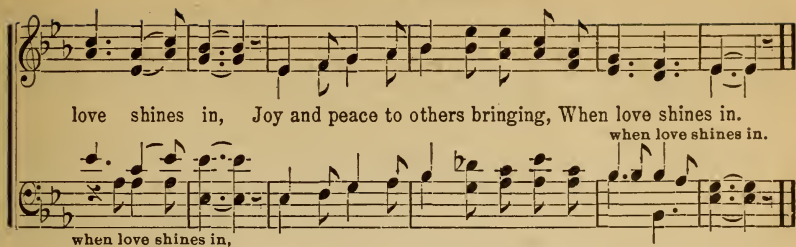
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,



tuned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in, When  
When love shines in, When love shines in.



## When Love Shines In.

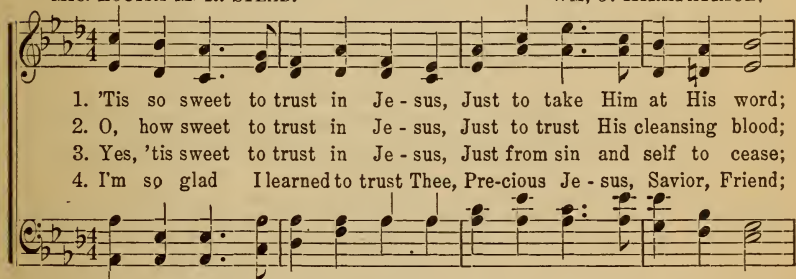


love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.  
when love shines in.

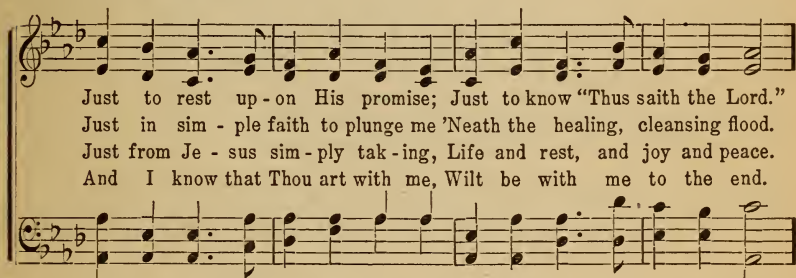
## No. 13. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM, J. KIRKPATRICK,

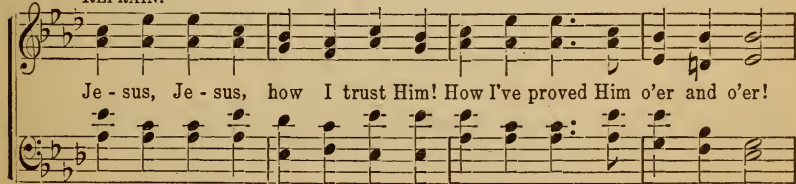


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;

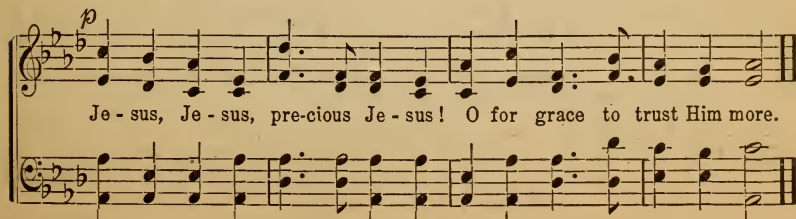


Just to rest up-on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."  
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.  
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing, Life and rest, and joy and peace.  
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

### REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

# No. 14 Let Us Tarry for the Power.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Luke 24: 49.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Let us tarry for the pow'r as Christ com-mand-ed Ere the opening heav'ns re-
2. We are powerless and weak without the presence Of the blessed Ho-ly
3. Now the glorious scene of old once more re-pea-ting, While with one ac-cord we

ceived Him out of sight; Let us wait up-on the Lord, trusting in His precious  
Ghost our hearts within; Breathe upon us now from heav'n, promise of the Sav-ior  
tar-ry in this place; Lord, we cannot let Thee go till a blessing thou be-

## CHORUS.

word, Until He endue us with the Spirit's might, Let us tar - - ry,  
giv'n; Make us strong to go the lost of earth to win.  
stow, Whol-ly sanc-ti-fy and save us by thy grace.

Tarry for the pow'r

let us tarry for the pow'r, For the old time pow'r of Pen-te-cost; Let us

tar - - ry, humbly tar - - ry, Till He fill us with the Holy Ghost.  
tarry for the pow'r, tarry for the pow'r,

J. M. H.

J. M. HARRIS.

1. Great is the King, and great - ly to be prais - ed, He lead - eth on His  
 2. Great is the King, and great - ly to be prais - ed, He in His glo - ry  
 3. Great is the King, and great - ly to be prais - ed, See all the hosts of

hosts to vic - to - ry, Come all ye ran - somed join this conqu'ring band,  
 now un-sheathes His sword, Let no one fal - ter but with cour-age bold,  
 sin are giv - ing way, Ral - ly my broth - er, hear the trump-et call,

CHORUS.  
 Shout-ing loud ho-san - nas 'till the world is free.  
 Fol - low close be-side Him, trusting in His word. Ral - - ly now my  
 Ev - 'ry man to du - ty and we'll win the day. Ral - ly now my broth - er,

broth - - er hear the trump - et call, o - bey,  
 hear the trumpet call, Ral - ly now my broth - er, hear the trumpet call, o - bey,

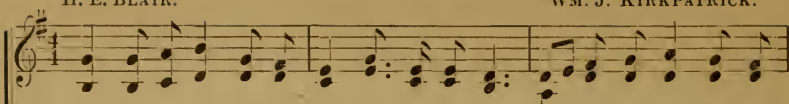
Je - - sus, glorious King . . . . is leading on to vic - to - ry.  
 Jesus, glorious King, our Jesus, glorious King is lead-ing on to vic - to - ry.

## No. 16.

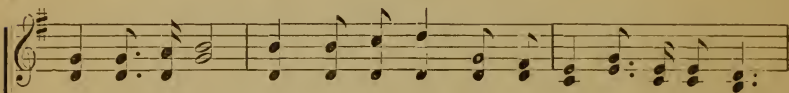
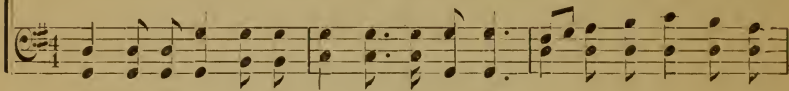
## Still Out of Christ.

H. E. BLAIR.

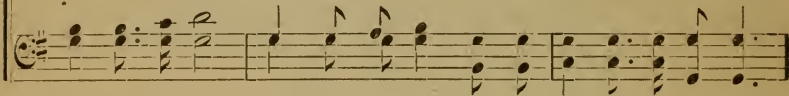
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



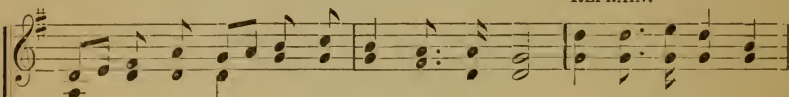
1. Still out of Christ, when so oft He has call'd you, Why will you long-er re-
2. Still out of Christ, and the mo-ments so precious, Night is ap-proaching, O
3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mer-cy, If you are will-ing to
4. Still out of Christ, and the love He has promised, How you are long-ing that



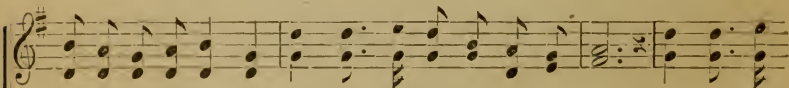
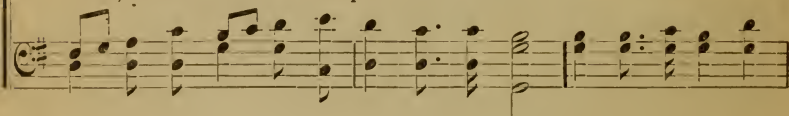
fuse to be-lieve? What can you hope from the world and its pleasures?  
 what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fount-ain,  
 turn from your sin; Yon-der He stands, at the door of sal-va-tion,  
 love to re-ceive; Haste, where the star of your faith is di-rect-ing,



## REFRAIN.



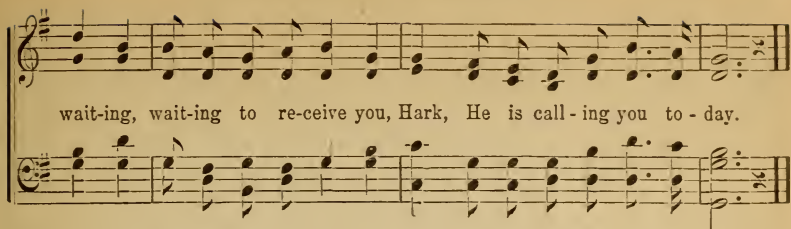
How can you trust them. when both will de-ceive?  
 Free are its wa-ters and flow-ing for you. Come, come to Je-sus,  
 Wait-ing to par-don and wel-come you in.  
 Haste, and this mo-ment re-pent and be-lieve.



weary, heavy-heart-ed, Come, come to Je-sus, while you may; Now He is



# Still Out of Christ.



wait-ing, wait-ing to re-ceive you, Hark, He is call-ing you to - day.

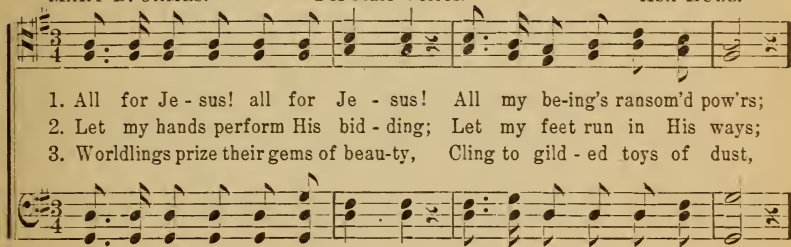
## No. 17.

## All For Jesus.

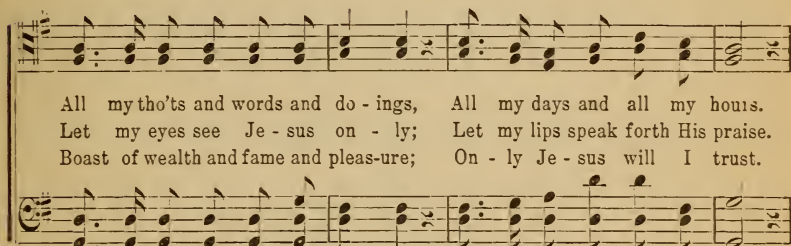
MARY D. JAMES.

For Male Voices.

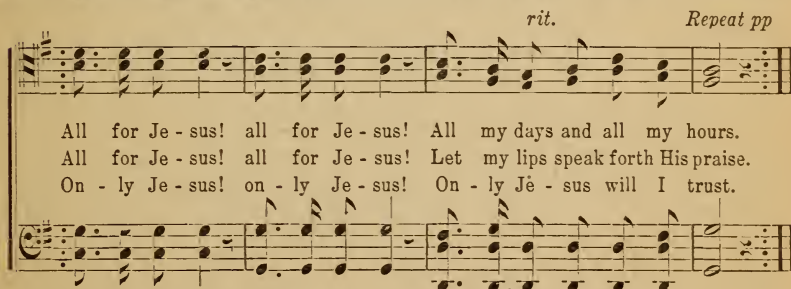
ASA HULL.



1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs;  
 2. Let my hands perform His bid - ding; Let my feet run in His ways;  
 3. Worldlings prize their gems of beau-ty, Cling to gild - ed toys of dust,



All my tho'ts and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.  
 Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly; Let my lips speak forth His praise.  
 Boast of wealth and fame and pleas-ure; On - ly Je - sus will I trust.



*rit.* *Repeat pp*  
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.  
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.  
 On - ly Je - sus! on - ly Je - sus! On - ly Je - sus will I trust.

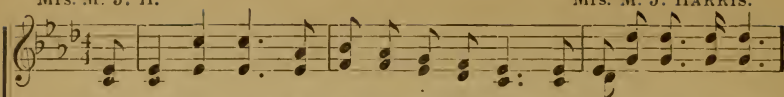
4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
 I've lost sight of all beside,  
 So enchained my spirit's vision,  
 Looking at the crucified.  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 All for Jesus crucified.

5 O what wonder! how amazing!  
 Jesus glorious King of kings,  
 Deigns to call me His beloved,  
 Lets me rest beneath His wings.  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Resting now beneath His wings.

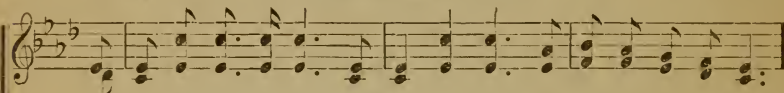
# No. 18. He Took My Sins Away.

Mrs. M. J. H.

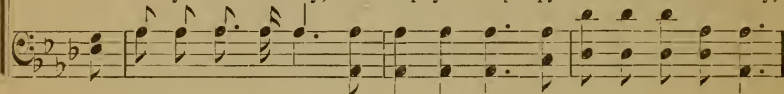
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



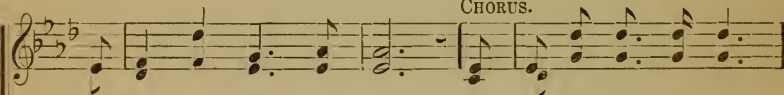
1. I came to Je - sus, wea-ry, worn and sad, He took my sins a - way,
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took them all a - way,
3. No con-dem - na - tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a - way,
4. If you will come to Je - sus Christ to-day, He'll take your sins a - way,



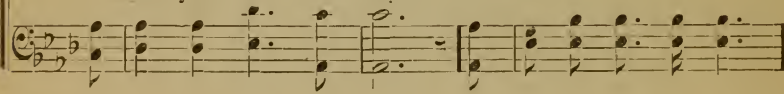
He took my sins a - way; And now His love has made my heart so glad,  
He took them all a - way; And now on Him I roll my ev - 'ry care,  
He took my sins a - way; His per - fect peace He did to me im - part,  
He'll take your sins a - way; And keep you hap - py in His love each day,



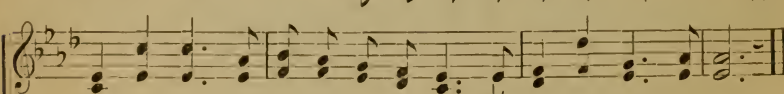
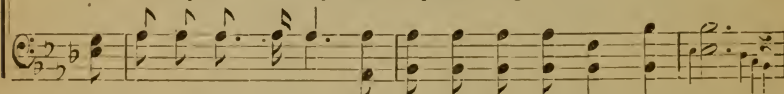
## CHORUS.



He took my sins a - way.  
He took my sins a - way. He took my sins a - way,  
He took my sins a - way.  
He'll take your sins a - way.



He took my sins a - way, And keeps me sing - ing ev - 'ry day!

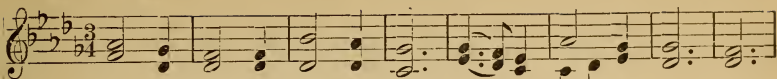


I'm so glad He took my sins a - way, He took my sins a - way.

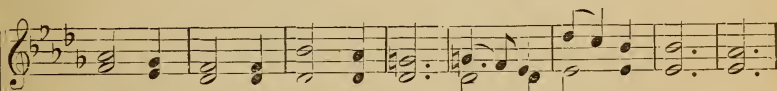
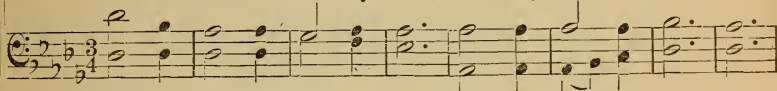


Mrs C. H. M.

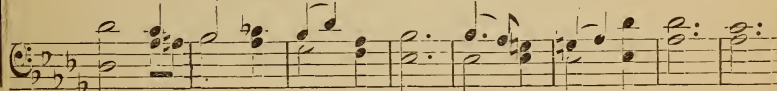
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Pure in heart I long to be, O Thou liv - ing Je - sus;
2. While sin rules and reigns with - in, I can nev - er please Thee;
3. Purge me from all world - ly dross, Heal my im - per - fec - tions,
4. 'Neath the foun - tain of Thy blood, From Thy dear side riv - en,



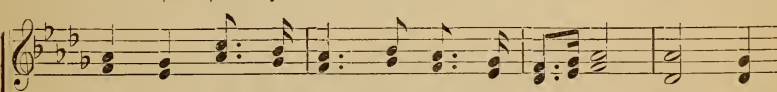
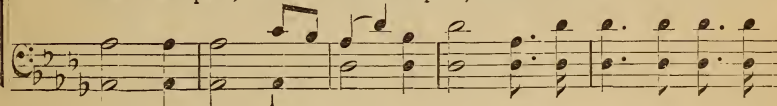
Thou Thy-self the rem - e - dy For sin's foul dis - eas - es.  
 Now the gra - cious work be - gin, From its pow'r re - lease me.  
 And to Cal - v'ry's rug - ged cross Nail my heart's af - fec - tions.  
 Let me hide, Thou Son of God Till I rest in heav - en.



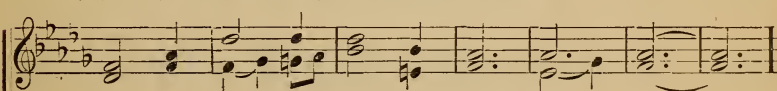
## CHORUS.



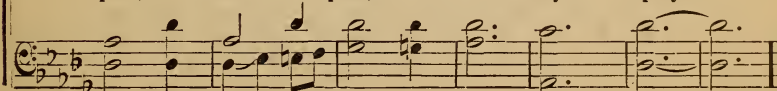
Make me pure, O make me pure, Cleanse me Lord and make me



ho - ly Like Thy-self, the Meek and Low - ly; Make me



pure, O make me pure, Hear Thou my prayer.



## No. 20.

## Joy in My Soul.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKEY.

1. In the blood of Je - sus that was shed for me, My trans-  
 2. When I came be - liev - ing, Je - sus took me in, And for-  
 3. I was filled with rapt - ure as my heart be - lieved, As my  
 4. I will sing of Je - sus and His pow'r to save, I will

gres-sions have been wash'd a - way; Oh, my heart o'er-flow-eth with His  
 gave the debt I ne'er could pay; His re - deem - ing blood has can-celed  
 all up - on the al - tar lay; Oh, the won-drous bless-ing that I  
 shout His praise while here I stay; For the great sal - va - tion that to

love so free, And there's joy in my soul to - day. . . .  
 all my sin, And there's joy in my soul to - day. . . .  
 there re - ceived, Lives a joy in my soul to - day. . . .  
 me He gave, Is the joy of my soul to - day. . . .

## CHORUS.

There is joy in my soul, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus'

blood makes me whole, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His love and pow'r

# Joy in My Soul.

di - vine has touch'd this heart of mine, And there's joy, yes, joy in my soul.

No. 21.

## Higher Ground.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a - rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim, is high-er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

CHORUS.

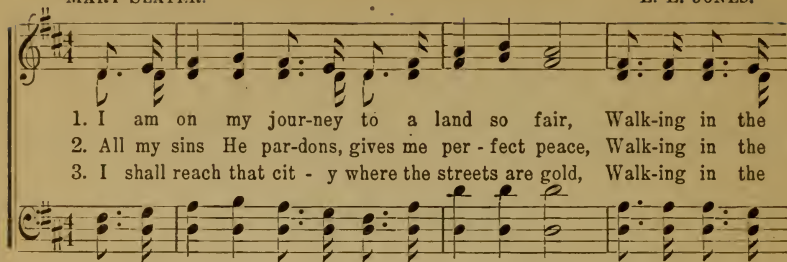
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;

A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

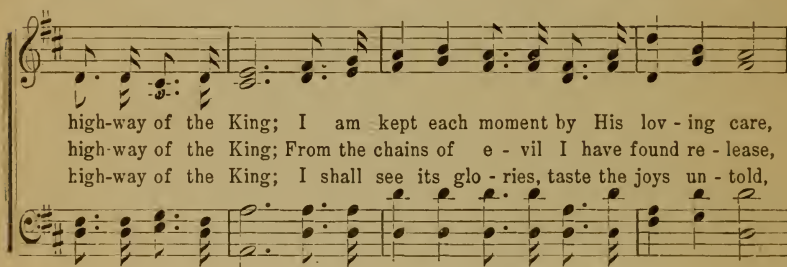
# No. 22. Walking in the Highway.

MARY SLATER.

L. E. JONES.

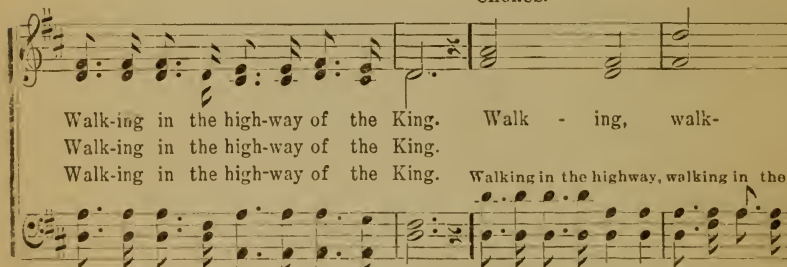


1. I am on my jour-ney to a land so fair, Walk-ing in the  
 2. All my sins He par-dons, gives me per - fect peace, Walk-ing in the  
 3. I shall reach that cit - y where the streets are gold, Walk-ing in the

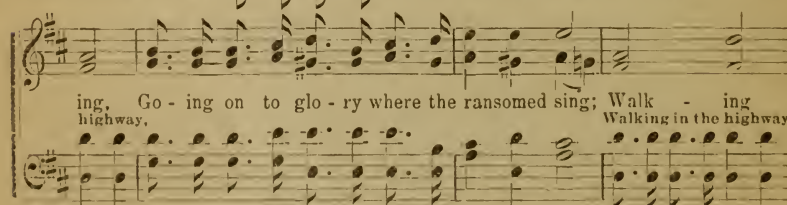


high-way of the King; I am kept each moment by His lov - ing care,  
 high-way of the King; From the chains of e - vil I have found re - lease,  
 high-way of the King; I shall see its glo - ries, taste the joys un - told,

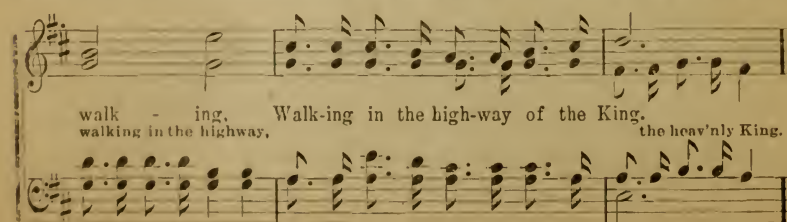
CHORUS.



Walk-ing in the high-way of the King. Walk - ing, walk-  
 Walk-ing in the high-way of the King.  
 Walk-ing in the high-way of the King. Walking in the highway, walking in the



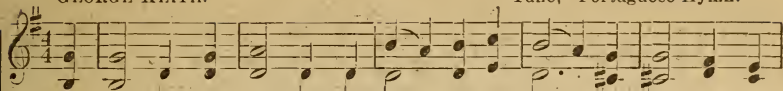
ing, Go - ing on to glo - ry where the ransomed sing; Walk - ing  
 highway, Walking in the highway,



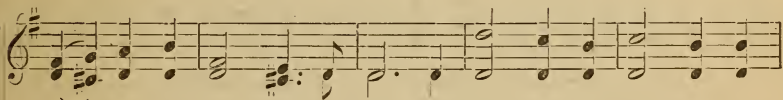
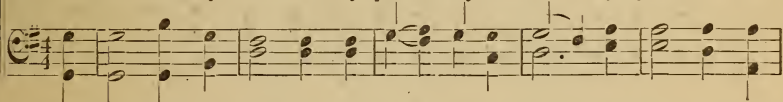
walk - ing, Walk-ing in the high-way of the King.  
 walking in the highway, the heav'nly King.

GEORGE KEITH.

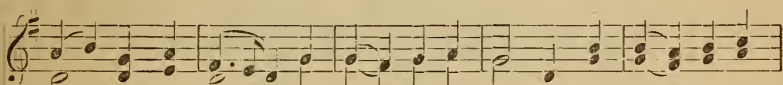
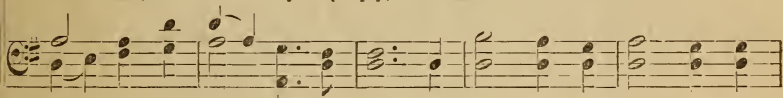
Tune, "Portuguese Hymn."



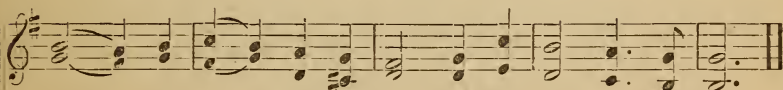
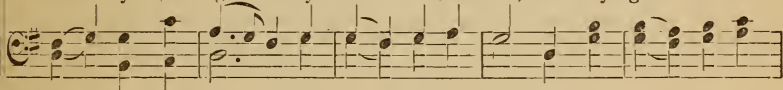
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy  
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of  
 4. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-



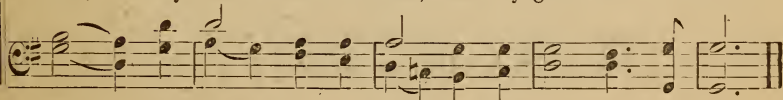
faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say, than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy  
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have  
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent  
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-  
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-



fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?  
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand.  
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.



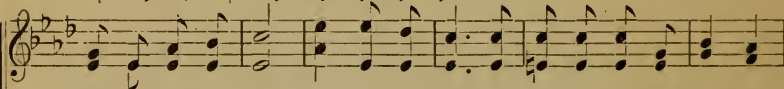
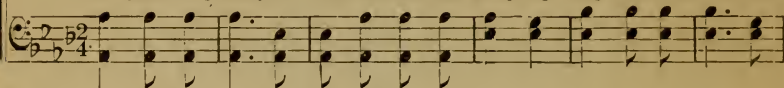
- 5 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.  
 Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes:  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

FREDERICK W. FABER.

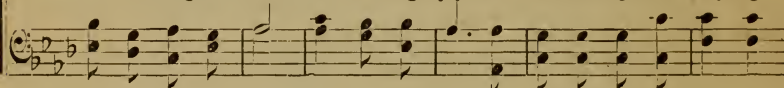
J. M. HARRIS.



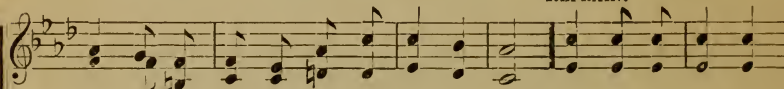
1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, Come, wea-ry souls for
3. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear - y; The day must dawn and
4. An - gels, sing on: your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed tones are tell-ing  
 Je - sus bids you come! And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,  
 darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in wel-come to the wea-ry  
 of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,



## REFRAIN.

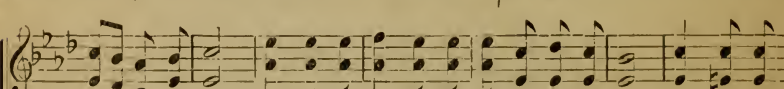
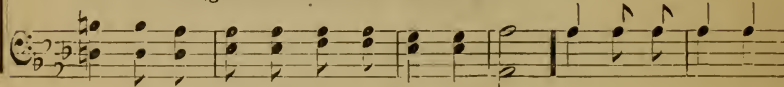


Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

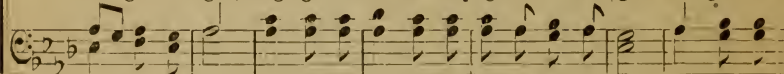
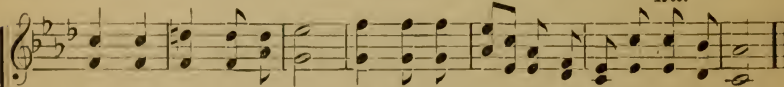
The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An-gels of Je - sus,

And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.

And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



an - gels of light; Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! An - gels of

*Rit.*

Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.



## No. 25.

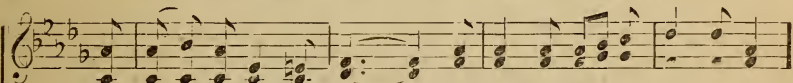
## Over and Over.

B. B.

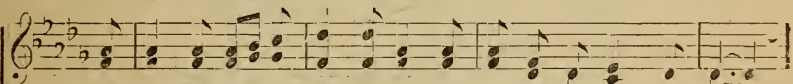
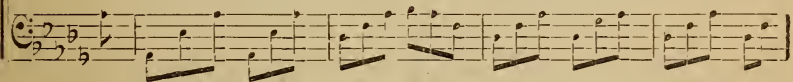
BALLINGTON BOOTH.

*Allegretto.*

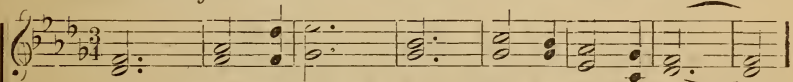
1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up - on the shore, O - ver and o - ver  
 2. O - ver and o - ver I heard my Sav - ior's voice, O - ver and o - ver  
 3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glo - rious song, O - ver and o - ver



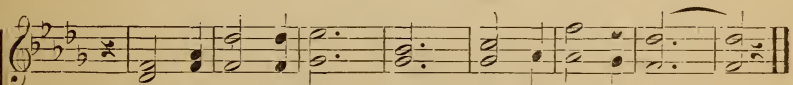
I said I would doubt no more; But as the sea came roll - ing in,  
 He said, "Make me your choice;" Now face the waves and tread the sea.  
 Be - fore the gath'r - ing throng; How o'er my heart the sea prevailed,



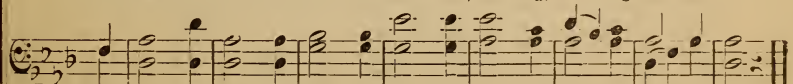
In boundless waves that cleanse from sin, I doubt - ed their sav - ing pow'r.  
 Look up in faith and fol - low me, I answered, "I'll prove their pow'r."  
 And how His love has nev - er failed, For - ev - er I'll trust His pow'r.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

O - - ver and o - - ver, Like a might - y sea,  
 O - ver and o - ver. o - ver and o - ver, Like a might - y, might - y sea,



Comes the love of Je - sus roll - ing o - ver me.  
 There comes the love, the love of Je - sus, roll - ing, roll - ing o - ver me.

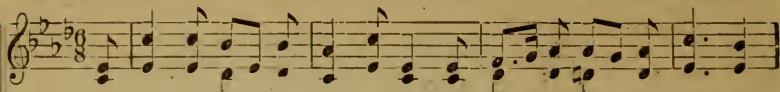


# No. 26. "His Name Shall be Jesus."

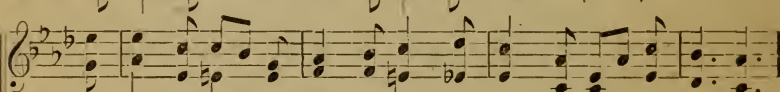
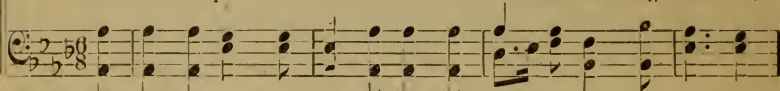
Mrs. C. H. M.

His name shall be Jesus. Matt, 1: 21.

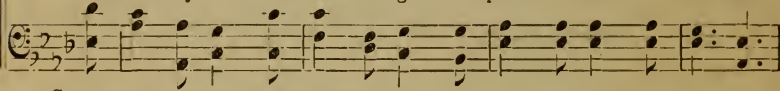
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



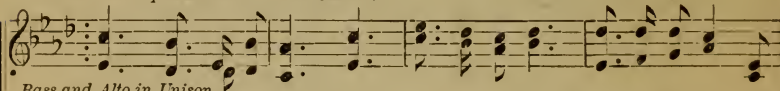
1. There is one name all names a-bove, Un - to be - liev - ers pre-cious,
2. We have no good-ness of our own, His mer - its we come plead-ing;
3. To guard us He is ev - er near In wak - ing hours or sleep-ing,
- 4 "He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin." From Sa-tan's bond-age frees us;



Which caus-es hearts to glow with love, It is the name of Je - sus.  
 He who the wine-press trod a - lone Is for us in - ter - ced-ing.  
 This one to trust-ing hearts so dear, Is con - stant vig - il keep-ing.  
 O where. my soul shall I be - gin To praise the name of Je - sus?

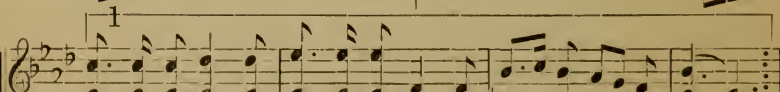
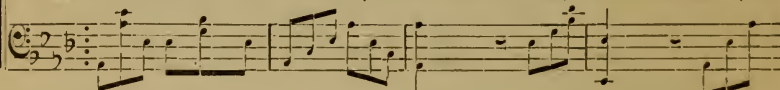


CHORUS. *Soprano and Tenor in Unison.*

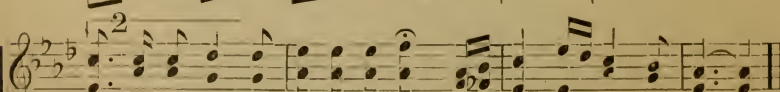
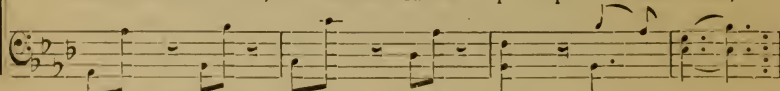


*Bass and Alto in Unison.*

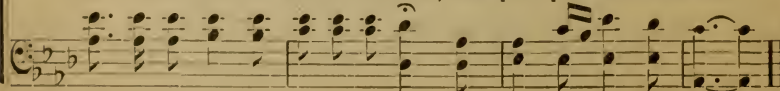
His name shall be Je - sus, Won - der - ful name, won - der - ful name; His



name shall be Je - sus, for he shall save His peo - ple from their sins;



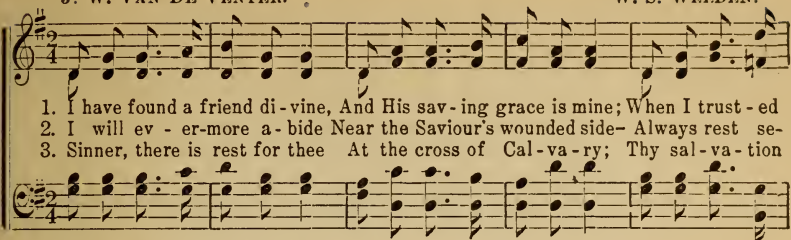
name shall be Je - sus for He shall save, His peo - ple from their sins.



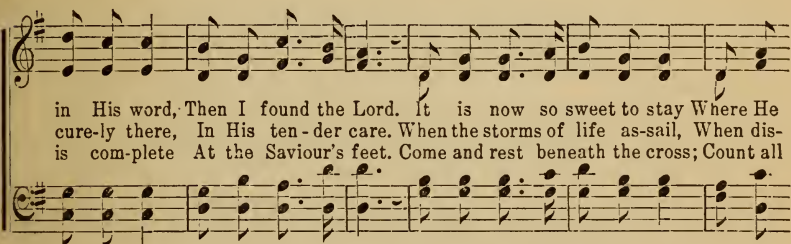
# No. 27. O, What a Resting Place!

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

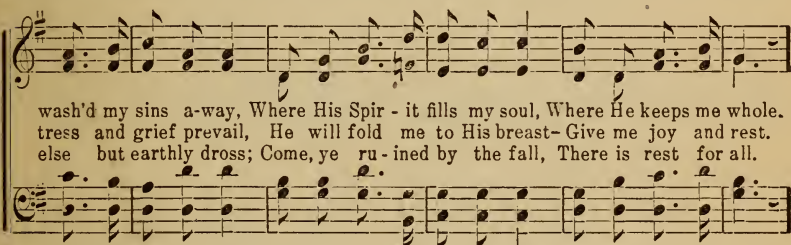
W. S. WEEDEN.



1. I have found a friend di-vine, And His sav-ing grace is mine; When I trust-ed  
2. I will ev-er-more a-bide Near the Saviour's wounded side- Always rest se-  
3. Sinner, there is rest for thee At the cross of Cal-va-ry; Thy sal-va-tion

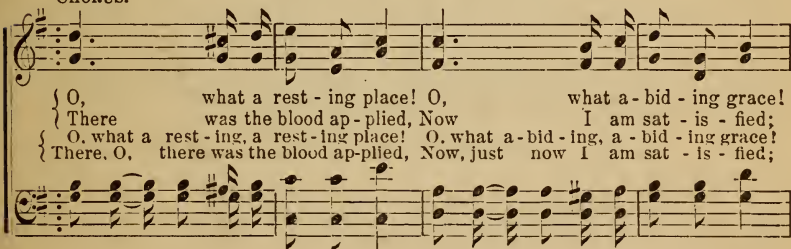


in His word, Then I found the Lord. It is now so sweet to stay Where He  
cure-ly there, In His ten-der care. When the storms of life as-sail, When dis-  
is com-plete At the Saviour's feet. Come and rest beneath the cross; Count all

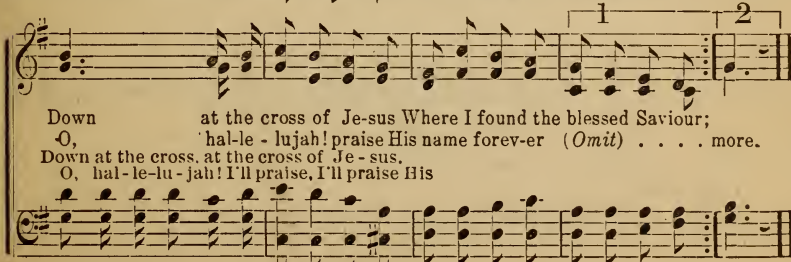


wash'd my sins a-way, Where His Spir-it fills my soul, Where He keeps me whole.  
tress and grief prevail, He will fold me to His breast- Give me joy and rest.  
else but earthly dross; Come, ye ru-ined by the fall, There is rest for all.

CHORUS.



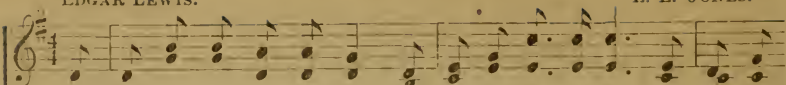
{ O, what a rest-ing place! O, what a-bid-ing grace!  
{ There was the blood ap-plied, Now I am sat-is-fied;  
{ O, what a rest-ing, a rest-ing place! O, what a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing grace!  
{ There, O, there was the blood ap-plied, Now, just now I am sat-is-fied;



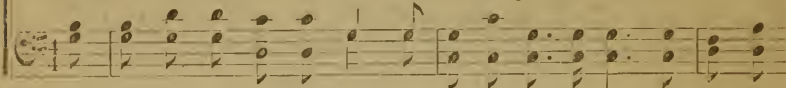
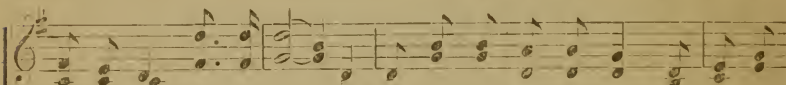
Down at the cross of Je-sus Where I found the blessed Saviour;  
O, hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name forev-er (Omit) . . . more.  
Down at the cross, at the cross of Je-sus,  
O, hal-le-lu-jah! I'll praise, I'll praise His

EDGAR LEWIS.

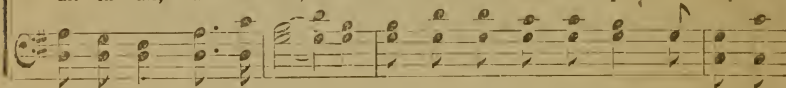
L. E. JONES.




1. Of Je - sus' love I'm sing - ing, I praise Him ev - 'ry day, He is my  
 2. He's pa - tient and so ten - der, so lov - ing and so kind, He is my  
 3. In time of need no oth - er to me can prove so dear, He is my

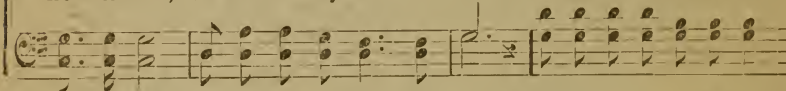
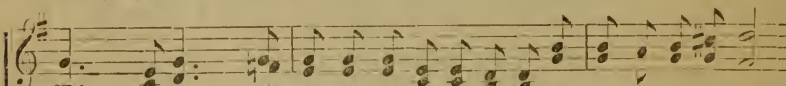
all in all, all in all; He frees my soul from bond-age, he takes my  
 all in all, all in all, An - oth - er Friend so faith - ful my soul will  
 all in all, all in all, He hears me tho' I whis - per, to help me



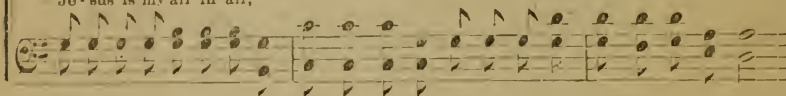
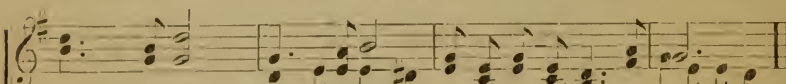
## CHORUS.



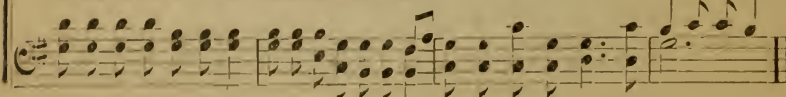
guilt a - way, Je - sus is my all in all.  
 nev - er find, Je - sus is my all in all. All in all,  
 He is near, Je - sus is my all in all. Je - sus is my all in all,

all in all, A strength in time of wea - ri - ness, a light where shadows fall  
 Je - sus is my all in all,

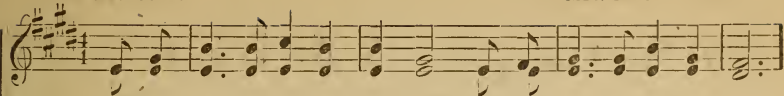



All in all, all in all, Je - sus is my all in all.  
 Je - sus is my all in all, Jesus is my all in all, all in all.

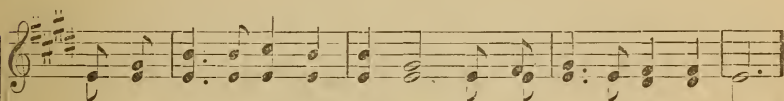
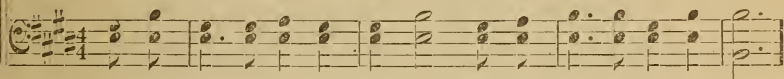


Mrs. M. J. H.

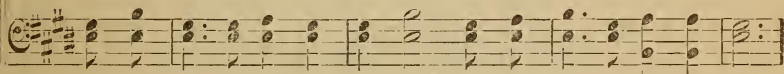
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



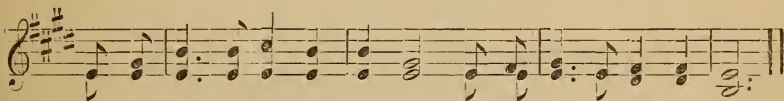
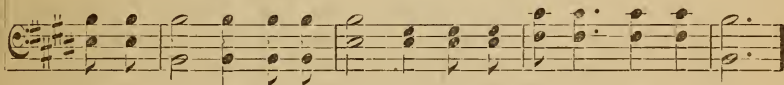
1. Have you found this great sal - va - tion, Free for all of Adam's race?
2. Free for ev - 'ry son and daugh-ter, Free for who - so - ev - er will;
3. I was hun - gry in the des - ert, How I longed for corn and wine,
4. In one mo - ment I was o - ver, All of self I left be - hind,



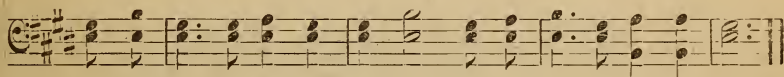
Oh! how pre - cious just to know Him, Come and find this "sec - ond grace."  
 There is plen - ty, don't stand waiting, He your hun - gry soul can fill.  
 Till I found the riv - er Jor - dan. And the land He said was mine.  
 And His bless - ed cleansing pow - er, Has re - moved the car - nal mind.



CHORUS.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I am liv - ing In the cen - ter of His will,



With the sweet - est milk and hon - ey, He my hun - gry soul doth fill.



- 5 Now I'm feasting on the riches  
 Of fair Canaan's land so sweet,  
 I have all that you could mention,  
 And there's rock beneath my feet.

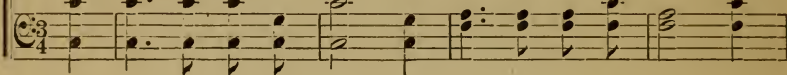
- 6 O that all the world might know Him,  
 O that all His love might see,  
 There's a precious flowing fountain,  
 Praise the Lord—it cleanseth me.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

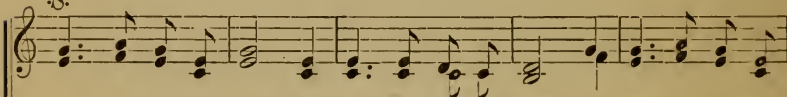
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



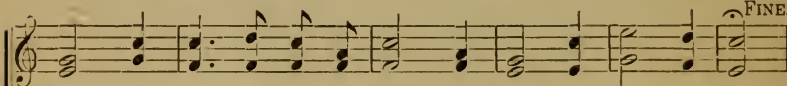
S:



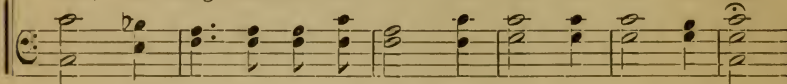
ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en  
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant  
wond'ring mor - tals tell the match - less grace di - vine—That I, a child of  
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less



D. S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's prom - ise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti - dings



tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!



'round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



## No. 31.

## The Child of a King,

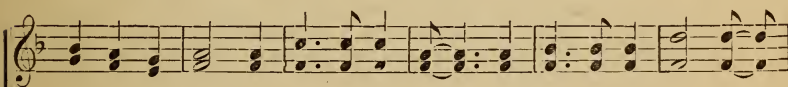
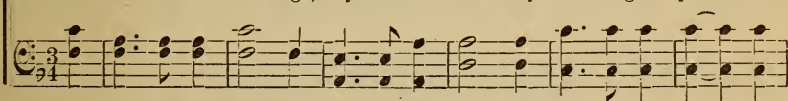
"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

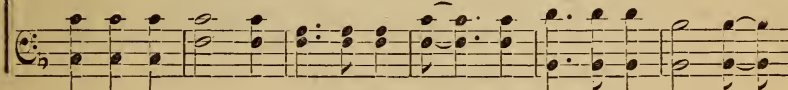
JOHN R. SUMNER, arr.



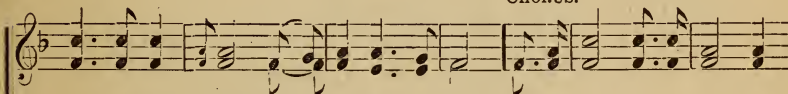
1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ier of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for



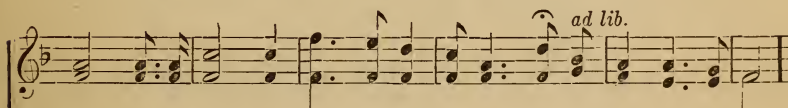
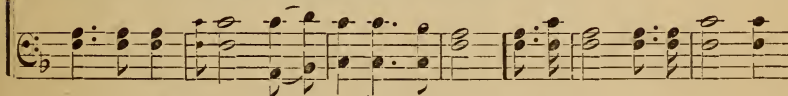
world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His  
 poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will  
 a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, - An  
 me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



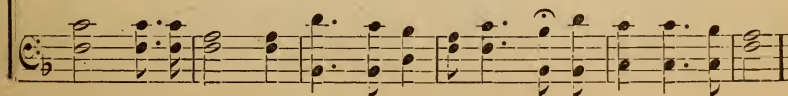
## CHORUS.



cof - fers are full, - He has riches un - told.  
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King! The  
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!  
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



child of a King! With Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King!



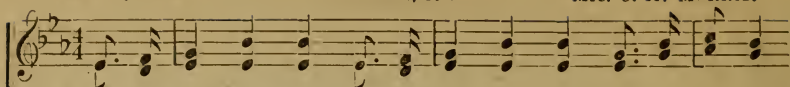
## No. 32.

## "From All Sin."

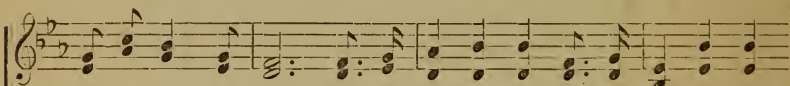
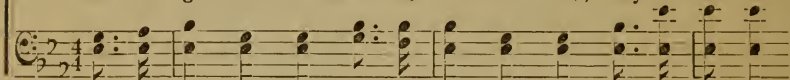
Mrs. C. H. M.

1 John, 1: 7.

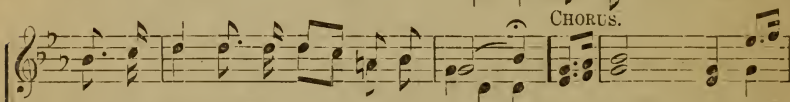
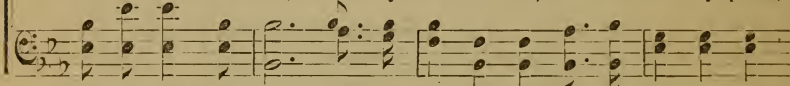
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I have found a Friend, such a lov - ing Friend, Who a per - fect
2. 'Tis the Prince of Peace who has brought re - lease, From the guilt and
3. In my heart He reigns, while in love He deigns In com - mun - ion
4. He is gra - cious still! who - sp - ev - er will, May in Je - sus

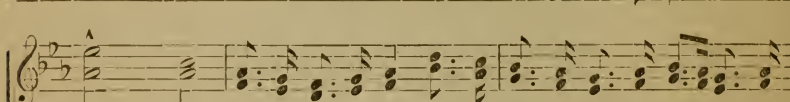
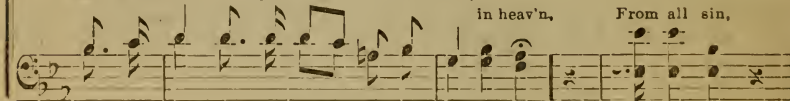


sal - va - tion hast giv'n, Thro' the blood He spilt, washed a - way my guilt,  
do - min - ion of sin; Who has saved my soul, made me ful - ly whole,  
to dwell here be - low; Walk - ing by His side I am sat - is - fied:  
de - liv - er - ance find; On - ly trust His love, and His mer - cy prove,

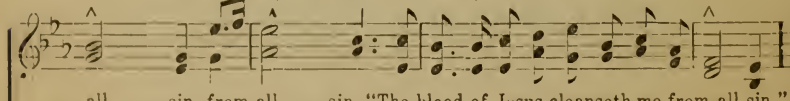


## CHORUS.

Made me heir to a man - sion in heav'n. From all sin, from  
And whose Spir - it a - bid - eth with - in.  
Since His ful - ness of bless - ing I know.  
For His heart to the sin - ner is kind.



all sin, Joy - ful ti - dings ringing, my heart in tune keeps singing! From  
from all sin.



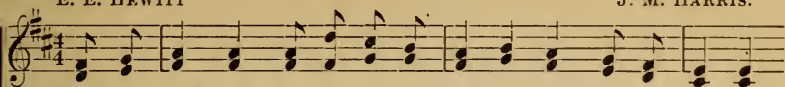
all sin, from all sin, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."  
From all sin, from all sin,



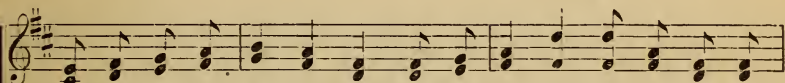
# No. 33. I, the Lord, Will Keep Thee.

E. E. HEWITT

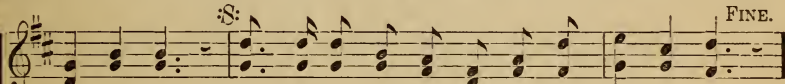
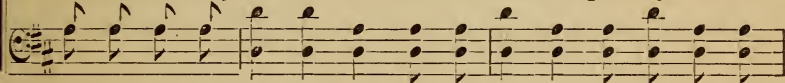
J. M. HARRIS.



1. There's a prom - ise giv - en by the Heav'n-ly King, To the low - ly
2. By His grace He called thee from the ways of sin, Gave His Ho - ly
3. As the bless - ed Mas - ter in His won-drous love, Brought to those in
4. Some-times gloom - y shad-ows o - ver-spread our sky, Joys that we have



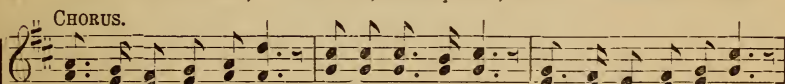
heart-ed who to Je - sus cling; Tho' thro' earth they jour - ney as an  
Spir - it, breathing peace with - in; In the paths of bless - ing, by His  
sor - row, glad-ness from a - bove, He will make us sun-beams, in a  
cherished, bloom-ing but to die; But in realms of glo - ry, we shall



ex - ile band, "I, the Lord, will keep thee, and will hold thine hand."  
wis-dom planned, Ask the Lord to keep thee; He will hold thine hand.  
darkened land, He, the Lord, will keep thee; He will hold thine hand.  
un - der-stand, Till then, let Him keep thee, let Him hold thine hand.

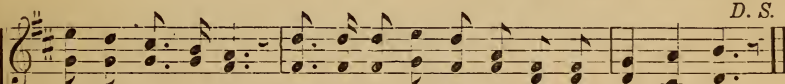
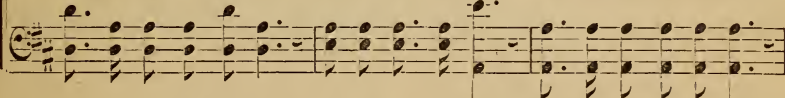


D. S.—"I, the Lord, will keep thee, and will hold thine hand."

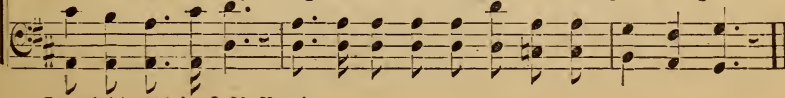


CHORUS.

"I the Lord, will keep thee;" 'tis His word to - day; Ev - er-more will hold thee;



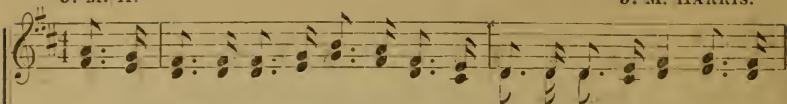
trust Him all the way; Sing a-loud ho - san - na for His prom - ise grand,



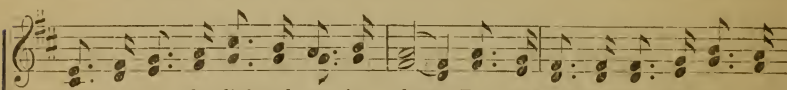
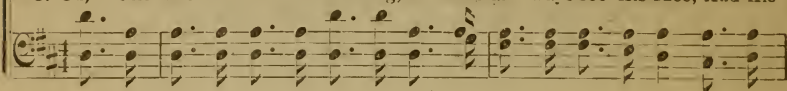
# No. 34. There Is Glory in My Soul.

J. M. H.

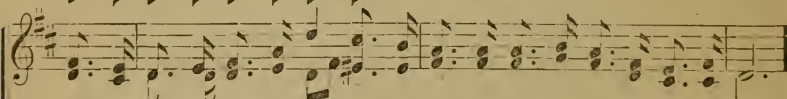
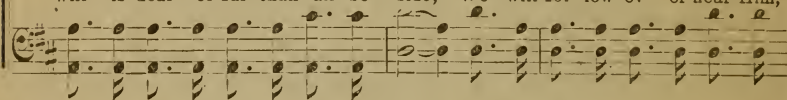
J. M. HARRIS.



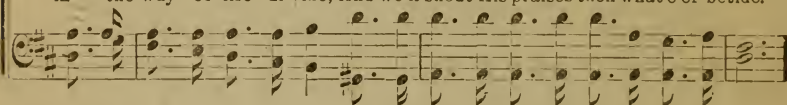
1. I am glad I have the Sav-ior in His full-ness in my soul, And my
2. There is peace and joy and gladness, dwelling now with-in my breast, All dis-
3. Oh, this life so full of bless-ing, where we al-ways see His face, And His



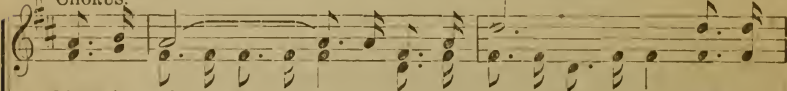
heart is so de-light-ed ev-'ry day; For the light of full sal-va-tion  
 turbing doubts and fears have fled a-way; And my life is filled with sun-shine  
 will is dear-er far than all be-side; We will fol-low ev-er near Him,



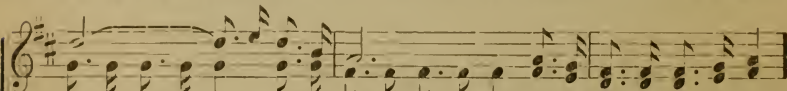
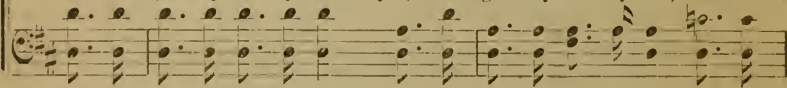
now is shin-ing clear and bright, And I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.  
 not a cloud is in the sky, Je-sus reigns within su-preme-ly ev-'ry day.  
 in the way of life di-vine, And we'll shout His praises then what-e'er betide.



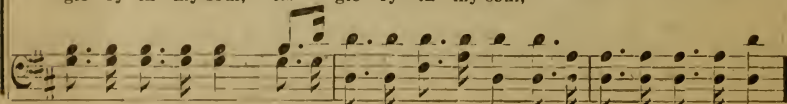
## CHORUS.



There is glo-ry in my soul, ry in my soul, There is  
 glo-ry in my soul, yes, there's glo-ry in my soul, There is



glo-ry in my soul, Je-sus saves me from all sin,  
 glo-ry in my soul, 'tis glo-ry in my soul,



# There is Glory in My Soul.

Gives me peace and joy with-in, And there's glory, yes, there's glory in my soul.

## No. 35. I Know I Shall see Him in Glory.

M. A. H.

MAUDE ANITA HART.

1. I love so to read the old sto - ry, How Jesus came down from a - bove,  
2. So won-drous-ly great is His mer - cy, So ma - ny His prom-is-es too,  
3. The beau-ti-ful sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweet-est that ev-er was told,

To make an a - tone-ment for sin-ners, And bless every-one with His love.  
And he will a-bund-ant - ly bless us, If on - ly to Him we are true.  
Grows dearer with each passing moment, And nev - er to me will grow old.

CHORUS.

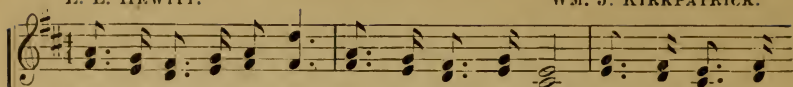
I know I shall see Him in Glo - ry, This Sav-ior who died on the tree,

And oh, how I love the old sto - ry! He came here to make sinners free.

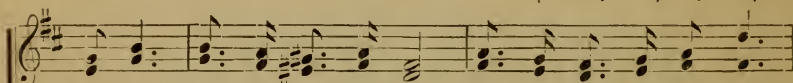
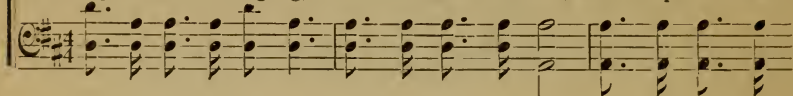
# No. 36. Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT.

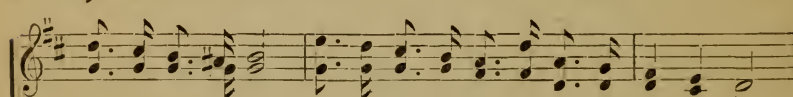
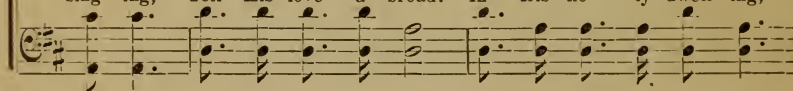
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



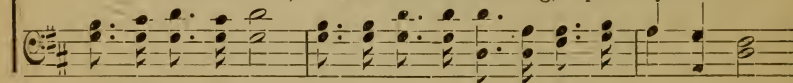
1. Keep the mu - sic ring ing, In the trust - ing heart, Close to Je - sus
2. Keep the mu - sic ring - ing, Let the joy - notes flow Like a fount - ain
3. Keep the mu - sic ring - ing, Let it glad - ness bear, Con - so - la - tion
4. Keep the mu - sic ring - ing, In the house of God; Wor - ship Him with



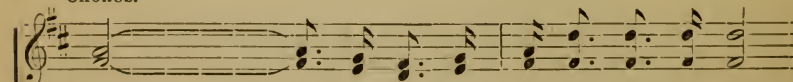
cling - ing, Praise will ne'er de - part; Chim - ing with life's sto - ry,  
 spring - ing, Lit with heav - 'nly glow; Sing His love con - strain - ing,  
 bring - ing, In a world of care; Sing of help a - vail - ing  
 sing - ing, Tell His love a - broad! In His ho - ly dwell - ing,



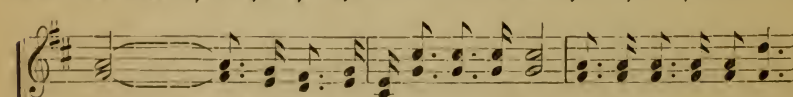
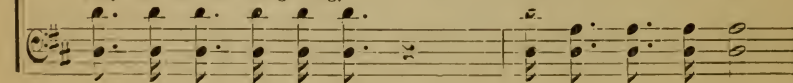
Sil - ver tones of peace, To our Sav ior's glo - ry, Let them nev - er cease.  
 As you pass a - long Till His knowledge gaining, Oth - ers learn your song.  
 In the thickest fight, Sing of grace, un - fail - ing In the dark - est night.  
 In the courts a - bove, O what strains are swelling, Raptured hymns of love.



## CHORUS.



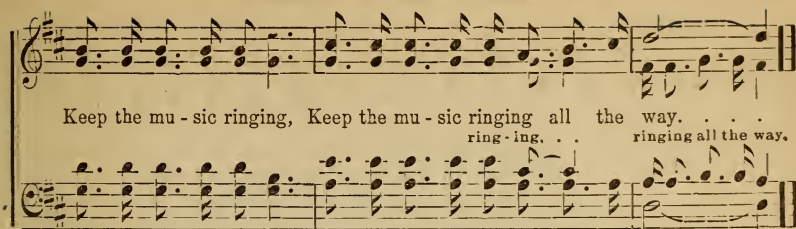
Keep . . . . . the mu - sic - ring - ing all the way,  
 Keep the mu - sic ring - ing,



Serve . . . . . the Lord with gladness ev - ry day; Keep the mu - sic ring - ing,  
 Serve the Lord with gladness,



## Keep the Music Ringing.

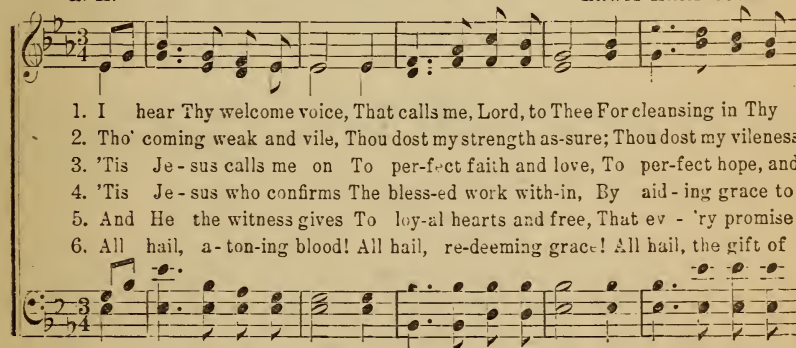


Keep the mu - sic ring-ing, Keep the mu - sic ring-ing all the way. . . .  
ring-ing. . . ring-ing all the way.

## No. 37. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

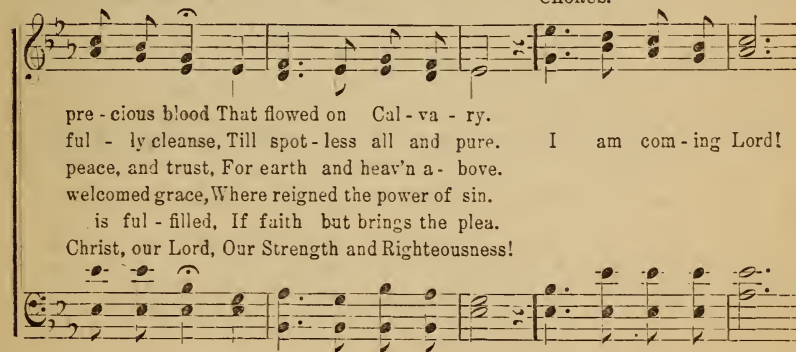
L. H.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

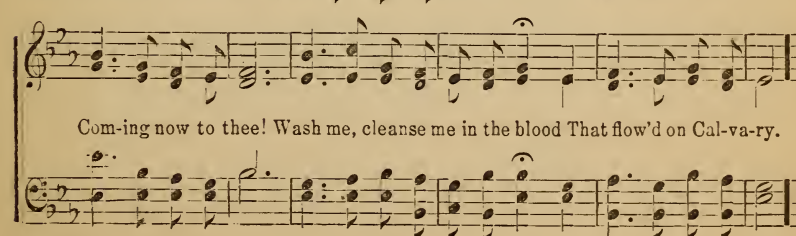


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je-sus who confirms The bless-ed work with-in, By aid-ing grace to
5. And He the witness gives To loy-al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry promise
6. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deeming grace! All hail, the gift of

### CHORUS.



pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing Lord!  
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.  
welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.  
is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.  
Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness!

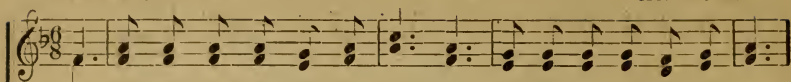


Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

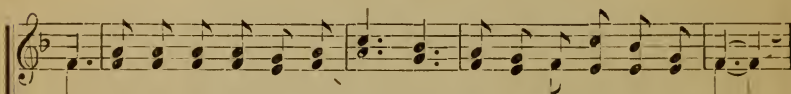
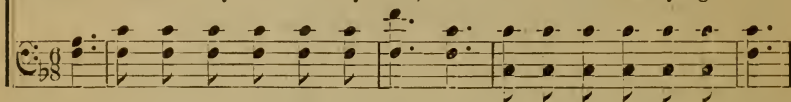
By per.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

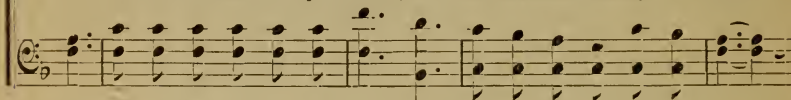
ASA HULL.



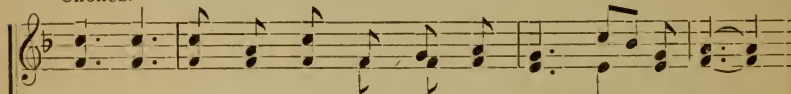
1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure-ly a-bide;
2. I dread not the ter-ror by night, No ar-row can harm me by day;
3. The pes-ti-lence walk-ing a-bout, When dark-ness has set-tled a-broad;
4. The wast-ing de-struc-tion at noon, No fear-ful for-bod-ing can bring;
5. A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand;



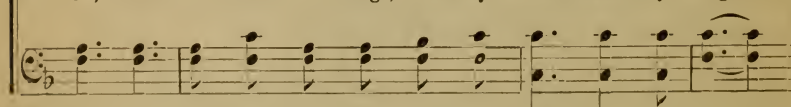
No ref-uge nor rest so com-plete, And here I in-tend to re-side.  
 His shad-ow has cov-ered me quite, My fears He has driv-en a-way.  
 Can nev-er com-pel me to doubt The pres-ence and pow-er of God.  
 With Je-sus my soul doth com-mune, His per-fect sal-va-tion I sing.  
 A-bove me His wings are spread wide, Be-neath them in safe-ty I stand.



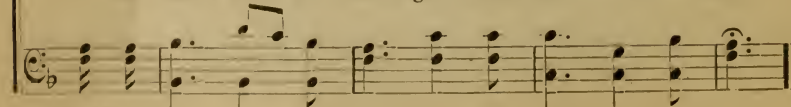
## CHORUS.



Oh, what com-fort it brings, As my soul sweet-ly sings;



I am safe from all dan-ger While un-der His wings.



By per.

# No. 39. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Onward. 6, 5.

1. On - ward Chris - tian sold - iers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of  
 2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are  
 3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of  
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy - al Mas - ter,  
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er,  
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!  
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 'Gainst that church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that cannot fail.  
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

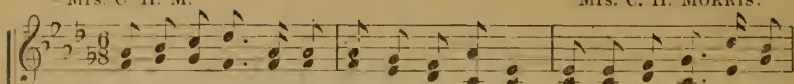
**CHORUS.**

On - ward, Chris - tian sold - iers, March - ing as to war,

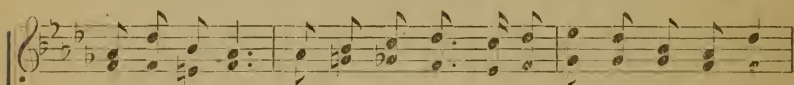
With the cross of Je - sus, go - ing on be - fore.

-Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

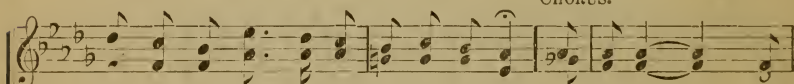


1. Heark-en to-day to the blest in - vi - ta - tion Giv-en in love by our  
 2. Look! for its source is in Cal - va - ry's mountain, Where the dear Savior was  
 3. Saints of all a - ges its vir - tue have test-ed; No oth - er hope of sal -

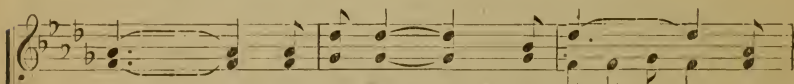


Fa - ther on high; Come to the won - der - ful stream of sal - va - tion,  
 lift - ed on high; Pure and ex - haust - less it springs from the fountain,  
 va - tion is nigh; Here where our fa - thers and moth - ers have feast-ed,

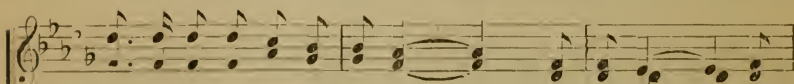
## CHORUS.



Drink of the fount - ain that nev - er runs dry.  
 Life - giv - ing cur - rent that nev - er runs dry. It nev - er runs  
 We, too, may drink, for it nev - er runs dry. It nev - er, no



dry; . . . . It nev - er, . . . runs dry, . . . . This  
 nev - er runs dry; It nev - er, nev - er runs dry,



won - der - ful stream of sal - va - tion, . . . It nev - er . . . runs  
 sal - va - tion, It nev - er runs dry,

# It Never Runs Dry.

dry; . . . Tho' mil - lions their thirst are now slak - ing, . . . It  
nev - er runs dry: now slaking,

nev - er . . . runs dry; . . . And mil - lions may still come par -  
it nev - er, nev - er runs dry;

tak - ing, . . . par - tak - ing, It nev - er . . . runs dry. nev - er runs dry.

## No. 41. I Worship Thee, O Holy Ghost.

W. F. WARREN.

Manoah, C. M.

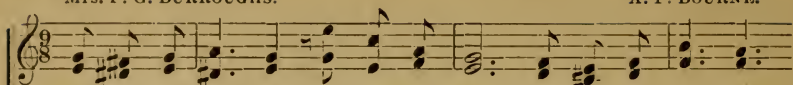
HAYDN.

1. I wor - ship Thee, O Ho - ly Ghost, I love to wor - ship Thee;  
2. I wor - ship Thee, O Ho - ly Ghost, I love to wor - ship Thee;  
3. I wor - ship Thee, O Ho - ly Ghost, I love to wor - ship Thee;  
4. I wor - ship Thee, O Ho - ly Ghost, I love to wor - ship Thee;

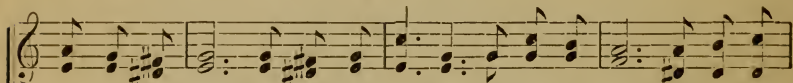
My ris - en Lord for aye were lost But for Thy com - pa - ny.  
I grieved Thee long, a - las! Thou knowst It grieves me bit - ter - ly.  
Thy pa - tient love, at what a cost, At last it conquered me!  
With Thee each day is Pen - te - cost, Each night Na - tiv - i - ty.

Mrs. F. G. BURROUGHS.

A. F. BOURNE.

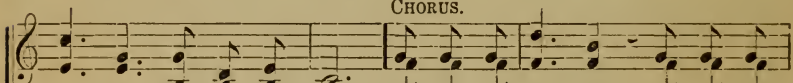


1. Rich-es in glo - ry, O what a thought! Je - sus' own blood this  
 2. Rich-es in glo - ry, O what a store! Treas-ures the soul can  
 3. Rich-es in glo - ry, for you and me, What a de - light the  
 4. Rich-es in glo - ry faith hath bro't nigh, E'en now we boast the

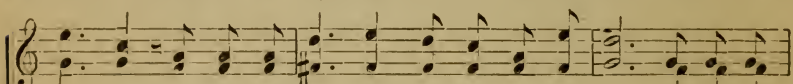


wealth for us bought; He be-came poor so we might be made Heirs to the  
 nev - er de - plore; E'en while we bear the cross and its shame, Rich-es in  
 vis-ions we see! Pil-grims to - day as strangers we're known, While un-to  
 por-tion on high. Bless-ed this taste of all that shall be. When in his

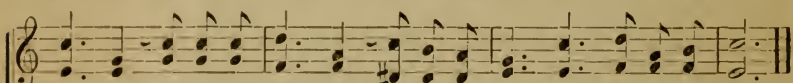
## CHORUS.



joy that nev - er will fade. Rich - es in glo - ry! rich - es in  
 glo - ry glad - ly we claim.  
 God we're heirs to a throne.  
 beau - ty Je - sus we see.



glo - ry! Rich - es in glo - ry to meet ev - 'ry need; Rich - es in

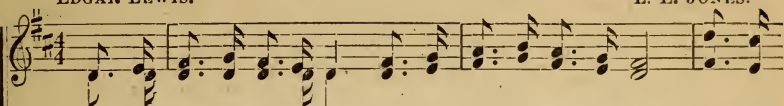


glo - ry! rich-es in glo - ry! Roy-al sup-ply our wants to ex - ceed.

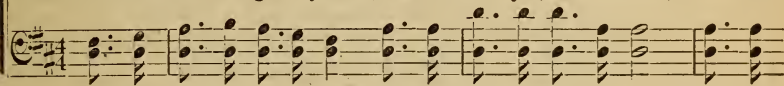
# No. 43. Purchased With the Blood.

EDGAR LEWIS.

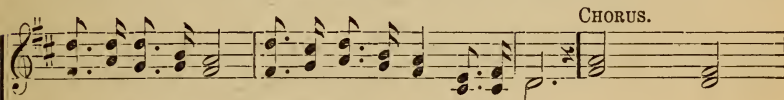
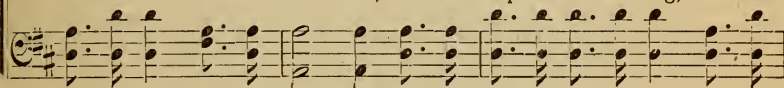
L. E. JONES.



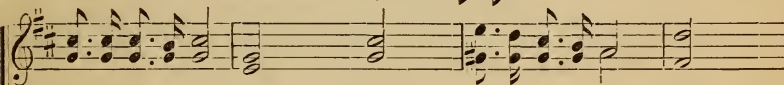
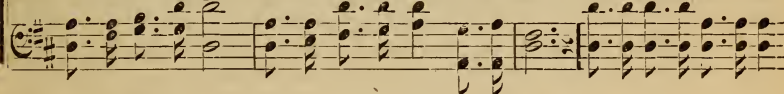
1. Once I walked the ways of sin, but to day my heart is clean, Purchased
2. All my guilt is now for-giv'n, I am on my way to heav'n, Purchased
3. When the saved His glo - ry share, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there, Purchased



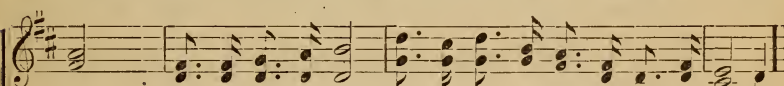
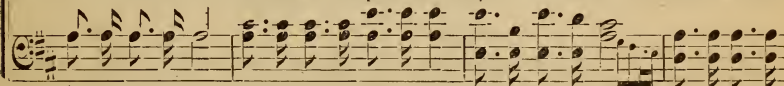
with the blood of the Sav - ior; I have wondrous joy and peace, from the  
with the blood of the Sav - ior; As I walk the glo - ry way, I'm re-  
with the blood of the Sav - ior; While the harps of heav - en ring, I shall



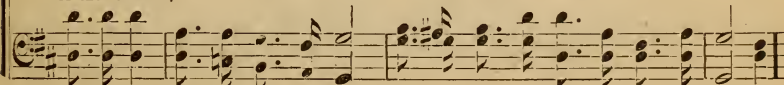
chains of sin re-lease, Purchased with the blood of the Lamb.  
joic - ing ev - 'ry day, Purchased with the blood of the Lamb. Pur - chased,  
stand before the King, Purchased with the blood of the Lamb. Purchased with the Savior's blood



I am not my own; Pur - chased, I am His a-lone, Pur-  
Purchased with the precious blood, Purchased with the



chased, with the ransomed known, Hal - le - lu - jah I be-long to Je - sus.  
crimson blood,

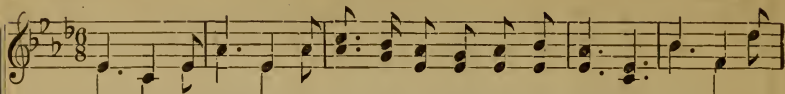


# No. 44. Make His Praise Glorious.

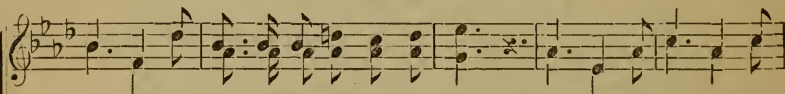
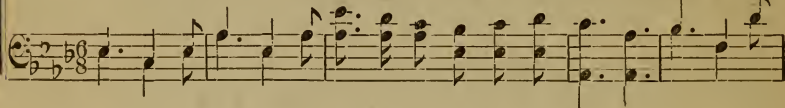
Mrs. C. H. M.

Psalms 66: 2.

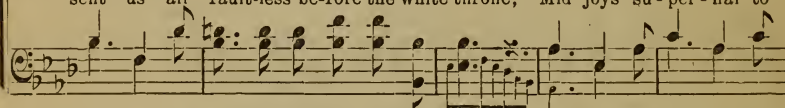
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



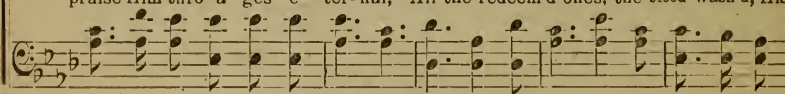
1. Prais-es, sing praises to Je - sus our blessed Re - deem-er, Let ev -'ry
2. Praise for the mer-cy which sought us when far we were straying, Sought till He
3. Prais-es, sing praises, for glo - ry our bo-soms o'er - flow - ing, When in His
4. Prais-es, sing praises, our won - der-ing eyes shall be-hold Him, When in His
5. Praise for the grace which is a - ble to keep us from fall-ing, And to pre-



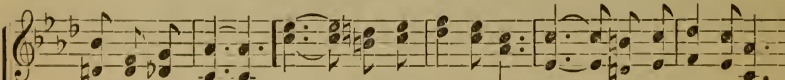
voice to Him now a, sweet mel-o - dy raise; Come ye be-fore Him, oh,  
found us and bound us with strong cords of love; Praise for sal - va - tion, this  
ful - ness the Com - fort-er comes to a - bide; Ho - ly a-noint-ing, lost  
beau - ty King Je - sus de-scendeth to reign; Com-ing in glo - ry, oh,  
sent us all fault-less be-fore the white throne; 'Mid joys su-per-nal to



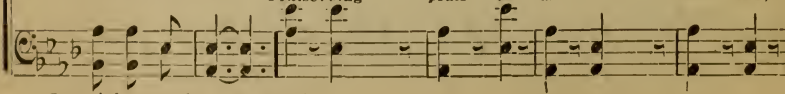
wor - ship and laud and a - dore Him, Lo, He is worth-y our high-est as-  
won - der-ful, blest rev - e - la - tion, He who re-deems us, car - nal - i - ty,  
sin - ners to Cal - va - ry point-ing, Pow - er for serv-ice now free - ly and  
tell out the won-der-ful sto - ry, Sing hal - le - lu - jah! the Sav - iour is  
praise Him thro' a - ges e - ter-nal, All the redeem'd ones, the blood-wash'd, His



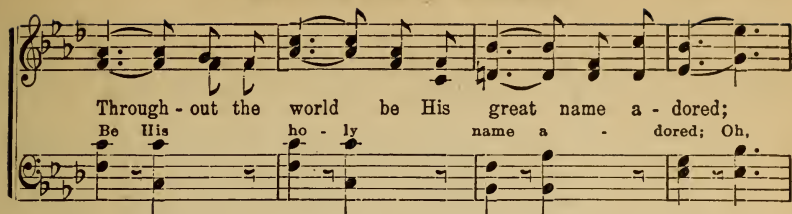
## CHORUS.



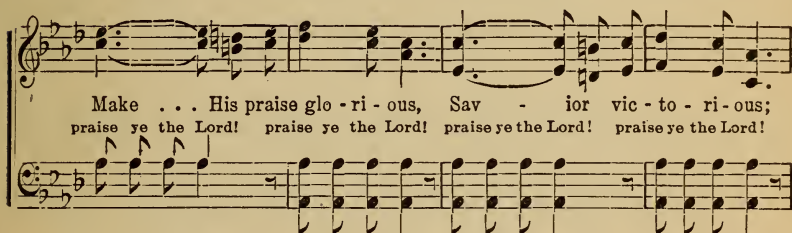
criptions of praise.  
too, will re - move. Make His praise glo-ri-ous, Sav - iour vic - to - ri-ous,  
ful - ly sup - plied.  
com-ing a - gain.  
lov'd and His own. Praise! sing prais - es un - to Je - sus,



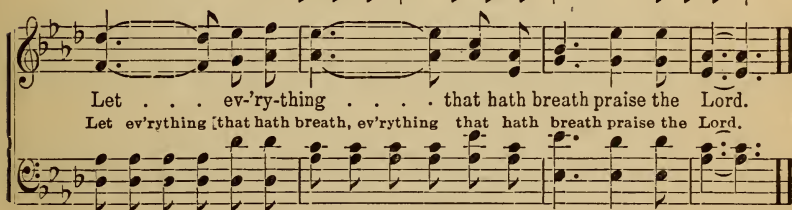
## Make His Praise Glorious.



Through - out the world be His great name a - dored;  
 Be His ho - ly name a - dored; Oh,



Make . . . His praise glo - ri - ous, Sav - ior vic - to - ri - ous;  
 praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord!



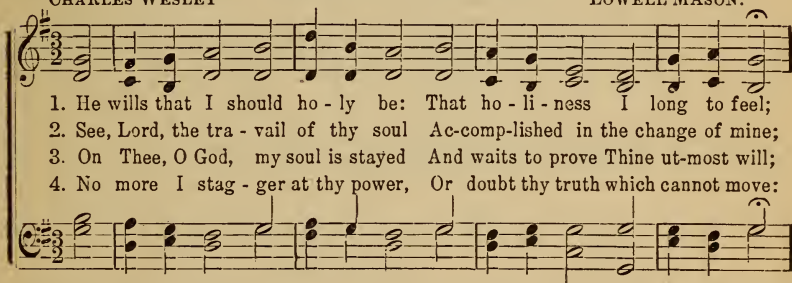
Let . . . ev'-ry-thing . . . that hath breath praise the Lord.  
 Let ev'rything [that hath breath, ev'rything that hath breath praise the Lord.

## No. 45.

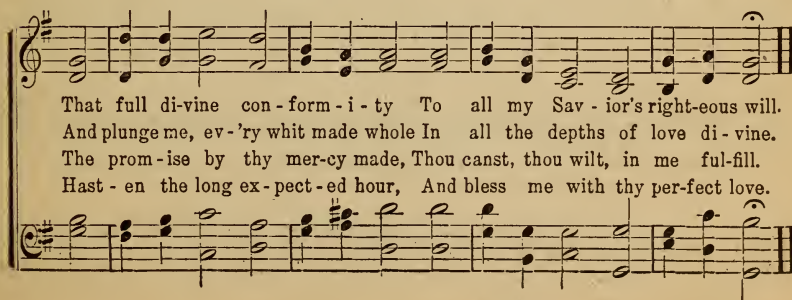
## The Will of God.

CHARLES WESLEY

LOWELL MASON.



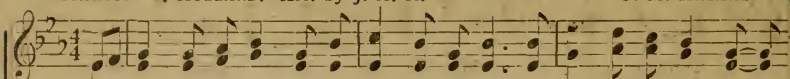
1. He wills that I should ho - ly be: That ho - li - ness I long to feel;  
 2. See, Lord, the tra - vil of thy soul Ac - comp - lished in the change of mine;  
 3. On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed And waits to prove Thine ut - most will;  
 4. No more I stag - ger at thy power, Or doubt thy truth which cannot move:



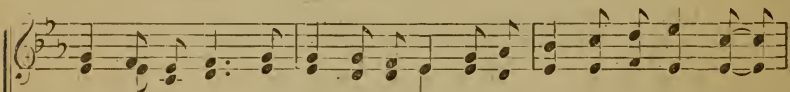
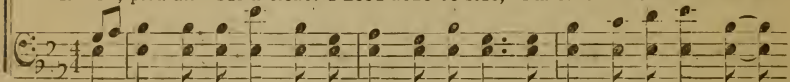
That full di - vine con - form - i - ty To all my Sav - ior's right - eous will.  
 And plunge me, ev'-ry whit made whole In all the depths of love di - vine.  
 The prom - ise by thy mer - cy made, Thou canst, thou wilt, in me ful - fill.  
 Hast - en the long ex - pect - ed hour, And bless me with thy per - fect love.

MARION W. HUBBARD. Arr. by J. M. H.

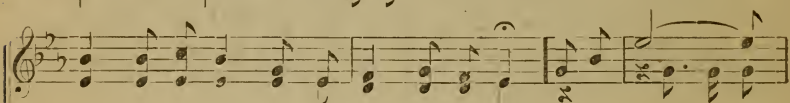
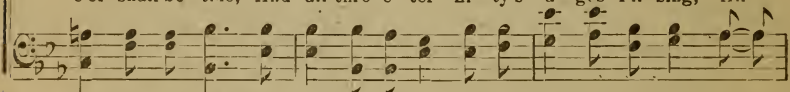
J. M. HARRIS.



1. The King in His beau-ty, one day I shall see, Oh, what shall I say when He
2. I think I should fall at His nail-scarred feet, 'Tho lips should be mute, yet my
3. Un-wor-thy, yea e-ven to come to the place, Where dwelleth my Savior, or
4. Oh, plea all-suf-ficient! I need none be-side, I'm safe ev-er-more what

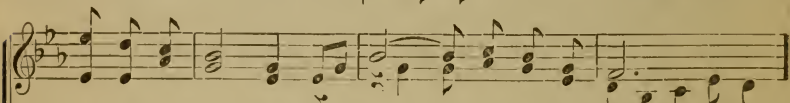
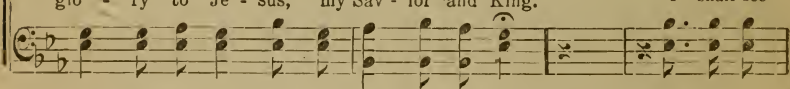


looks up-on me, As robed in bright glo-ry, enthroned in that land, So  
heart would re-peat, To Thee be all glo-ry, my Sav-ior and Lord, Till my  
look on His face, A sin-ner was I with-out hope or one plea, But  
e'er shall be-tide, And all thro' e-ter-ni-ty's a-ges I'll sing, All

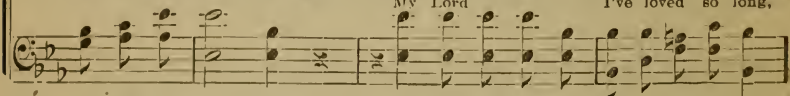


weak and un-wor-thy be-fore Him I stand.  
tongue should break si-lence and ech-o the word? I shall see  
this, that He suf-fered and died on the tree.  
glo-ry to Je-sus, my Sav-ior and King.

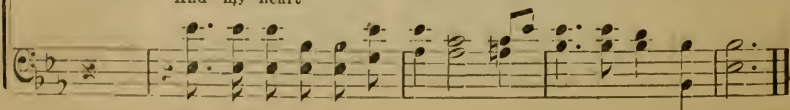
I shall see



Him in His glo-ry, My Lord I've loved so long,  
My Lord I've loved so long,



And my heart . . . will ev-er praise Him, Thro' one e-ter-nal song.  
And my heart



# No. 47. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What  
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to  
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all the gold - en dreams. I love to  
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to  
hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; 'It sat - is - fies my  
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the  
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -  
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

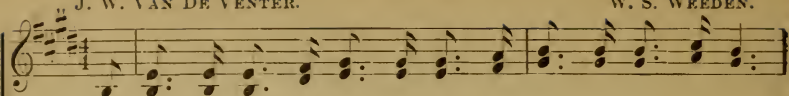
## CHORUS.

longings As noth - ing else can do.  
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

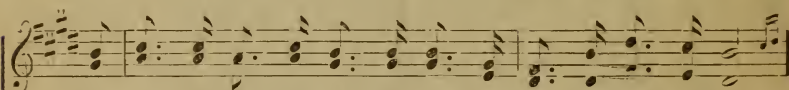
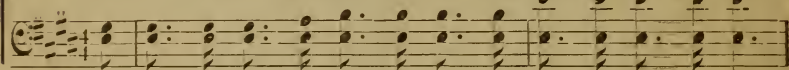
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

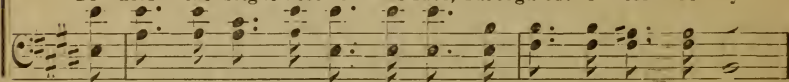
W. S. WEEDEN.



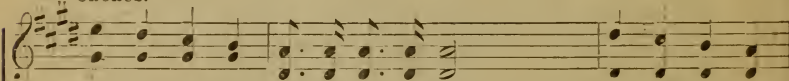
1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil-lows 'round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I, sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



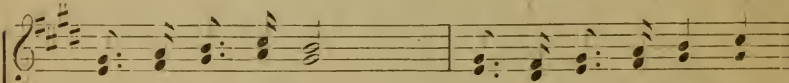
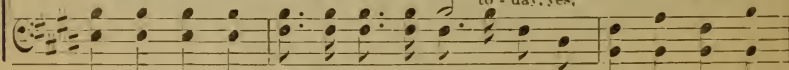
And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.  
 How-ev-er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.  
 I press with ho-ly vig-or on And leave the world be-hind.  
 And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.  
 Be-hold the bright-ness of His face, Through-out e-ter-ni-ty.



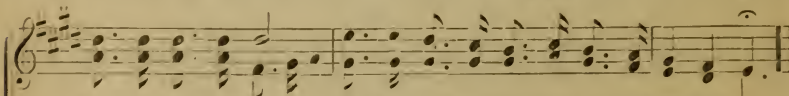
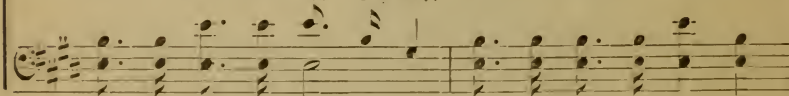
## CHORUS.



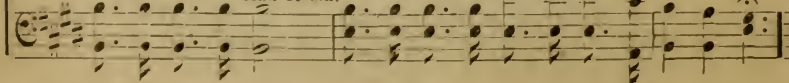
Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light,  
 to-day, yes,



all a-long the way, Since the Sav-ior found me,  
 nar-row way.



took a-way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with in.  
 load of sin.



# No. 49. The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.

*Spirited.*

1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo-ple say, The
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth, and sea, and sky; A-
3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a-way; With
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a-stray, Who
5. Go quick-ly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high-way, And

stars of heaven are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.  
loud pro-claim to the race of men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.  
gird-ed loins and burn-ing lamps, To look for 'the breaking of the day.  
once were happy in Je-sus' love, And looking for the breaking of the day.  
call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day.

CHORUS.

O, it must be the break-ing of the day, O, it

must be the breaking of the day; The night is al-most gone, The

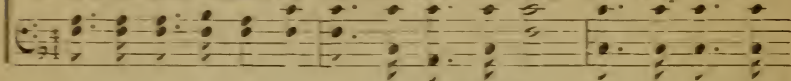
day is com-ing on, O, it must be the break-ing of the day.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

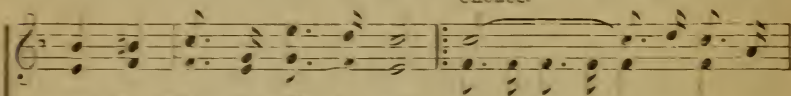
J. M. HARRIS.



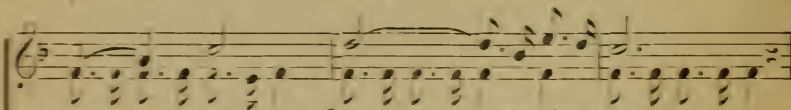
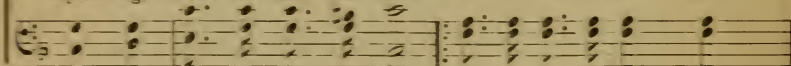
1. Raise the loud ho-san-na. Je-sus pass-es by; Let us haste to
2. Raise the loud ho-san-na. Je-sus saves from sin; With His aid the
3. Raise the loud ho-san-na. Je-sus heals the blind; Those in er-ror's
4. Raise the loud ho-san-na. Je-sus loves man-kind; Who may be de-



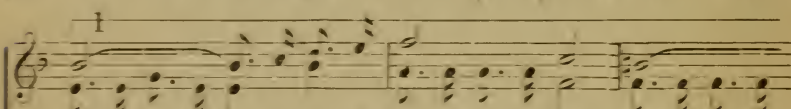
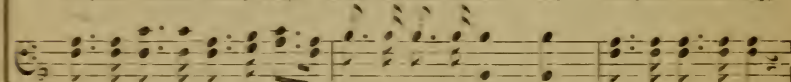
CHORUS.



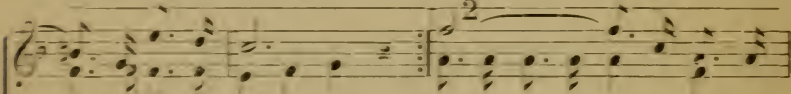
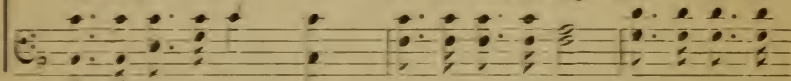
meet Him. While He still is nigh.  
 tempt-ed Shall the con-flict win. Raise . . . . . the loud ho-  
 dark-ness, Find the Sav-ior kind.  
 spair-ing, Will a Sav-ior find. Raise the loud ho-san-na.



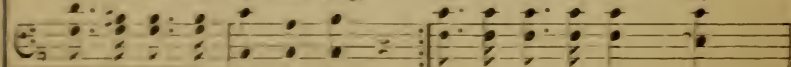
san . . . na Let . . . your voice-es ring;  
 let your voices loudly ring. Raise the loud hosan-na. Let your voices ring;



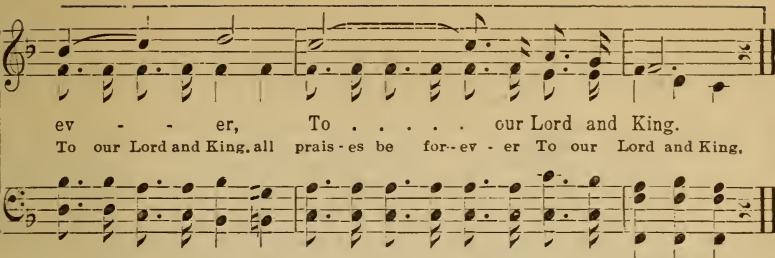
Prais-es be for-ev-er To . . . .  
 Prais-es be for-ev-er To our Lord and King. Prais-es be for



. . . our Lord and King; Prais-es be for-  
 ev-er To our Lord and King. Prais-es be for-ev-er.



# Raise the Loud Hosanna.

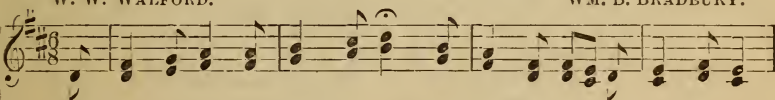


ev - - er, To . . . . our Lord and King.  
To our Lord and King, all prais-es be for-ev - er To our Lord and King.

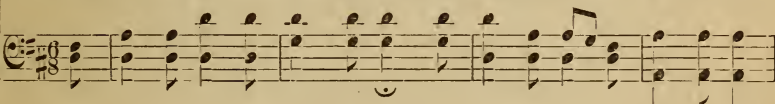
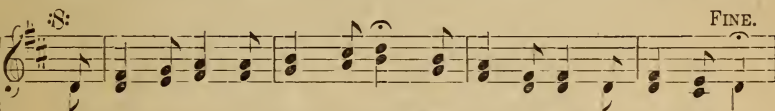
## No. 51. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

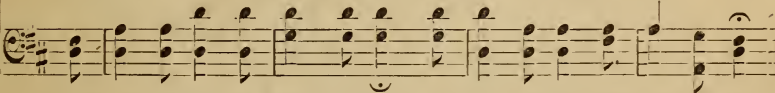


1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r. The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

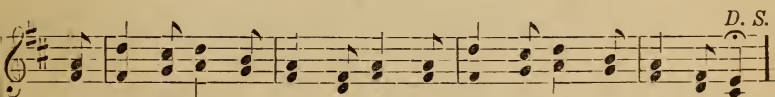



FINE.

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;  
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong desires for thy re-turn!  
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;

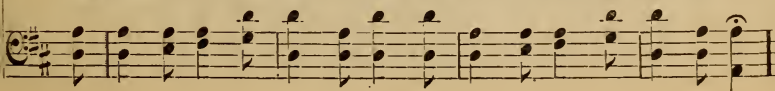


*D.S.*—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.  
*D.S.*—And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.  
*D.S.*—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.



*D. S.*

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has of - ten found re-lief,  
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,  
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,

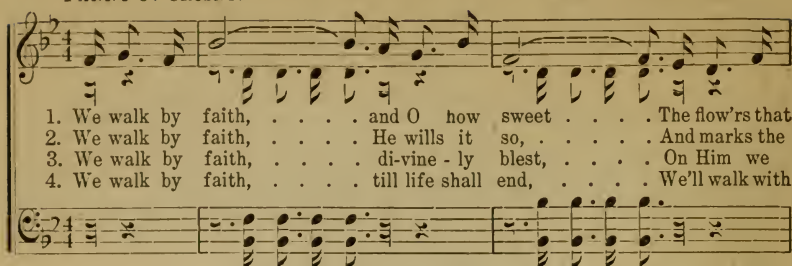


## No. 52.

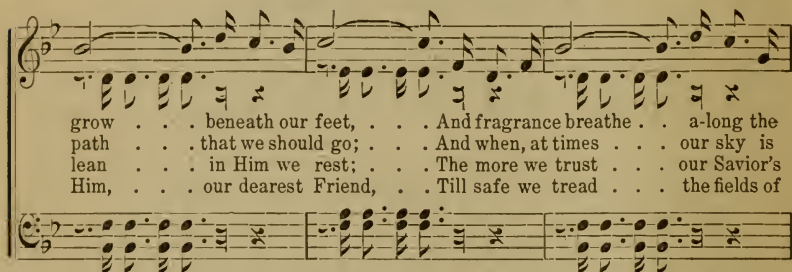
## We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

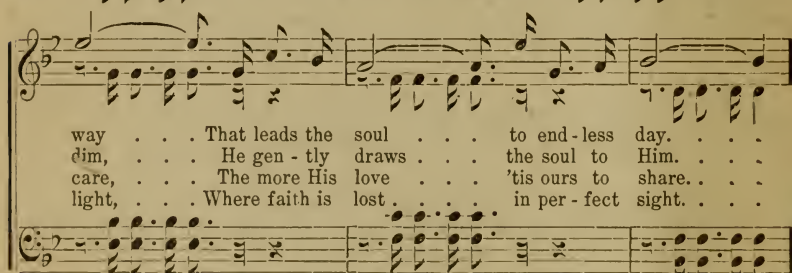
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We walk by faith, . . . . and O how sweet . . . . The flow'rs that  
 2. We walk by faith, . . . . He wills it so, . . . . And marks the  
 3. We walk by faith, . . . . di-vine - ly blest, . . . . On Him we  
 4. We walk by faith, . . . . till life shall end, . . . . We'll walk with

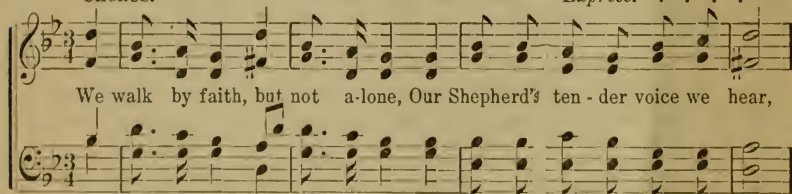


grow . . . . beneath our feet, . . . . And fragrance breathe . . . a-long the  
 path . . . . that we should go; . . . . And when, at times . . . our sky is  
 lean . . . . in Him we rest; . . . . The more we trust . . . our Savior's  
 Him, . . . . our dearest Friend, . . . Till safe we tread . . . the fields of

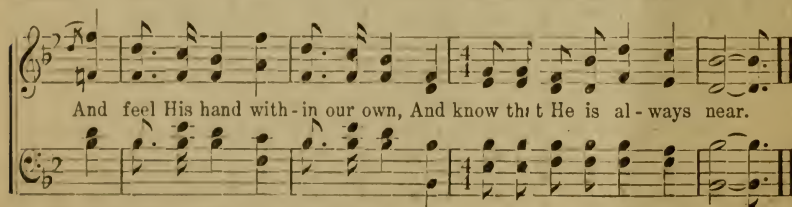


way . . . . That leads the soul . . . . to end-less day. . . .  
 dim, . . . . He gen - tly draws . . . . the soul to Him. . . .  
 care, . . . . The more His love . . . . 'tis ours to share. . . .  
 light, . . . . Where faith is lost . . . . in per - fect sight. . . .

CHORUS.

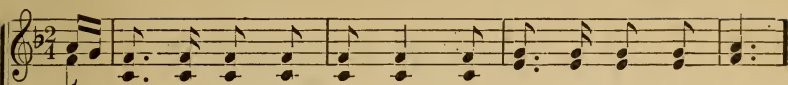
*Express.*


We walk by faith, but not a-lone, Our Shepherd's ten - der voice we hear,

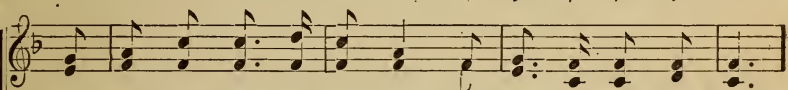
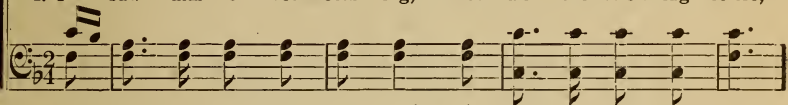


And feel His hand with-in our own, And know that He is al - ways near.

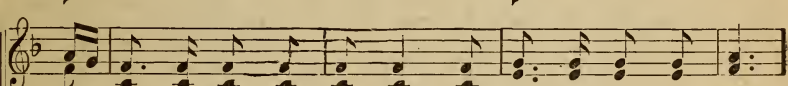
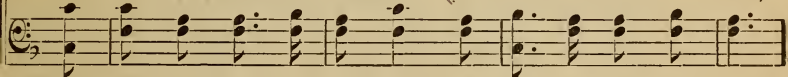
Anon.



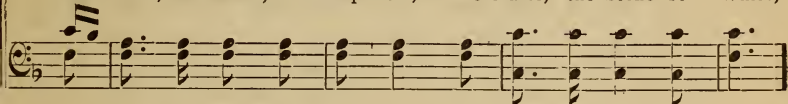
1. I saw a blood-washed pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,  
 2. I saw him in the fur - nace; He doubt - ed not, nor feared,  
 3. 'Mid storms, and clouds, and tri - als, In pris - on, at the stake,  
 4. I saw him o - ver - com - ing, Thro' all the swell - ing strife,



Up - on the King's great high - way With peace - ful, shin - ing face;  
 And in the flames be - side him The Son of God ap - peared;  
 He leaped for joy, re - joic - ing, 'Twas all for Je - sus' sake;  
 Un - til he crossed the thresh - old Of God's E - ter - nal Life;



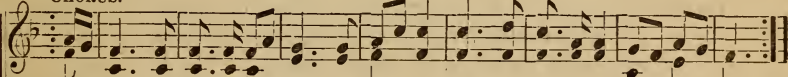
Temp - ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright;  
 Tho' sev - en times 'twas heat - ed With all the tempt - er's might,  
 That God should count him worth - y, Was such su - preme de - light,  
 The Crown, the Throne, the Scep - tre, The Name, the Stone so White,



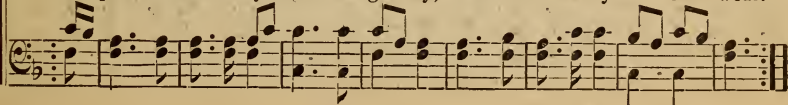
He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."  
 He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."  
 He cried, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den is so light."  
 Were his, who found, in Je - sus, The yoke and bur - den light.



## CHORUS.



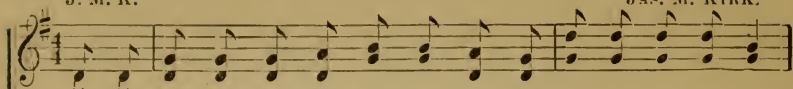
Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.



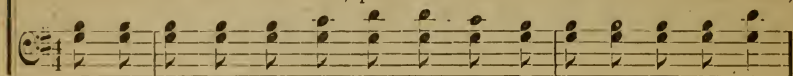
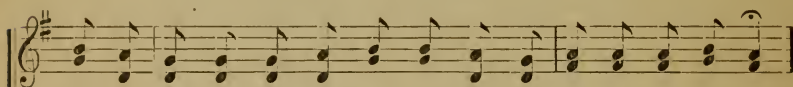
# No. 54. Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K.

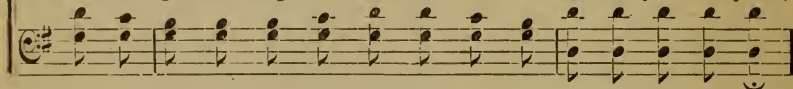
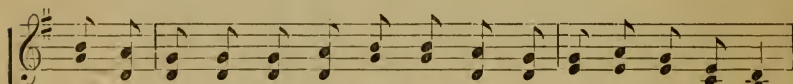
JAS. M. KIRK.



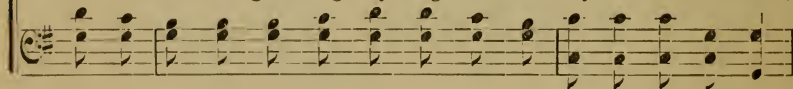
1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,  
 2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,  
 3. Yes, the ran-som'd of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,  
 4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

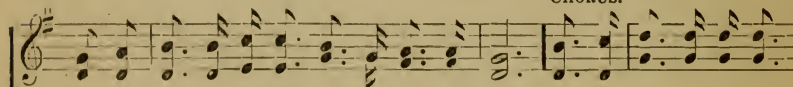
When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His wait-ing Bride a-way;  
 For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;  
 And in all His ho-ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-destroy;  
 In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace;

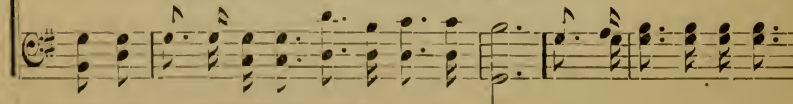
Oh! my heart is filled with rapt-ure as I la-bor, watch and pray,  
 God shall take a-way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry,  
 Per-fect peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al-loy,  
 All the earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease,



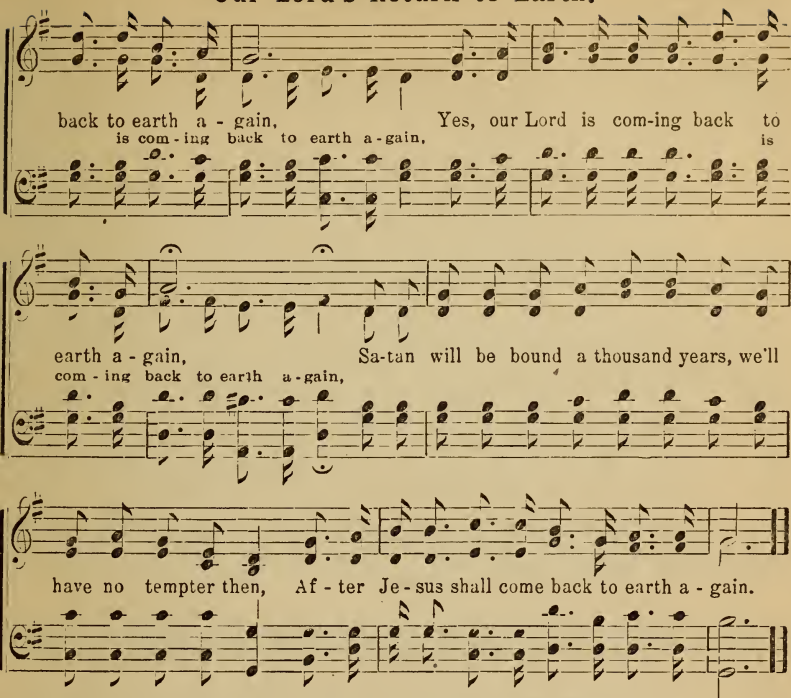
CHORUS.



For our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain.  
 When our bless-ed Je-sus shall come back a-gain. Oh! our Lord is com-ing  
 Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.  
 For our Je-sus to come back to earth a-gain.



## Our Lord's Return to Earth.



back to earth a - gain, Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to  
is com-ing back to earth a - gain, is

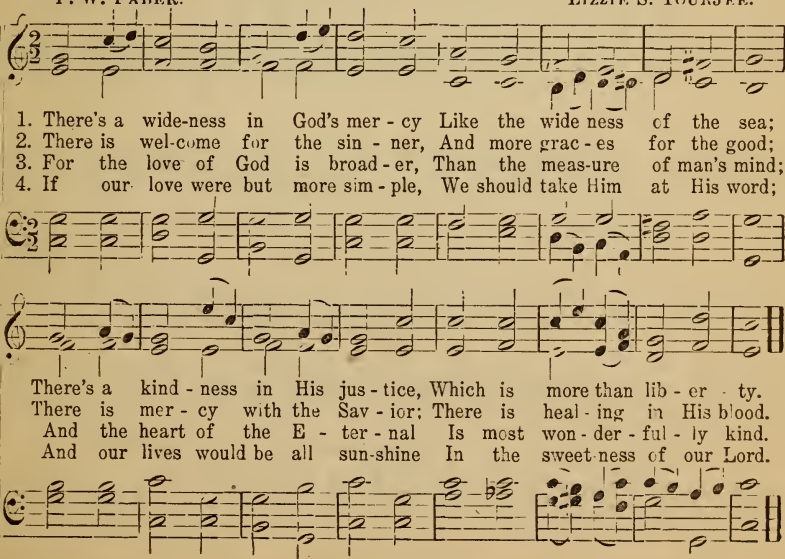
earth a - gain, Sa-tan will be bound a thousand years, we'll  
com - ing back to earth a - gain,

have no tempter then, Af - ter Je - sus shall come back to earth a - gain.

## No. 55. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



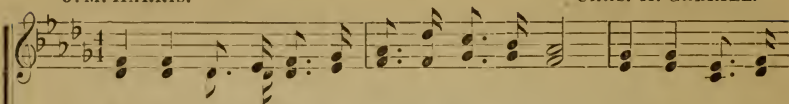
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide ness of the sea;  
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;  
3. For the love of God is broad-er, Than the meas-ure of man's mind;  
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.  
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

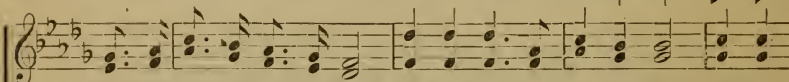
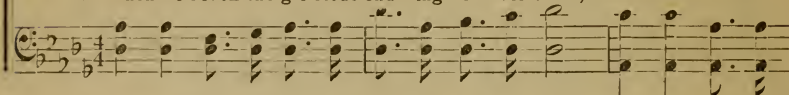
This hymn was written while Dr. P. F. Bresee was preaching from Isa. 60;5.

J. M. HARRIS.

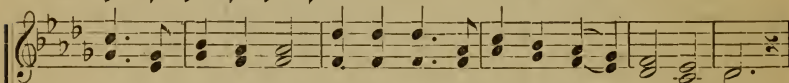
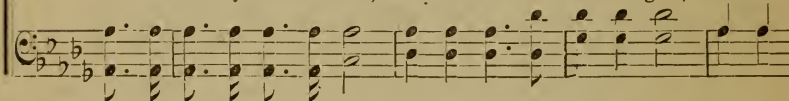
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



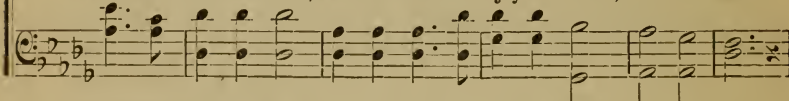
1. We shall see and flow to - geth - er, saith the Lord, And our vis - ion
2. We will all be one in Je - sus in that day, When the Spir - it
3. We shall see the precious Sav - ior ev - 'ry day, We shall know His
4. When we reach the glo - rious end - ing o - ver there, And be - hold the



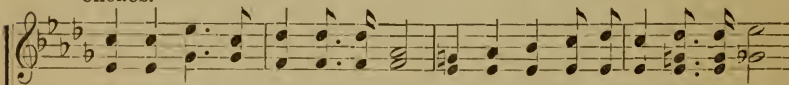
shall be glo - rious thro' His word, When the Sav - ior comes within, Cleans - ing  
in His full - ness comes to stay, We will glo - ry in the cross, Count - ing  
pow'r to keep us all the way, And the goal we have in view, Will be  
wondrous beaut - y rich and rare, When we walk the streets of gold, And our



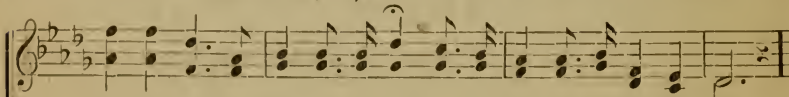
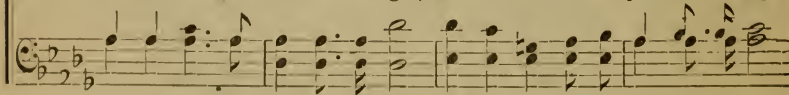
all the heart from sin, And sal - va - tion joys be - gin, We shall see.  
all things else but loss, When our hearts are free from dross, We shall see.  
ours if we are true, And we walk the jour - ney thro', We shall see.  
Sav - ior there be - hold, We'll be filled with joys un - told, We shall see.



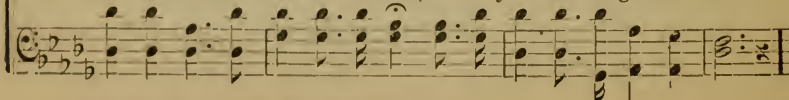
#### CHORUS.

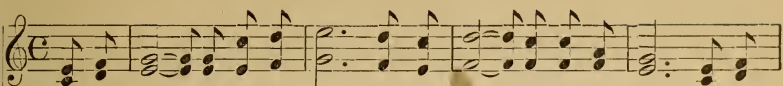


We shall see and walk in the light, We shall see and the path will be bright,

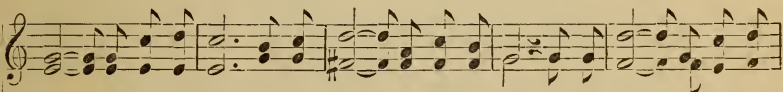
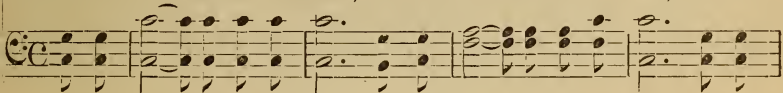


We shall see the face of the Lord, And re - joice in His glo - rious word.

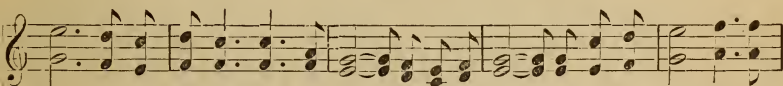
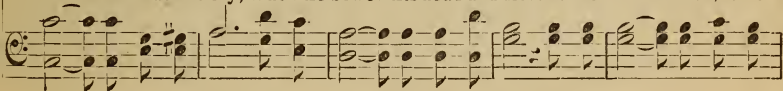




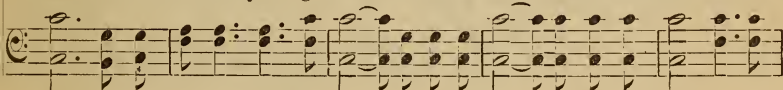
1. On the Cross of Cal-va - ry, Je - sus died for you and me; There He
2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet; Oh, such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am Thine, Whol-ly Thine, for - ev - er - more; Bless-ed
4. Clouds and dark-ness veil'd the skies, When the Lord was cru - ci - fied; "It is



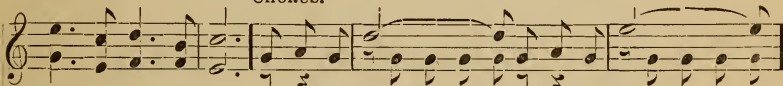
shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the cleansing stream does  
won - drous, dy - ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice complete. Here I give my - self to  
Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell within, for - ev - er - more. Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from  
fin - ish'd!" was His cry, When He bowed His head and died. It is fin - ished, it is



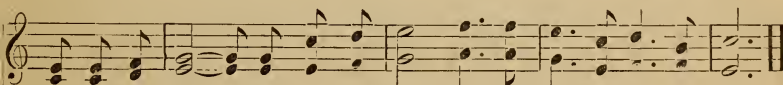
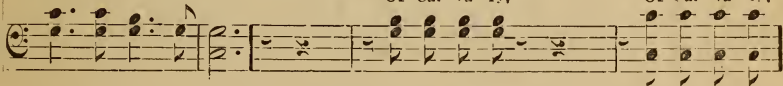
flow, And it wash - es white as snow: It was for me that Je - sus died On the  
Thee, Soul and bod - y Thine to be: It was for me Thy blood was shed On the  
sin, Make and keep me pure with - in: It was for this Thy blood was shed On the  
finish'd, All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je - sus died On the



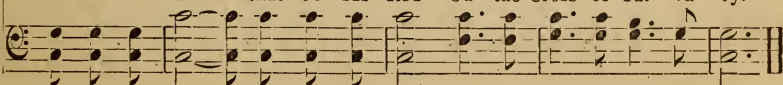
## CHORUS.



Cross of Cal - va - ry. Of Cal - va - ry, . . . . . Of Cal - va - ry, . . . . .  
Of Cal - va - ry, Of Cal - va - ry,



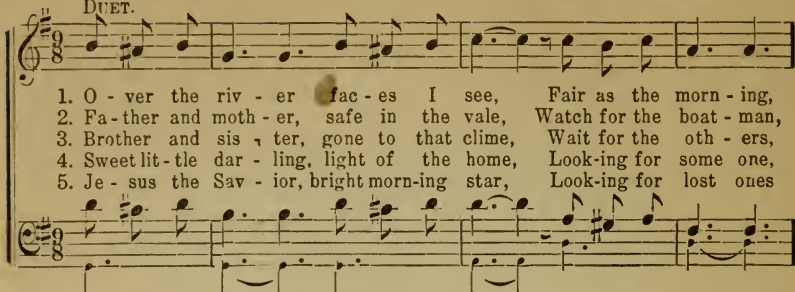
It was for me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry.



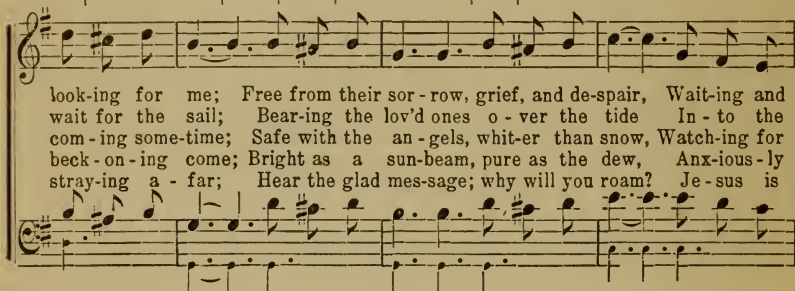
J. W. VAN DE V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

DUET.

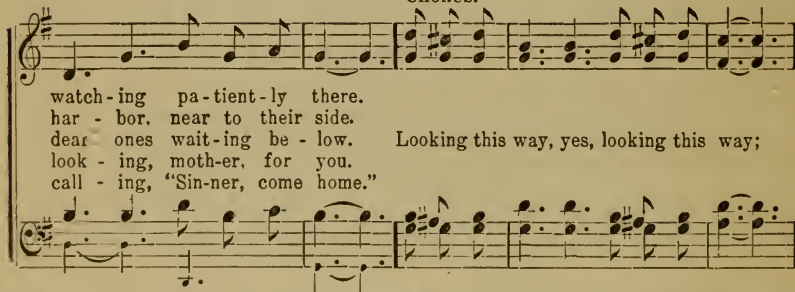


1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn - ing,  
 2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,  
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,  
 4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some one,  
 5. Je - sus the Sav - ior, bright morn - ing star, Look - ing for lost ones

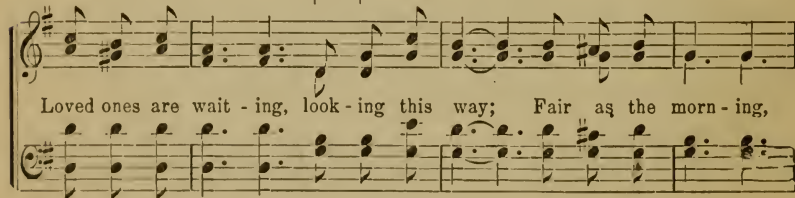


look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair, Wait - ing and  
 wait for the sail; Bear - ing the lov'd ones o - ver the tide In - to the  
 com - ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watch - ing for  
 beck - on - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly  
 stray - ing a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is

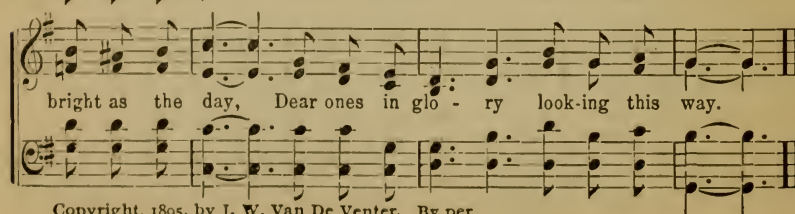
CHORUS.



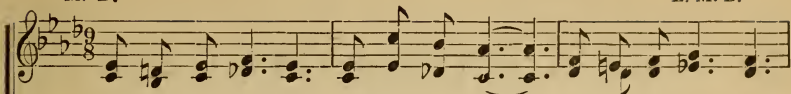
watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.  
 har - bor, near to their side.  
 dear ones wait - ing be - low. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;  
 look - ing, moth - er, for you.  
 call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home."



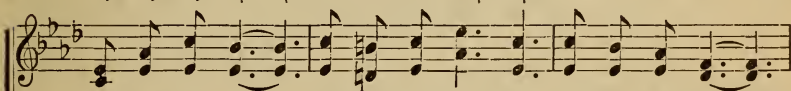
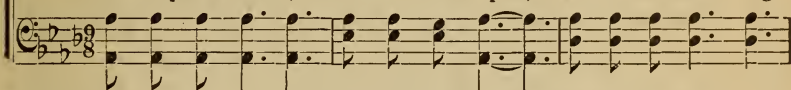
Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the morn - ing,



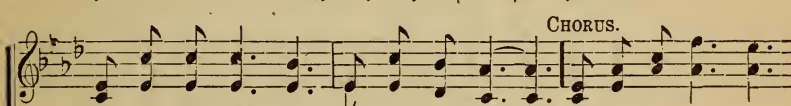
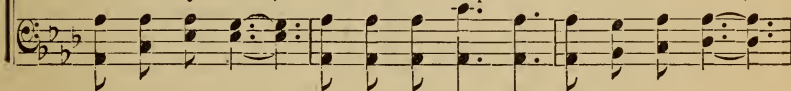
bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.



1. When you feel weak-est, dan-gers sur-round; Sub-tle temp-ta-tions,  
 2. If all were eas-y, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?  
 3. God is your wis-dom; God is your might; God's ev-er near you  
 4. Let us press on then; nev-er des-pair; Live a-bove feel-ing

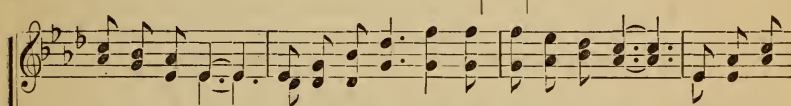
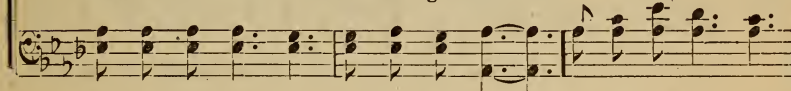


trou-ble a-bound; Nothing seems hope-ful, nothing seems glad,  
 where would the fight? But in the hard-ness, God gives to you,  
 guid-ing you right; He un-der-stands you, knows all you need:  
 vic-to-ry's there; Je-sus can keep us so near to Him,

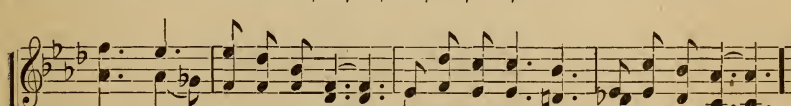
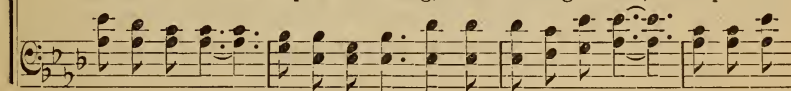


## CHORUS.

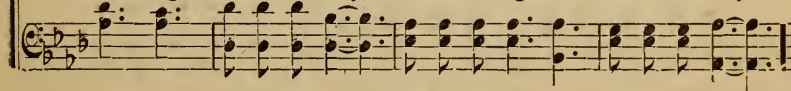
All is des-pair-ing, oft-en-times sad. 1. Keep on be-liev-ing,  
 Chan-ces for prov-ing what we can do.  
 Trust-ing in Him you'll sure-ly suc-ceed. 2. Keep on re-joic-ing,  
 That nev-er-more our faith shall grow dim.



Je-sus is near, Keep on be-liev-ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be-



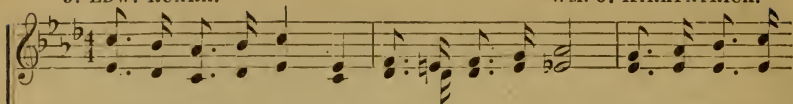
liev-ing, this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.



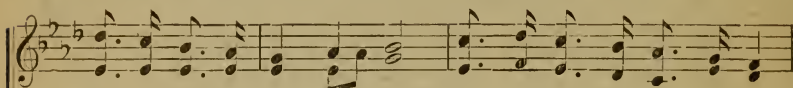
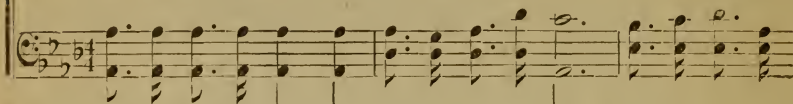
# No. 60. You May Have the Joybells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

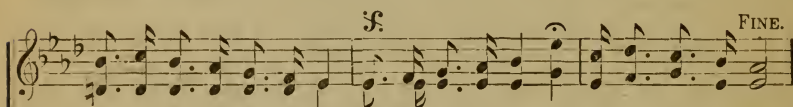
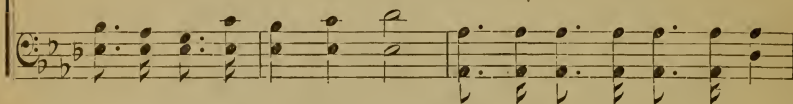
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



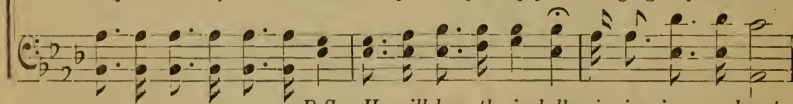
1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar - row way,  
those a-round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say,  
He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,  
ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win,

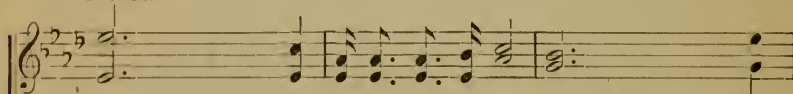


Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
He is with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

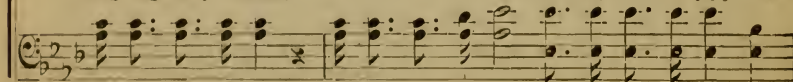


*D.S.—He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.*

CHORUS.



Joy - - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - - bells  
Ring - ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells



# You May Have the Joybells.

D. S.

ring-ing in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev'ry-where you go.

No. 61.

No, Not One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.  
*Slow, and with feeling.*

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!  
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!  
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!  
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!  
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.-There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.

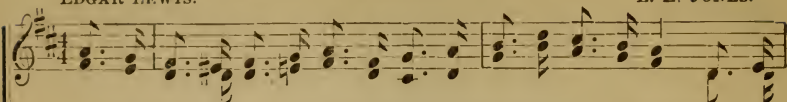
Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

# No. 62. 'Do Not Stagger at the Promise.

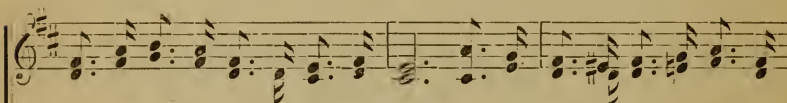
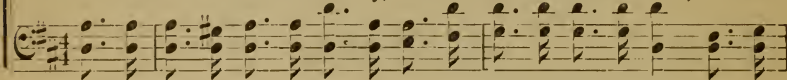
EDGAR L. EWIS.

He staggered not at the promise.—Rom. 4; 20.

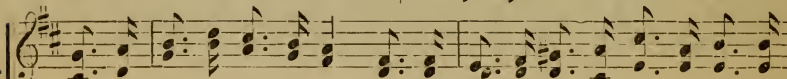
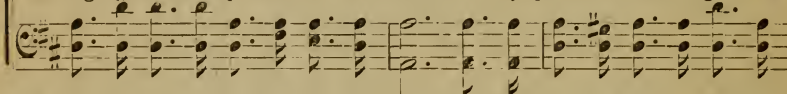
L. E. JONES.



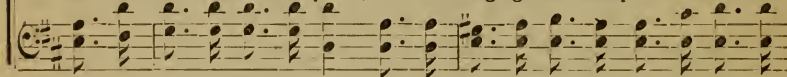
1. In the Bi - ble it is writ - ten there is cleans - ing in the blood, Do not
2. Have you read the pre - cious promises of par - don and of peace Do not
3. O the rich - es of His mer - cy, O the ful - ness of His love, Do not



stag - ger at the prom - ise of the word, With a faith that nev - er fal - ters  
stag - ger at the prom - ise of the word, Have you heard that Christ can cancel  
stag - ger at the prom - ise of the word, Ev - 'ry prom - ise that is giv - en



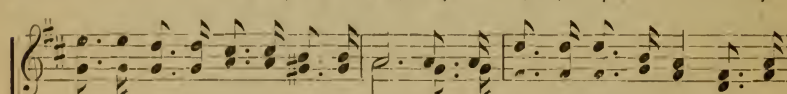
plunge be - neath the crimson flood, Do not stag - ger at the prom - ise of the  
sin and bring the heart re - lease, Do not stag - ger at the prom - ise of the  
faith - ful to the heart will prove, Do not stag - ger at the prom - ise of the



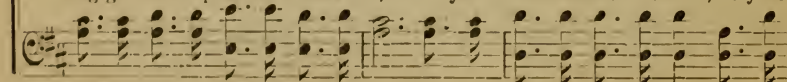
## CHORUS.



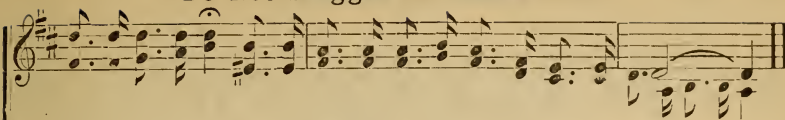
Lord. Do not stag ger at the prom - ise of the Sav - ior, Do not  
prom - ise of the Lord,



stag - ger at the promise of the word, Would you now be cleansed from sin, To your

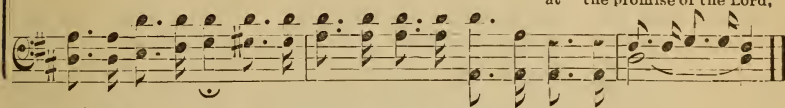


## Do Not Stagger at the Promise.



heart let Je-sus in, Do not stag-ger at the prom-ise of the Lord.

at the promise of the Lord,

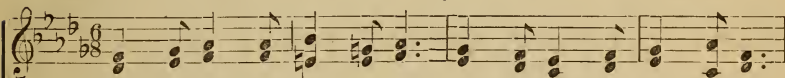


## No. 63.

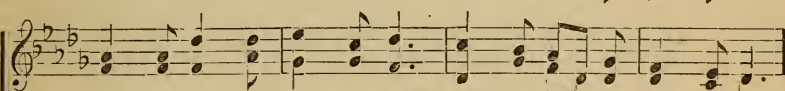
## Perfect Peace.

MARY A. S. BARBER.

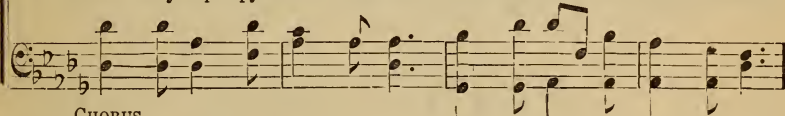
J. M. HARRIS.



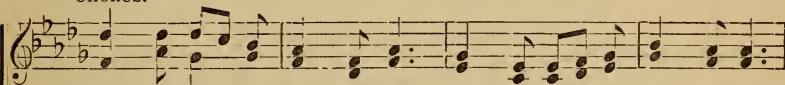
1. Prince of Peace, con-trol my will, Bid this strug-gling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O-pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav-ior! at Thy feet I fall; Thou my life, my God, my all!



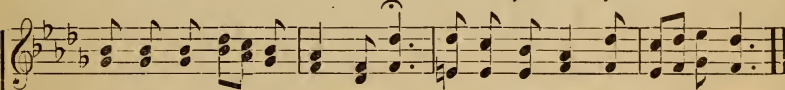
Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir-it in-to peace.  
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be-ing one with Thee.  
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now Thy per-fect peace im-part.  
Let Thy hap-py ser-vant be One for ev-er-more with Thee!



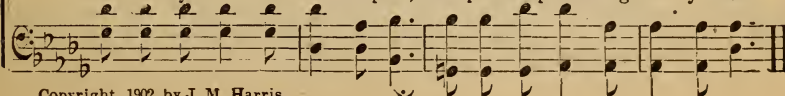
### CHORUS.



Cleanse my heart from in-bred sin, Bring the Ho-ly Spir-it in;

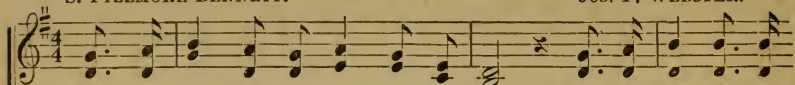


Then will my doubts and fears depart, And perfect peace reign in my heart.

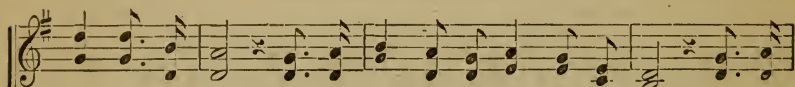


S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

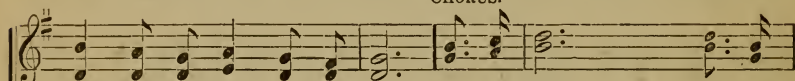


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

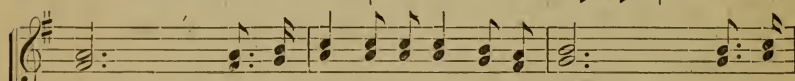


see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-  
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a  
 tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

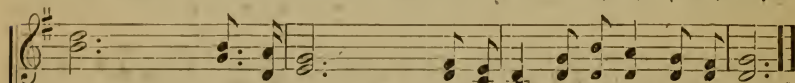
## CHORUS.



pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and  
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.  
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



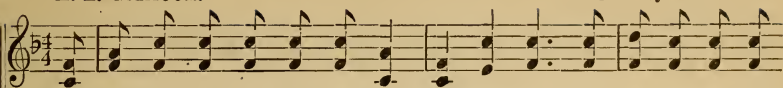
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the  
 by - and - by, by - and - by,



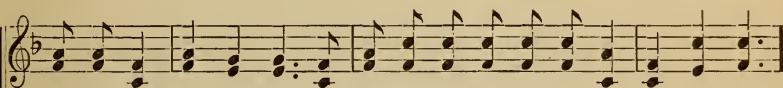
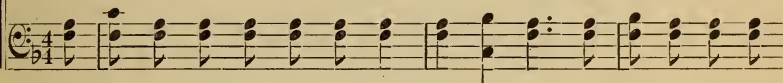
sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
 by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and - by

H. L. GILMOUR.

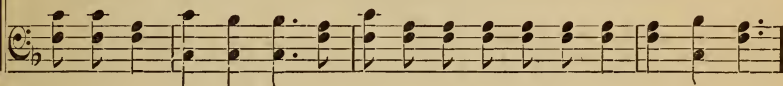
Arr. by H. L. G.



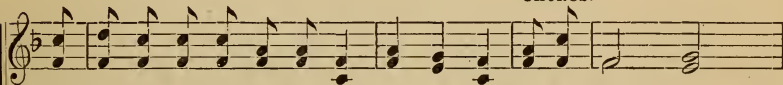
1. When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me, My faint-ing soul was
2. The Spir - it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
3. I'll praise Him while He give's me breath, Love found me, For sav-ing from an
4. And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a - dor - ing



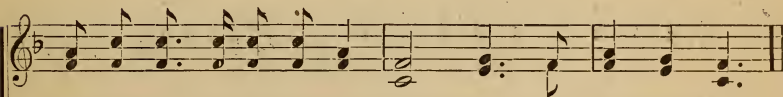
tempest toss'd, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's word's so blest, Love found me,  
 strong and deep, Love found me, Al - tho' I long with-stood His grace, Love found me,  
 endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad - vo - cate a - bove, Love found me,  
 at His feet, Love found me, And sing hosanna 'round the throne, Love found me,



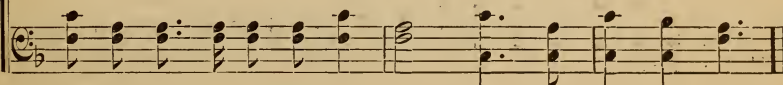
## CHORUS.



Come, weary, heav-y la-den, rest, Love found me.  
 He wooed me to His kind embrace, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,  
 I'm yoked to Him in per-fect love, Love found me.  
 Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,



Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

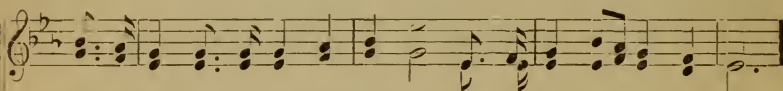
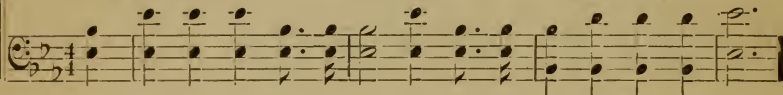


JAMES L. BLACK.

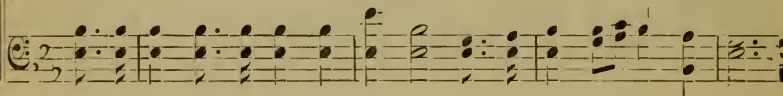
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith en - rapt-ured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord Him-self comes near,
3. Our 'souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempt - er flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,



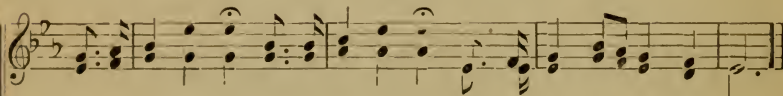
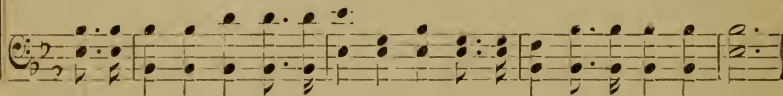
While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the might-y King of kings.  
 And the shout of a roy - al arm - y, On the bat - tle-field we hear.  
 And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.  
 Un - to Him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of tri-umph raise.



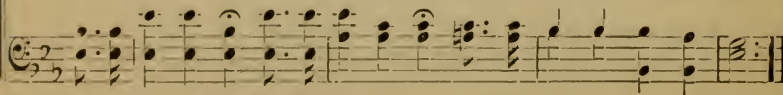
## CHORUS.



On the vic - t'ry side, on the vic - t'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;



On the vic-t'ry side we will bold-ly stand, Till the glo - ry - land we see.

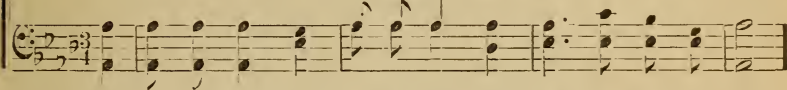


JOHN S. BROWN.

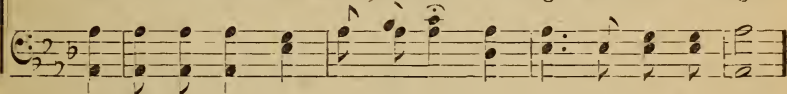
L. O. BROWN.



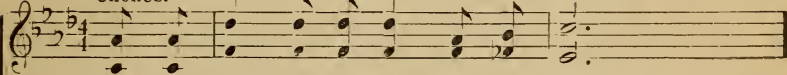
1. I can - not tell thee whence it came, This peace with - in my breast;
2. Be - neath the toil and care of life, This hid - den stream flows on;
3. I can - not tell the half of love, Un - feigned, su - preme, di - vine,
4. I can - not tell thee why He chose To suf - fer and to die;



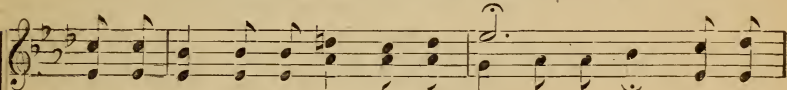
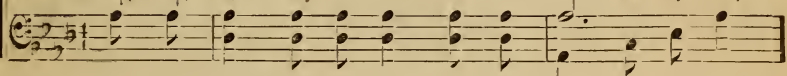
But this I know, there fills my soul, A strange and tran - quil rest.  
 My wea - ry soul no long - er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.  
 That caused my dark - est in - most self With beams of hope to shine.  
 But if I suf - fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him on high.



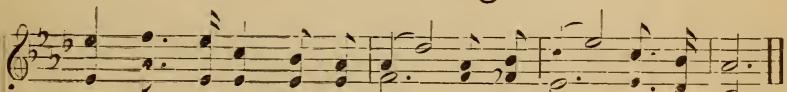
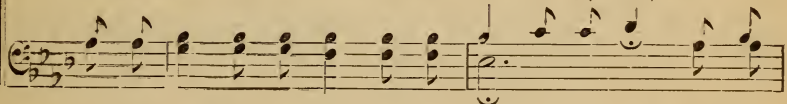
## CHORUS.



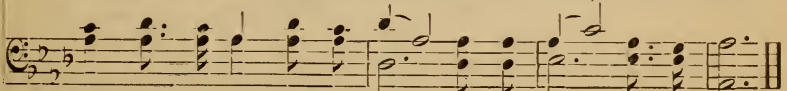
There's a deep set - tled peace in my soul; in my soul;



There's a deep set - tled peace in my soul; Tho' the  
 in my soul;

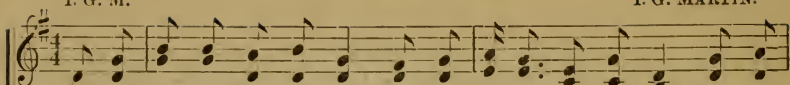


bil - lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a - bides.

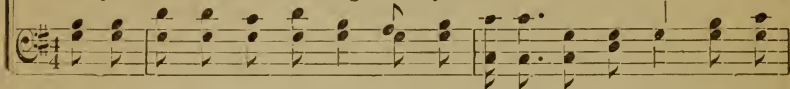
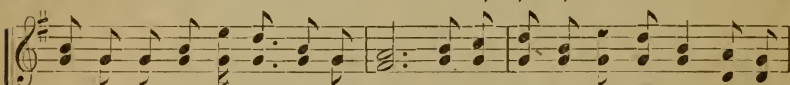


I. G. M.

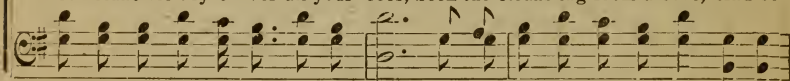
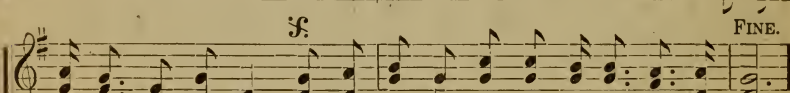
I. G. MARTIN.



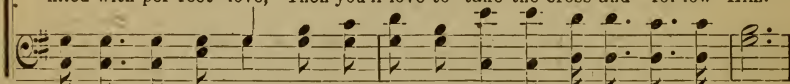
1. I re-mem-ber long a-go, The old sto-ry sweet and true, How that  
 2. I will fol-low in the steps Of this low-ly Naz-a-rene Where He  
 3. If you want to fol-low Him, Just for-sake your life of sin; He'll for-  
 4. If you want to shout and sing As you fol-low on with Him, And have

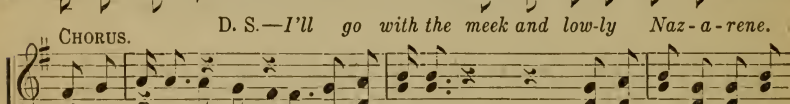
Je-sus left His Father's home a-bove, How He all things did forsake, And the  
 leads me I will glad-ly fol-low Him. Tho' for-sak-en and de-spised By the  
 give you and He'll save you thro' and thro'; He will turn your heart from sin, And will  
 con-stant vic-t'ry o-ver all your foes, Seek the cleans-ing from a-bove, And be

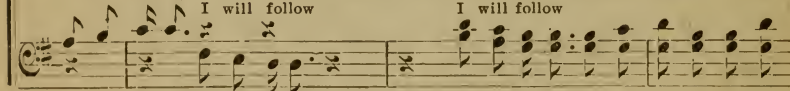
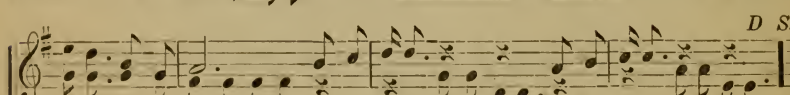
low-ly way did take, And be-came the meek and low-ly Naz-a-rene.  
 proud and world-ly wise, I will take the cross and glad-ly fol-low Him.  
 give you peace with-in, For He is the meek and low-ly Naz-a-rene.  
 filled with per-fect love, Then you'll love to take the cross and fol-low Him.



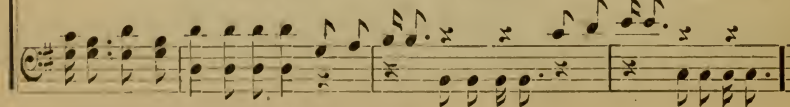
CHORUS. D. S.—I'll go with the meek and low-ly Naz-a-rene.



I will follow, I will follow I will follow I will follow Where He leads me I will

gladly follow Him; I will follow, I will follow, I will follow, I will follow,

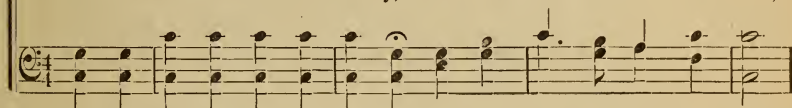


M. W. KNAPP. .

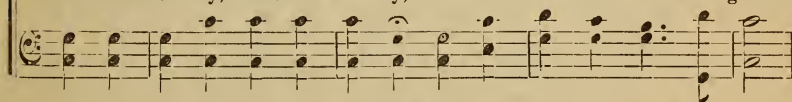
Rev. W. McDONALD.



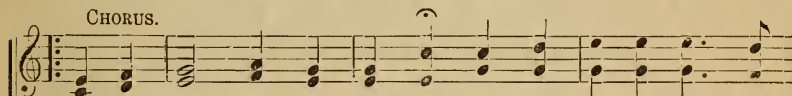
1. Once I served in E-gypt's bondage, But my Sav - ior on the tree,
2. Once I tho't this land of Ca - naan Was a type of heav'n a - bove,
3. Now in Je - sus' love a - bid - ing I have reach'd the land of rest;
4. Fear and fret and sin - ful hur - ry, Beu - lah dwell - ers do not know;



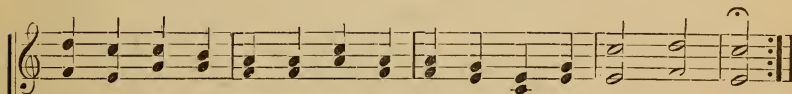
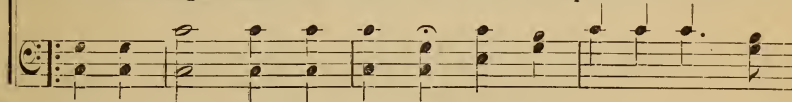
Broke the cru - el chains which bound me, Set the mourn - ing cap - tive free.  
 But in - stead on earth I found it, In my Sav - ior's per - fect love.  
 Here the King is now re - sid - ing, And with Him I'm ful - ly blest.  
 Pride and en - vy, doubt and wor - ry, In its cli - mate can - not grow.



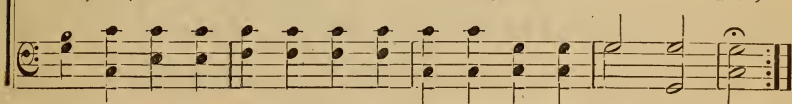
## CHORUS.



{ There is sweet rest in Ca - naan, Where the Es - chol grapes are  
 { In these bright fields of Beu - lah, There is per - fect con - se -



grow - ing, And the Fount of Life is flow - ing, Bless - ings dai - ly fall; }  
 cra - tion, And a full and free sal - va - tion, bless - ed rest for all. }



4 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,  
 In this lovely Canaan clime,  
 'Neath its sunshine and its showers,  
 Grow in beauty all the time.

6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,  
 Tell the tidings as you go,  
 Publish wide the wondrous story,  
 You have found a "heaven below."

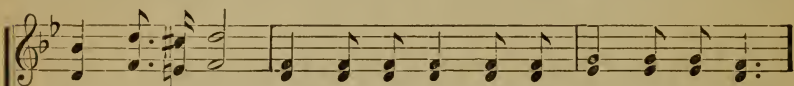
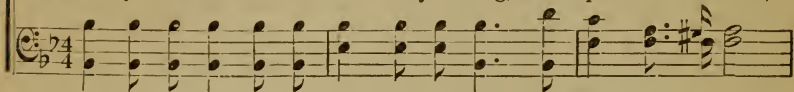
# No. 70. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

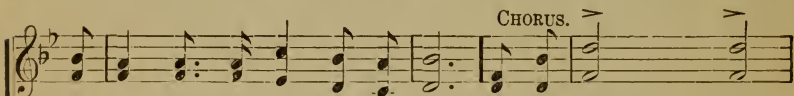
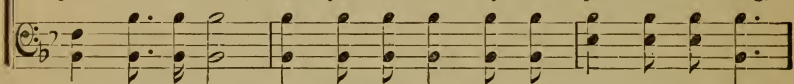
L. E. JONES.



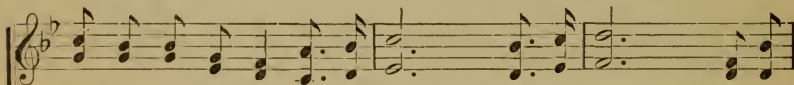
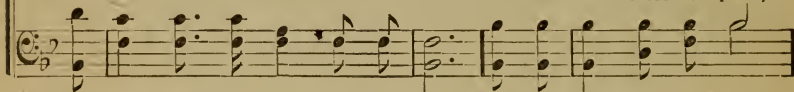
- 1 Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,



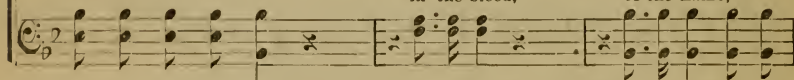
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,  
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,  
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,  
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing,



There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is pow'r,



Wen - der work - ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is  
 in the blood, of the Lamb,

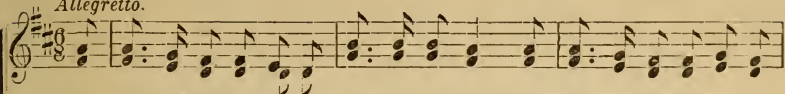


pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.  
 there is pow'r,

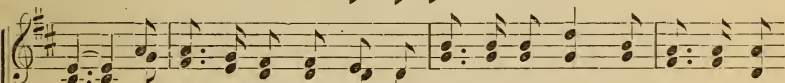


FANNY J. CROSBY.

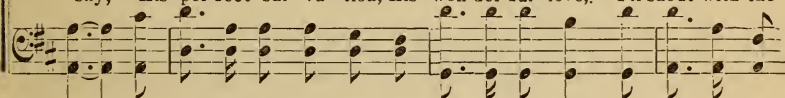
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Allegretto.*

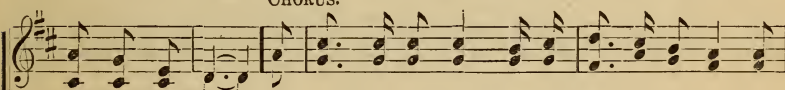
1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with His fullness di-
4. When cloth'd in His brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the



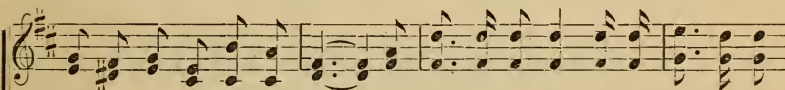
me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of  
 way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me  
 vine, I sing in my rapt-ure, oh, glo-ry to God For such a Re-  
 sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the



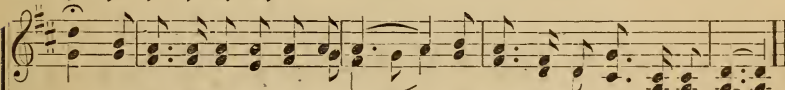
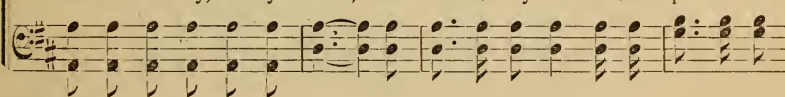
## CHORUS.



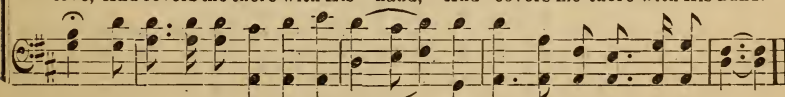
pleas-ure I see.  
 strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That  
 deem-er as mine.  
 mill-ions on high.



shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His

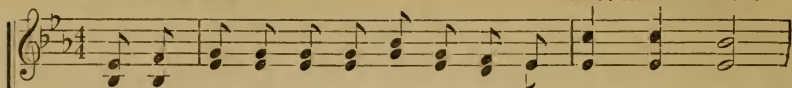


love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

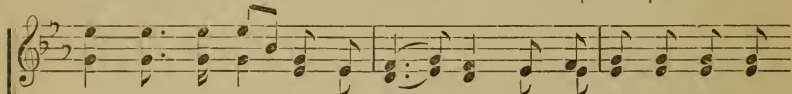
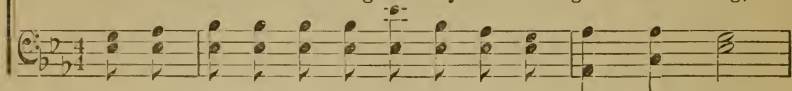


FANNY J. CROSBY.

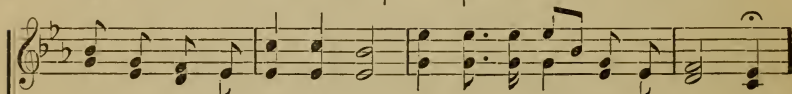
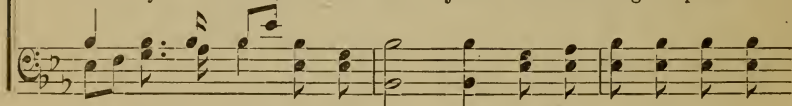
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



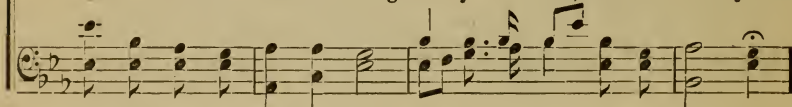
1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song;
2. We are lost a - mid the rapt ure of re - deem - ing love;
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold;
4. There we'll shout re-deem-ing mer - cy in a glad new song;



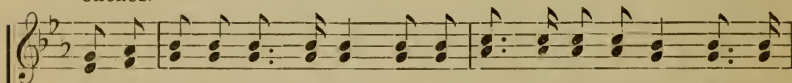
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as  
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its  
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His  
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of



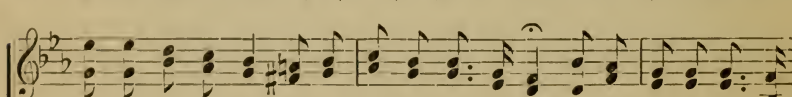
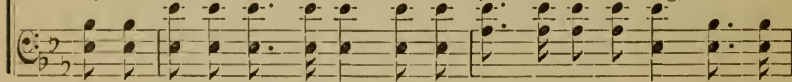
ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 pin - ions to the hills a - bove: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 splen - dor we shall soon be - hold: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Je - sus with the blood wash'd throng: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!



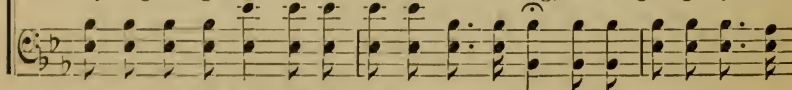
CHORUS.



O, the chil - dren of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the



way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and



# Glory to God, Hallelujah!

by to the pal - ace of a King! Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

## No. 73.

## Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISHER. By per.

1. God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall,
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to His saints make known
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'n
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r Let all the ran - somed sing.

Sal - va - tion - full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
 Re - demp - tion by His death I find, and cleansing thro' the blood.  
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.  
 A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.  
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King.

### CHORUS.

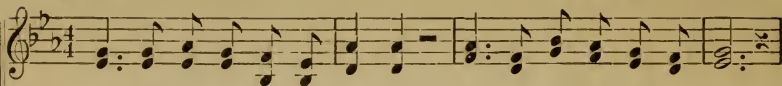
Oh, 'twas love! 'twas wond - rous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Sav - ior from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

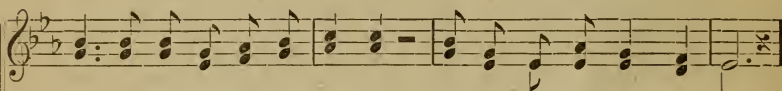
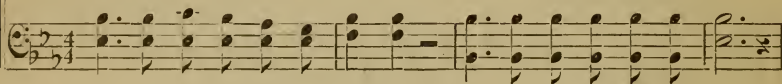
*Dedicated to my Friend Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.*

M. J. H.

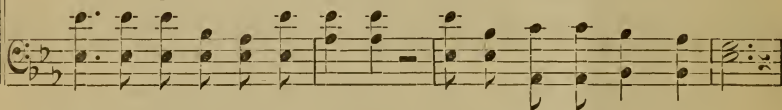
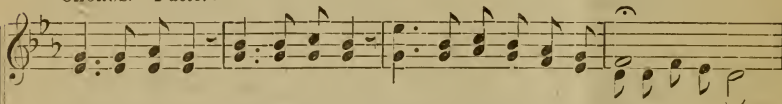
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



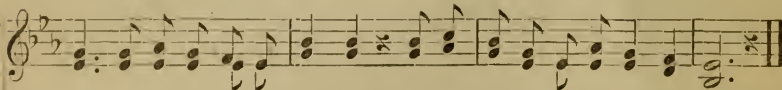
- |  |                                |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain        | O - pen wide for all my sin,   |
| 2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and nar-row, | All I claimed was swept a-way; |
| 3. Then God's fire up-on the al-tar          | Of my heart was set a-flame;   |
| 4. Bless-ed be the name of Je-sus!           | I'm so glad He took me in;     |



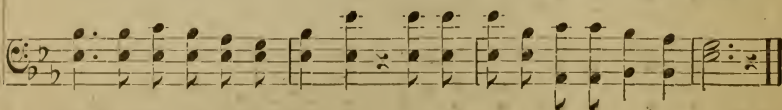
I o-beyed the Spir-it's woo-ing When He said, Wilt thou be clean?  
 My am-bi-tions, plans, and wish-es, At my feet in ash-es lay.  
 I shall nev-er cease to praise Him, Glo-ry! glo-ry to His namé!  
 He's for-giv-en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleans'd my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners' slain;  
 for sinners slain;



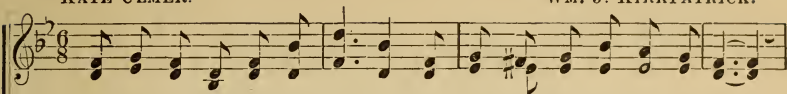
Give Him glo-ry all ye peo-ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.



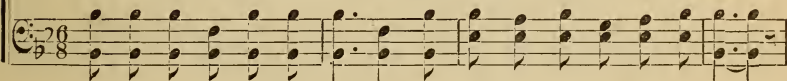
# No. 75. His Grace Aboundeth More.

KATE ULMER.

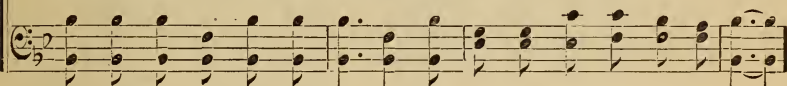
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



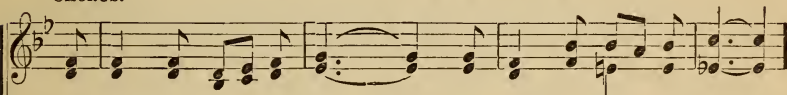
1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je-sus my Lord I have found,
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No good-ness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay,
4. In Him my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My pro-phet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;



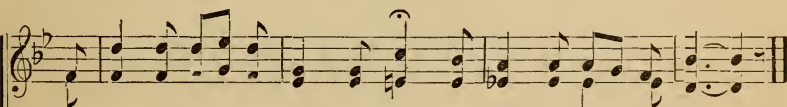
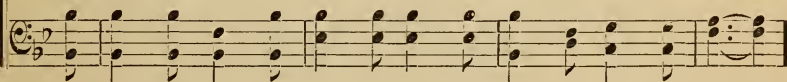
Tho' I had sins with-out num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.  
Oft-en His law I had brok-en, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.  
But in the pre-cious blood flow-ing He wash'd all my sin-stains a-way.  
Mer-cy I find and for-give-ness, My all to His keep-ing I bring.  
Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.



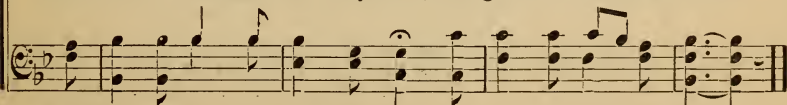
CHORUS.



His grace a-bound-eth more, His grace a-boundeth more,  
and more,



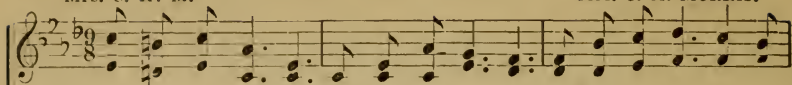
Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.



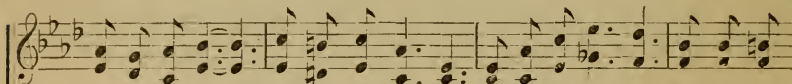
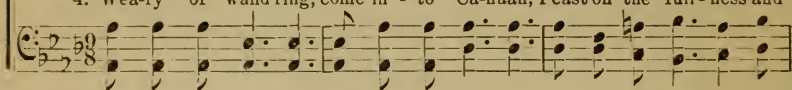
# No. 76. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



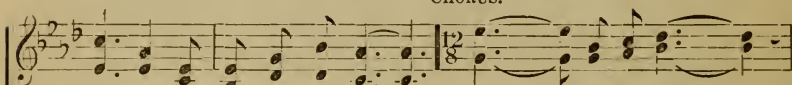
1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je - sus hath spo - ken, Tem-ples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has pardoned sure - ly will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer - cy, full-ness of bless-ing, Ev - er the Spir-it's in-
4. Wear-y of wand'ring, come in - to Ca-naan, Feast on the full-ness and



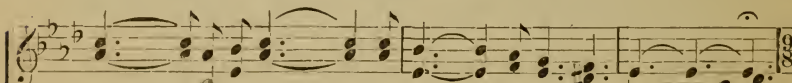
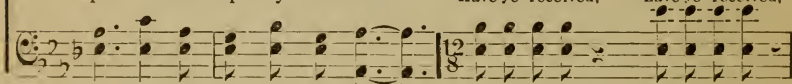
Spir-it di - vine; Have ye received Him, bid-den Him en - ter, Make His a -  
na - ture re - fine: Cleans'd from all sin, His Spir-it will en - ter, Fill you and  
dwelling at - tend: 'Tis the en-due-ment, pow-er of serv-ice, Fruits for your  
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sun-shine, Led by His



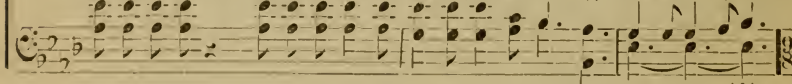
CHORUS.



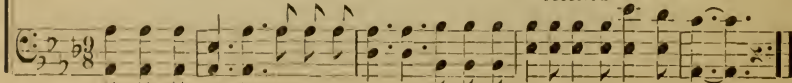
bode in that poor heart of thine? Have . . ye re - ceived, . .  
thrill you with pow - er di - vine.  
la - bor He sure - ly will send.  
Spir - it and kept by His hand. Have ye received, have ye received,



since . . ye be - lieved . . The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?  
since ye believed, since ye believed, The blessed, blessed Ho - ly, blessed Ho - ly Ghost?



He who has promis'd, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Ho - ly Ghost?  
received

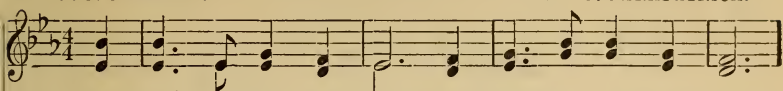


## No. 77

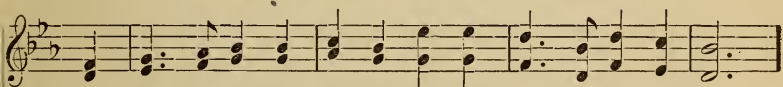
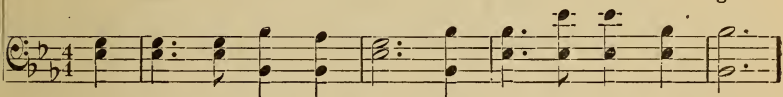
## Overflowing with His Love.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

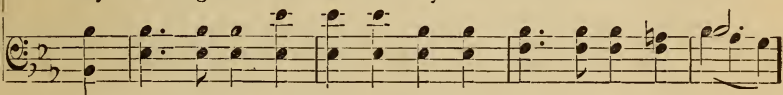
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. My soul is glad to - day, A joy with - in me springs;
2. No sky of deep - est blue, No sun with bright - est beams,
3. No more may earth - ly things My thought and love di - vide;
4. In vain may doubts mo - lest, In vain may fears as - sail,
5. O what a rest is mine! What bliss to me is giv'n



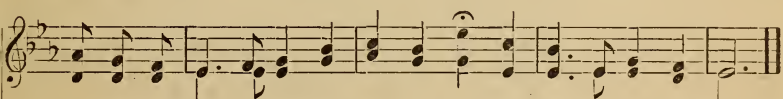
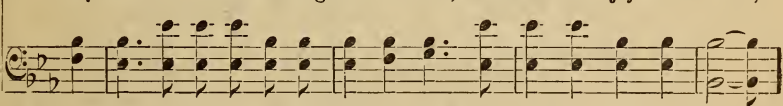
A hap - py song of love and praise My rap - tured spir - it sings.  
 Could make a day so fair as this, Whose glo - ry o'er me streams.  
 I've some-thing bet-ter far than these And I am sat - is - fied.  
 My hope is an-chored sure and fast To that with-in the veil.  
 My be - ing thrills with ec - sta - cy—A sweet fore-taste of heav'n.



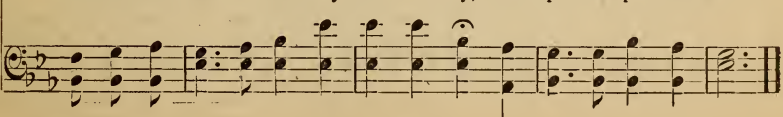
## CHORUS.



My heart is o - ver-flow-ing with His love, With love and joy di - vine;



For God has tak - en all my sins a - way, And per - fect peace is mine.



## No. 78.

## Pray Without Ceasing.

Mrs. C. H. M.

1st Thess. 5-17.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

[illegible]

1. What con-de-scen-sion, what mer-cy and love In Je - sus ap - pear!
2. "Hith-er-to noth-ing ye've asked in my name," 'Tis Je - sus' own word,
3. Filled to o'er-flow-ing His storehouse of grace Your needs free-ly bring,
4. Claim ye the prom-ise of Je - sus to - day: "If thou wilt be - lieve,

[illegible]

Who - ev - er will, may His faith - ful - ness prove, Oh, hear and draw near.  
Ful - ness of bless - ing thro' Him ye may claim, Your prayer will be heard.  
Hum - bly yet bold - ly then seek thou His face—He gives like a King.  
Then whatso - ev - er ye ask when ye pray That shall ye re - ceive."

CHORUS.

Pray without ceas - ing, pray, ev - er pray; . . .  
Pray, yes, pray with-out ceas - ing, pray, yes, pray, ev - er pray;

Morn, noon and eve - ning, pray, ev - er pray ; . . .  
Morn, noon, morn, noon and eve - ning, pray, yes, pray, ev - er pray ;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. This is followed by a half note G4, a half note F4, and a half note E4. The system concludes with a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note Bb3.

Keep . . . on be - liev - ing, pray, ev - er pray; . . .  
Keep on be - liev - ing, keep on be - liev - ing, pray, yes, pray, ev - er pray;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. This is followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The melody continues with a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B-flat3. The system concludes with a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3.

# Pray Without Ceasing.

Free - ly re - ceiv - ing, pray, ev - er pray. . . .  
Free - ly re - ceiv - ing, free - ly re - ceiv - ing, pray, yes, pray, ev - er pray.

## No. 79. I'll Soon Be There.

MARY SLATER.

L. E. JONES.

1. There is a place of joy com-plete, I'll soon be there, I'll soon be there;  
2. Tho' rough the way to reach the goal, I'll soon be there, I'll soon be there;  
3. A voice I hear, it bids me come, I'll soon be there, I'll soon be there;

The loved of earth a - gain to meet, I'll soon be there, I'll soon be there.  
I'll dwell with Christ while a - ges roll, I'll soon be there, I'll soon be there.  
A soul re-deemed, I'm go - ing home, I'll soon be there, I'll soon be there.

CHORUS.

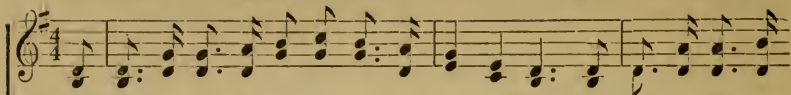
I'll soon be there, I'll soon be there, To walk the streets in rai-ment fair,

A palm to wave, a crown to wear, O, praise the Lord, I'll soon be there.

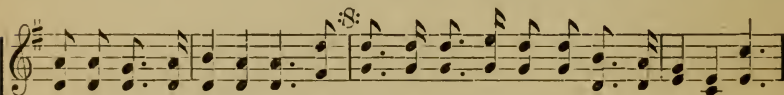
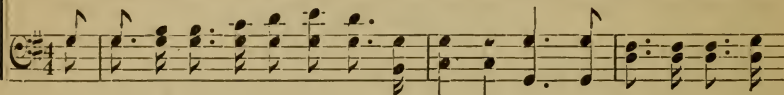
# No. 80. I Want To Love Him Better.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

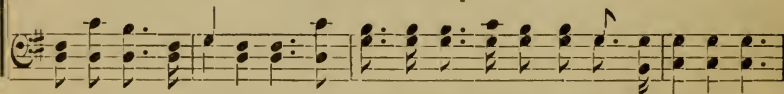
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I see my Sav-ior hang ing on the blood-y tree, By faith I see Him
2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the darkness flee; No more do types and
3. It veiled the face of na-ture to be-hold Him die; It made the mountains
4. But now He lives in glo-ry, in that home on high, Where an-gels chant the

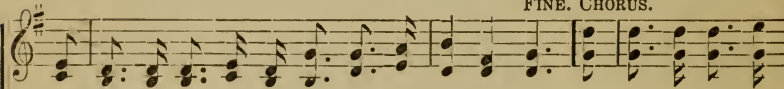


dy-ing there in ag-o-ny; But in His death on Cal-v'ry is my hope and plea,  
shadows point to Cal-va-ry; He broke the chains that bound me, when He looked at me,  
tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dy-ing as He hung on high,  
sto-ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,

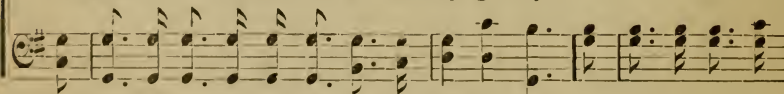


*D. S. want to love Him bet-ter as the moments fly,*

FINE. CHORUS.

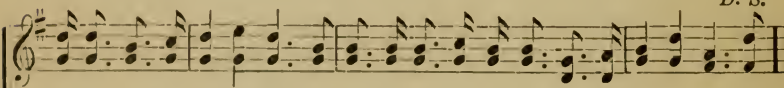


I want to love Him bet-ter, for He died for me.  
I want to love Him bet-ter, for He set me free. I want to love Him  
I want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.  
I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.

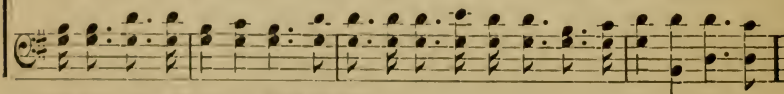


*I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.*

*D. S.*



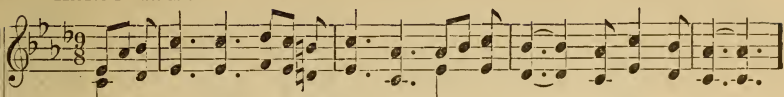
bet-ter, for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I



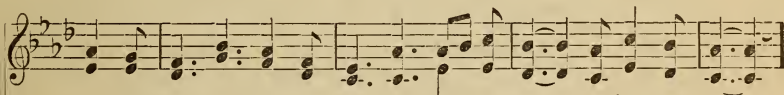
# No. 81. I Have Left the World for Jesus.

KATE DILL LEE.

J. M. HARRIS.



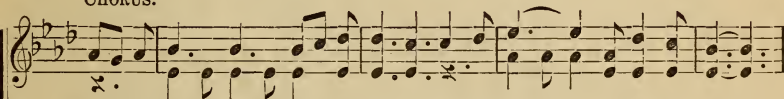
1. I have left the world for Je - sus, Yielded to His lov - ing call;
2. I have left the world for Je - sus, Earthly hopes, am - bitions grand,
3. I have left the world for Je - sus; All its tri - als, all its tears,
4. I have left the world for Je - sus, Tread with Him the nar - row way,



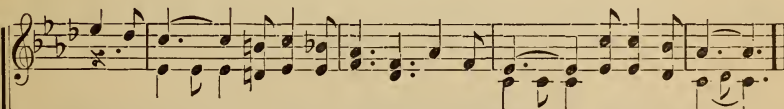
No more hours of world - ly pleas - ure, He's to be my all in all.  
To be sub - ject to His lead - ing, Guid - ed by His lov - ing hand.  
Are but steps to lead me up - ward, Since the Sav - iour calms my fears.  
And the path I once tho't lone - ly, Bright - er grows from day to day.



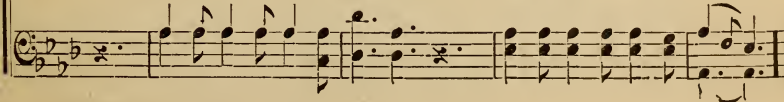
## CHORUS.



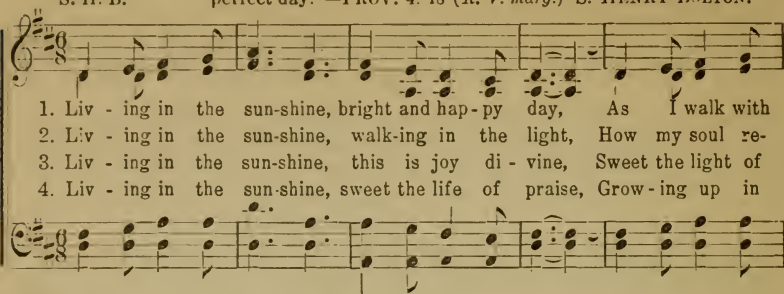
- ° I have left the world for Je - sus, And He sweet - ly saves my soul;  
I have left the world for Je - sus, And He sweetly saves my soul;



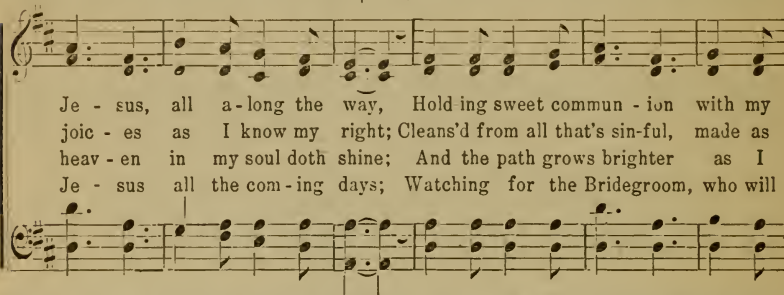
Leads me on to life e - ter - nal, Where the end - less a - ges roll.  
Leads me on to life e - ter - nal, Where the endless a - ges roll.



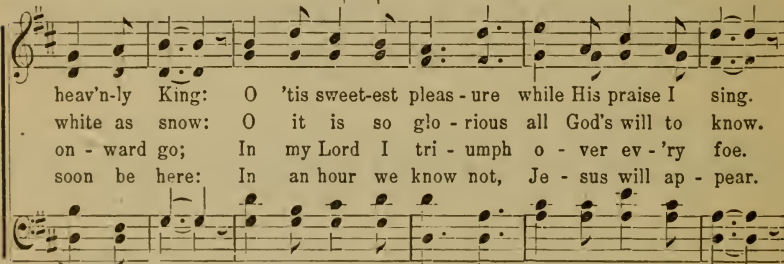
"The path of the righteous is as the light of dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. 4: 18 (*R. V. marg.*) S. HENRY BOLTON.



1. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, bright and hap - py day, As I walk with  
 2. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, walk-ing in the light, How my soul re-  
 3. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, this is joy di - vine, Sweet the light of  
 4. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, sweet the life of praise, Grow - ing up in

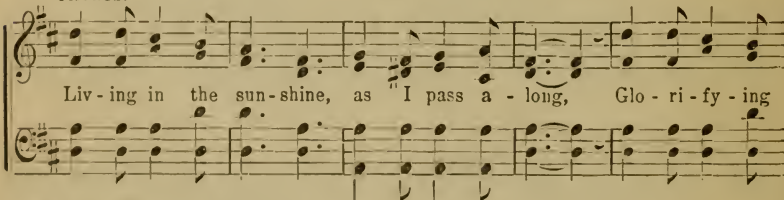


Je - sus, all a-long the way, Hold ing sweet commun - ion with my  
 joic - es as I know my right; Cleans'd from all that's sin-ful, made as  
 heav-en in my soul doth shine; And the path grows brighter as I  
 Je - sus all the com-ing days; Watching for the Bridegroom, who will

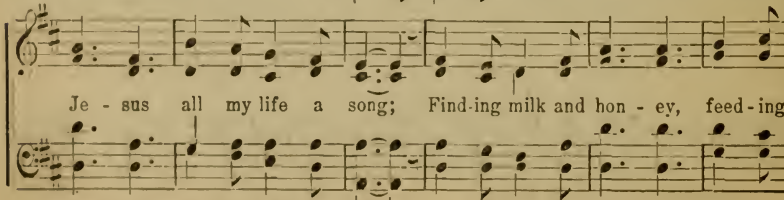


heav'n-ly King: O 'tis sweet-est pleas-ure while His praise I sing.  
 white as snow: O it is so glo - rious all God's will to know.  
 on - ward go; In my Lord I tri - umph o - ver ev - 'ry foe.  
 soon be here: In an hour we know not, Je - sus will ap - pear.

## CHORUS.

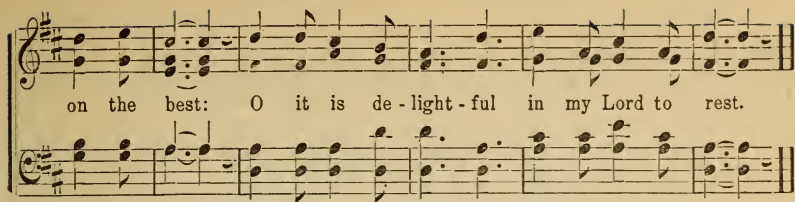


Liv - ing in the sun-shine, as I pass a - long, Glo - ri - fy - ing



Je - sus all my life a song; Find-ing milk and hon - ey, feed-ing

# Living in the Sunshine.

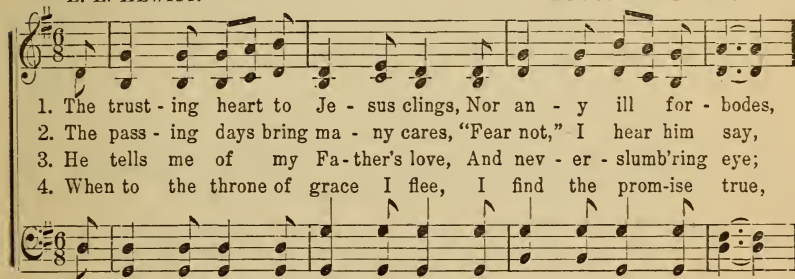


on the best: O it is de-light-ful in my Lord to rest.

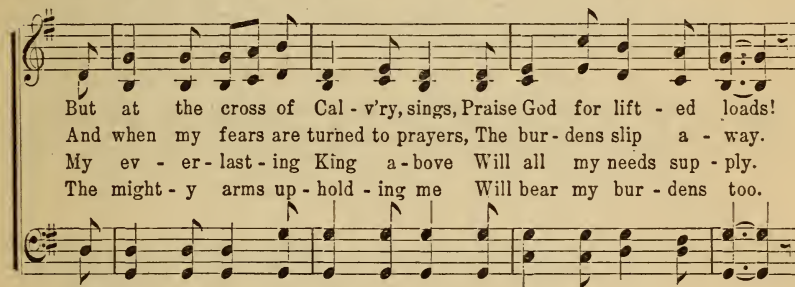
## No. 83. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

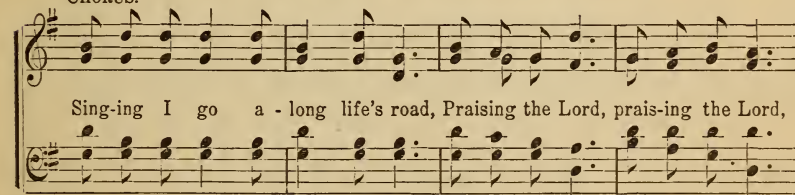


1. The trust-ing heart to Je-sus clings, Nor an-y ill for-bodes,  
2. The pass-ing days bring ma-n-y cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,  
3. He tells me of my Fa-ther's love, And nev-er-slumb'ring eye;  
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom-ise true,

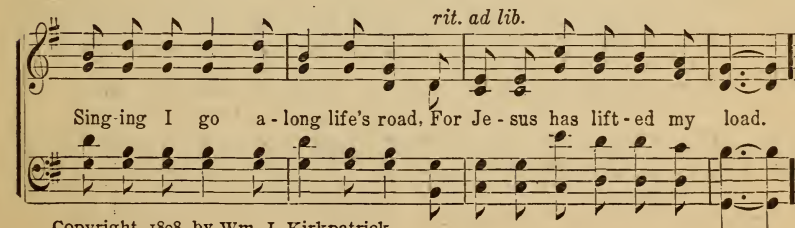


But at the cross of Cal-v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift-ed loads!  
And when my fears are turned to prayers, The bur-dens slip a-way.  
My ev-er-last-ing King a-bove Will all my needs sup-ply.  
The might-y arms up-hold-ing me Will bear my bur-dens too.

CHORUS.



Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, prais-ing the Lord,

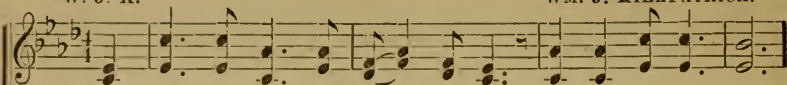


*rit. ad lib.*  
Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Je-sus has lift-ed my load.

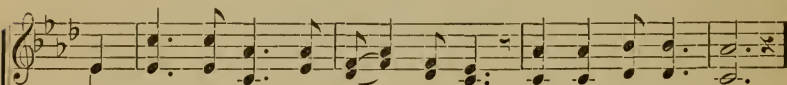
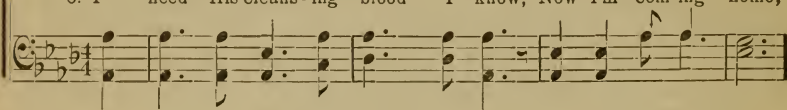
# No. 84. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

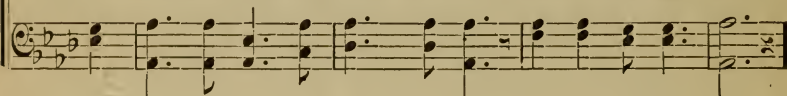
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



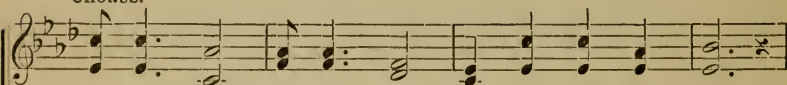
1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



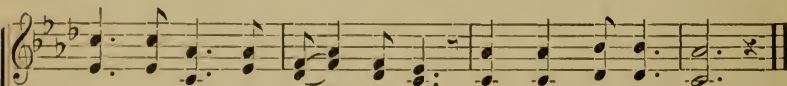
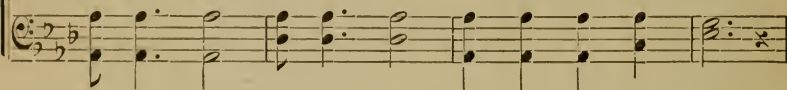
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



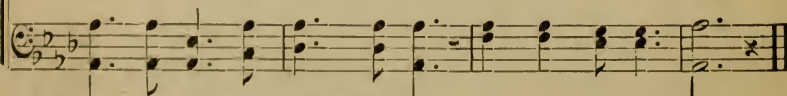
## CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

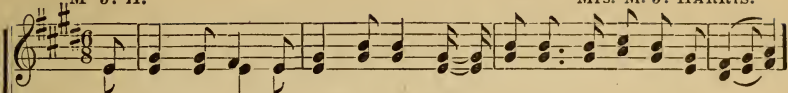


O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

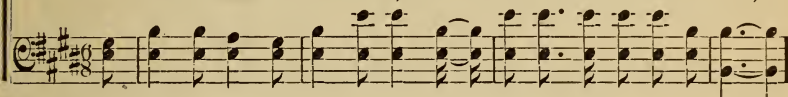


M. J. H.

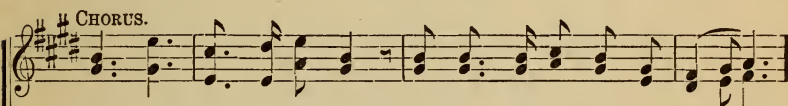
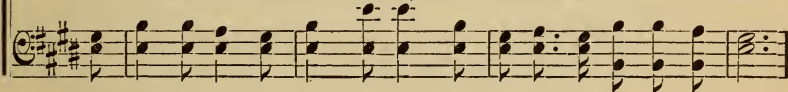
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



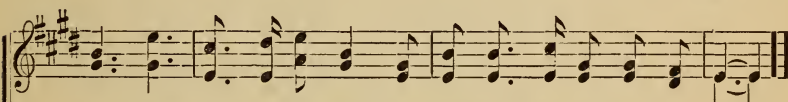
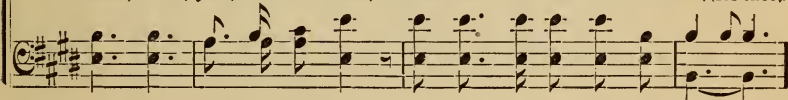
1. I heard my lov-ing Sav-ior say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him, my sins confess'd, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,



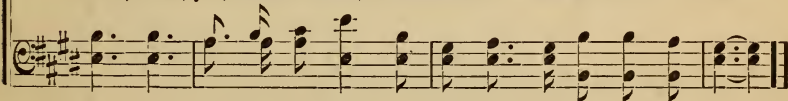
Come, wash the stains of sin a-way, There's room at the fountain for thee.  
 When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.  
 And now by faith am sanc-ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.  
 His blood has wash'd me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.



Room, room, yes, there is room, Room at the fount-ain for thee; (for thee;)



Room, room, yes, there is room, There's room at the foun-tain for thee.



5 He cleansed my heart from imbred sin,  
 There was room at the fountain for me,  
 And now He keeps me pure within,  
 There's room at the fountain for thee,

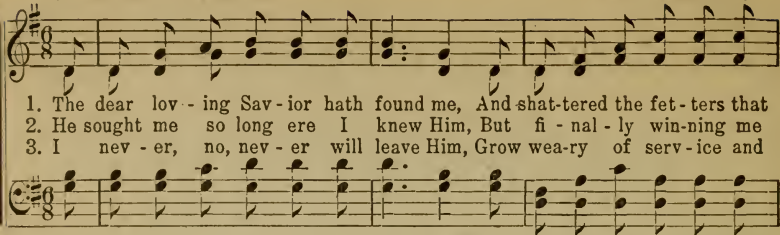
7 His blood was shed but once for all,  
 There was room at the fountain for me;  
 Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,  
 There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise Him while he gives me breath,  
 There was room at the fountain for me;  
 He saved me from an awful death,  
 There's room at the fountain for thee.

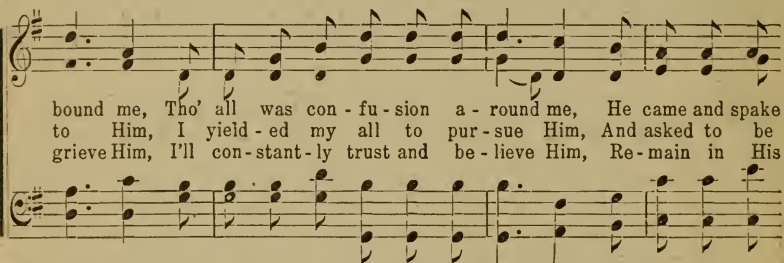
8 We'll sing with all the saints above,  
 There was room at the fountain for me;  
 And praise Him for redeeming love,  
 There's room at the fountain for thee.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

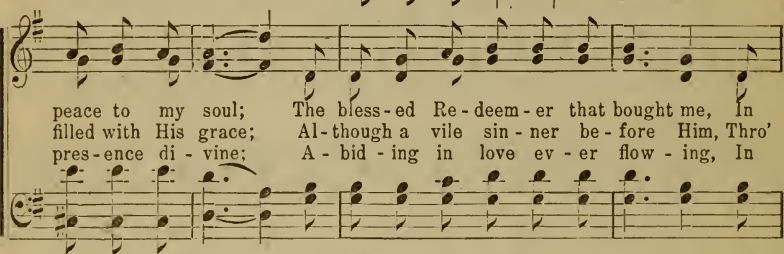
W. S. WEEDEN.



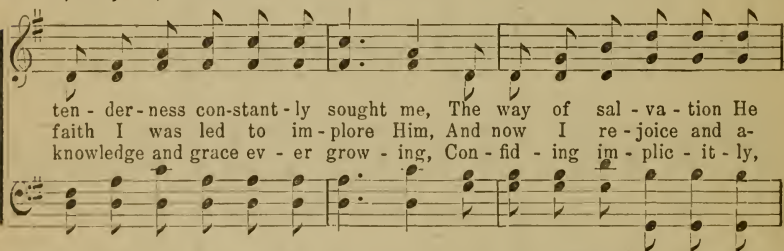
1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior hath found me, And shat - tered the fet - ters that  
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly win - ning me  
 3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea - ry of serv - ice and



bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake  
 to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be  
 grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His

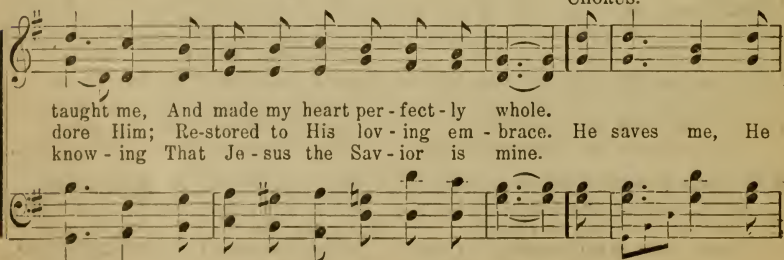


peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In  
 filled with His grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'  
 pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In



ten - der - ness con - stant - ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion He  
 faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -  
 knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,

## CHORUS.



taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.  
 dore Him; Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace. He saves me, He  
 know - ing That Je - sus the Sav - ior is mine.

## He Saves Me.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le - lu - jah! O glo - ry, O glo - ry,

His Spir-it a - bid - eth with - in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

## No. 87.

## Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Bless-ings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing Him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

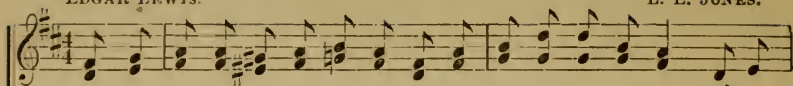
free from dross Still I would en - ter in.  
 of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be. Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,  
 He will give, So then with faith I pray.  
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood.

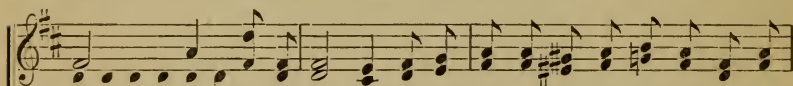
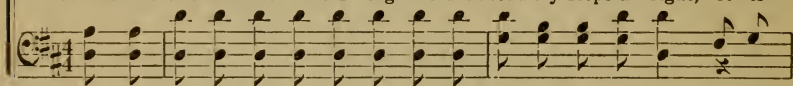
No. 88.      It is Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

EDGAR LEWIS.

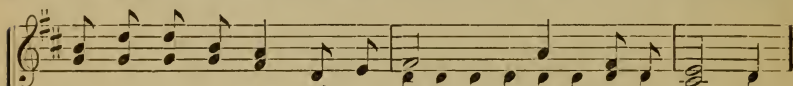
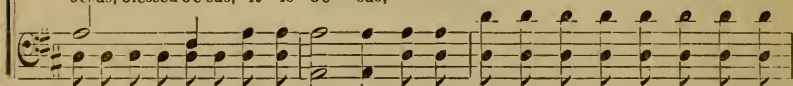
L. E. JONES.



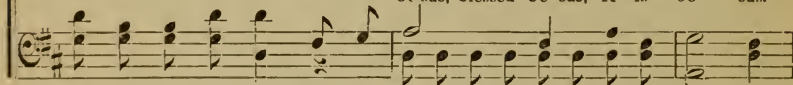
1. I have found a Friend un-fail - ing, He is pre-cious to my soul, It is
2. There is One who bears my sorrows, gives me perfect rest and peace, It is
3. There is One with me a - bid - ing who doth lead my steps a - right, It is



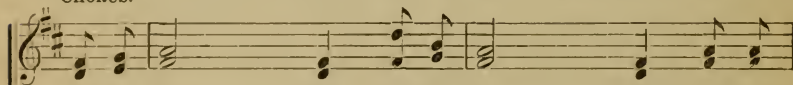
Je - sus, blessed Je - sus; He hath borne my load of sorrows, made my  
Je - sus, blessed Je - sus; It is He who broke my fetters, from the  
Je - sus, blessed Je - sus; I will fol - low Him each moment, till my  
Jesus, blessed Je-sus, it is Je - sus;



wounded spir - it whole,	It	is	Je	-	sus,	blessed	Je	-	sus.
bondage brought re - lease,	It	is	Je	-	sus,	blessed	Je	-	sus.
faith be lost in sight,	It	is	Je	-	sus,	blessed	Je	-	sus.
			Je-sus,	blessed	Je-sus,	It is	Je	-	sus.



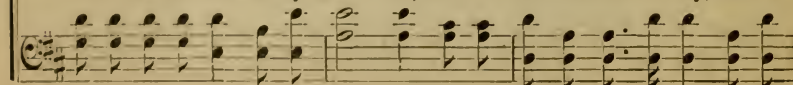
CHORUS.



It is Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, There's no  
Jesus, blessed Je - sus, Jesus, blessed Lord,



oth-er that can save on - ly Je - sus, Since I trust Him and o - bey, there is



It is Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

sun-light all the way, He is with me every day, bless - ed Je - sus.

No. 89.

## Have Faith in God.

J. M. H.

J. M. HARRIS,

1. Have faith in God, O wea - ry faint - ing soul,  
2. Have faith in God, Though fierce the storm - y gale,  
3. Have faith in God, When in the dark - est fray,  
4. Have faith in God, A - midst all earth - ly strife,

And Je - sus thro' His pre-cious blood, Will make you ful - ly whole.  
The word of Je - sus Christ, our Lord, Can nev - er nev - er fail.  
The per - fect love of God will keep, All doubt and fear a - way.  
He that en - dur - eth to the end, Shall have e - ter - nal life.

### CHORUS.

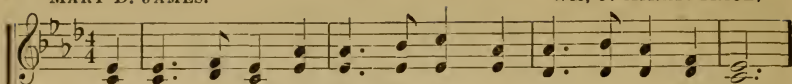
Have faith in God, O, hear the Sav - ior say,  
Have faith in God, have faith in God,

All things are pos - si - ble to him, Who trusts His word to - day.

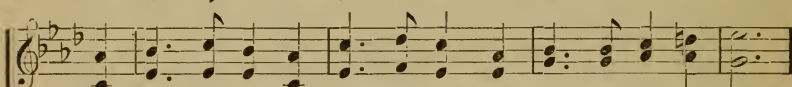
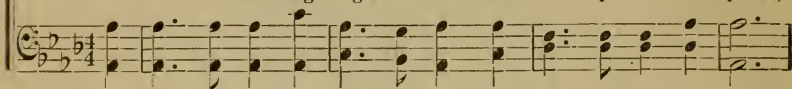
# No. 90. Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

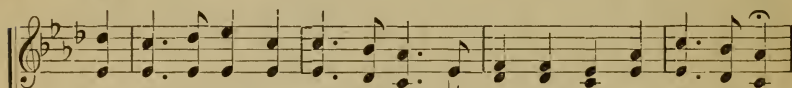
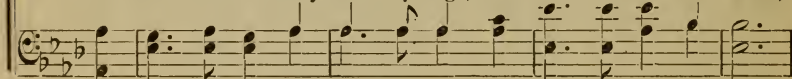
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,



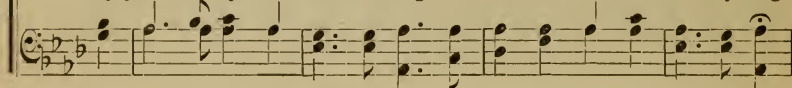
1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy su - preme - ly sweet!
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear
3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast, A - long life's wea - ry way;
4. I know His sheltring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread,



Com - pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete;  
The soft - est whis - pers of His love In fel - low - ship so dear,  
My path il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows bright - er day by day;  
And tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread,



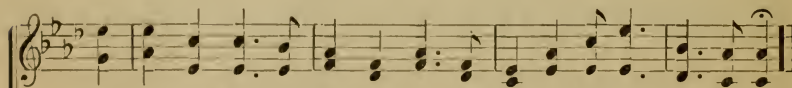
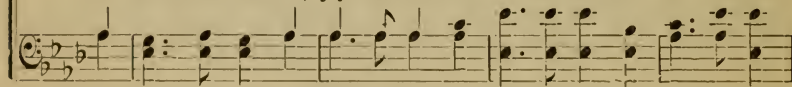
In un - ion with the pur - est One, I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.  
And feel His great Al - might - y hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.  
No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al - might - y Friend so near.  
My peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of Thy wings.



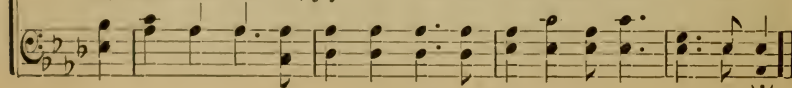
## REFRAIN.



Oh, won - drous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



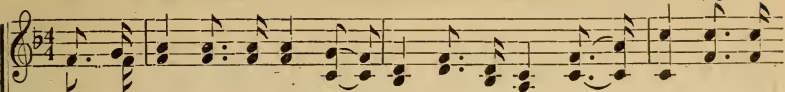
Oh, won - drous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



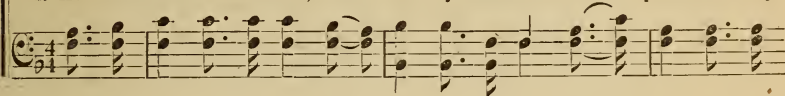
Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

Zech. ix. 9.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



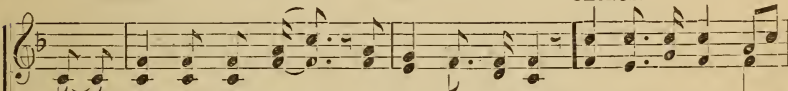
1. He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er has come, He has tak-en my
2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev-'ry tho't of my
3. He has come! He has come! O hap-pi-est heart, He has giv-en His
4. He has come to a-bide, And ho-ly must be The place where my



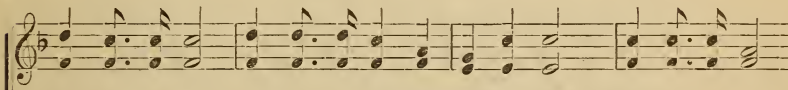
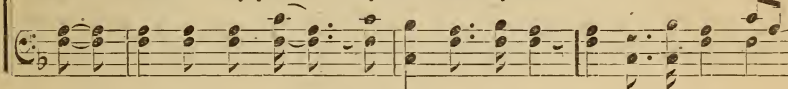
heart as His own cho-sen home; At last I have giv-en the welcome He sought,  
 be-ing swayed by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,  
 word that He will not de-part; No trou-ble can en-ter, no e-vil can come  
 Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,



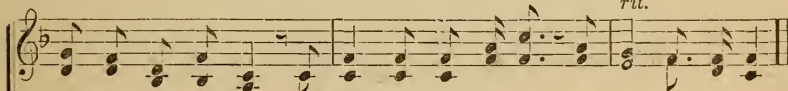
## CHORUS.



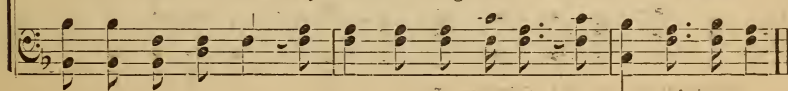
He has come, and His coming all glad-ness has bro't.  
 And His scep-tre is love, O bless-ed con-trol! Joy! joy is mine, my  
 To the heart where the God of peace has His home.  
 Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.



Sav-ior di-vine Comes to a-bide with me, with me, Comes to a-bide,  
 with me.

*rit.*

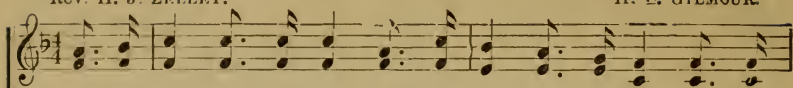
ev-er to a-bide, My own lov-ing Sav-ior a-bid-eth with me.



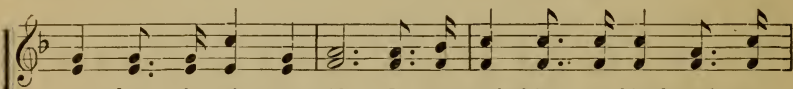
"Let us go up at once and possess it." Nu. 14: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

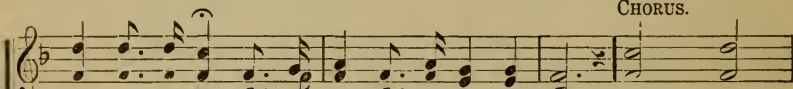


1. I am walk - ing to - day in the sweet Beau - lah land, I have  
 2. I am now go - ing on to ex - plore Beau - lah land, 'Tis the  
 3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can - not know, As I  
 4. Oh, the sweet - ness of love that en - rapt - ures my soul, For com -

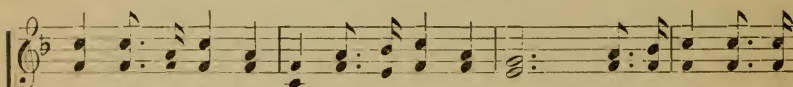


crossed to the glo - ry side, I am washed in the blood and my  
 gift of my Lord to me; I am tast - ing its joys, I am  
 walk by my Sav - ior's side, I am kept by His pow'r, I am  
 mun - ion with Christ I know! I am hap - py in Him, and to -

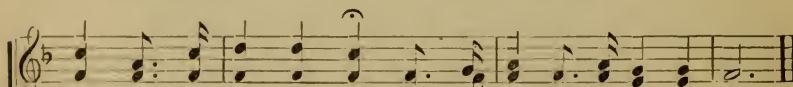
## CHORUS.



soul is made white, And I know I am sanc - ti - fied.  
 walk - ing in light, And the face of my Sav - ior see. Glo - ry,  
 led by His hand, And I'll ev - er with Him a - bide.  
 day thro' my soul Liv - ing streams of sal - va - tion flow. Glo - ry to God, oh,



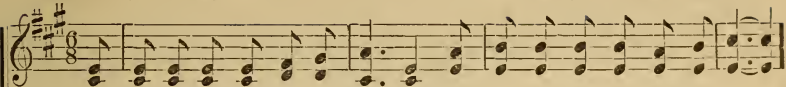
Glo - ry to God, My heart now is cleansed from sin, I've a - ban - doned my  
 from sin,



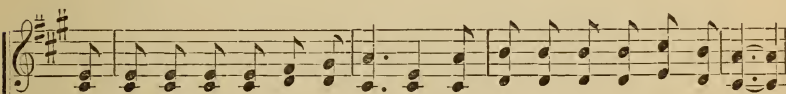
self to the Ho - ly Ghost, And His full - ness a - bides with - in.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapt-ure can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de-light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;



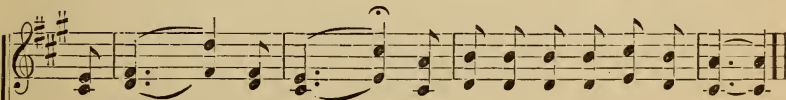
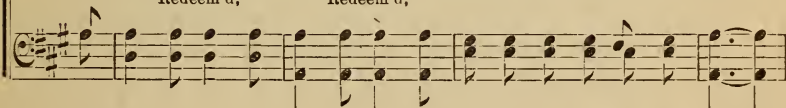
Redeem'd thro' his in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.  
 I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.  
 I sing, for I can-not be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.  
 And soon with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



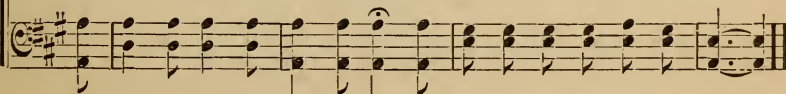
## REFRAIN.



Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;  
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,



Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, His child and for-ev-er I am.  
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

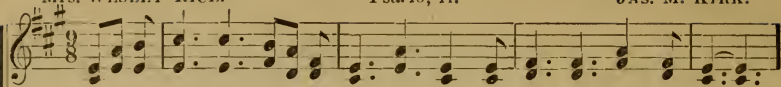


# No. 94. Dwelling in His Presence.

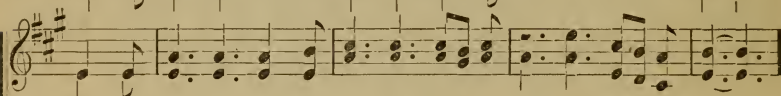
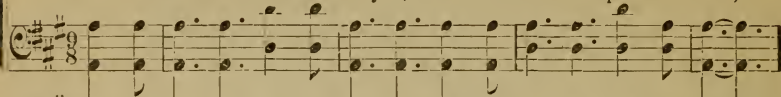
Mrs. WESLEY RICE.

Psa. 15; 11.

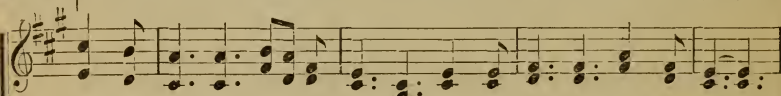
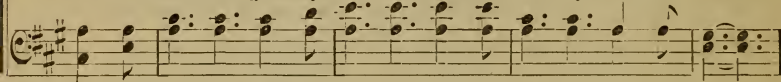
JAS. M. KIRK.



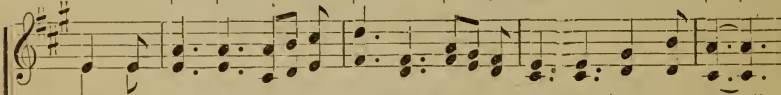
1. Blessed Je-sus! how He saves me! Keeps me un - der - neath the blood;
2. Day by day my heart grows lighter, For He dwells su-preme with-in;
3. If I would I could not tell you, Of the hours of per - fect rest;



Sat - is - fies my soul's deep long-ing, Fills me with the peace of God.  
Reigning there tri-umph - ant o - ver All the pow'rs of self and sin.  
When He draws me gen - tly to Him, Folds me close-ly to His breast.



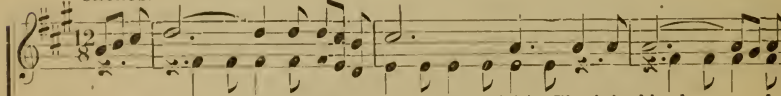
Peace which passeth un - der-stand-ing, Joy un-speak - a - ble di - vine;  
Oh, the prec-ious, precious mo-ments, When I lie low at His feet;  
Whisp'ring words I dare not ut - ter, Mes - sa - ges of tend'rest love;



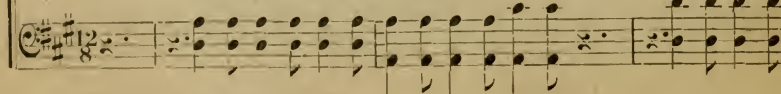
Thrills my soul with heav'n-ly rapt-ure, When He whispers "Thou art mine."  
Feast-ing on the hid - den man - na Of com-mun-ion calm and sweet.  
Till my soul, en-wrapped in glo - ry, Shares the bliss of saints a - bove.



## CHORUS.



Glory! glo - ry! hal-le - lu - jah! Thro' the blood I  
Glory! glory! halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah! Thro' the blood I



# Dwelling in His Presence.

now am free; . . . I am sat - is - fied with  
 now am free, I now am free; I am sat - is - fied, yes,

Je - sus, He is all . . . the world to me. . . .  
 sat - is - fied with Jesus, He is all the world to me, yes, all to me.

No. 95.

## Come, Sinner, Come.

H. R. PALMER.

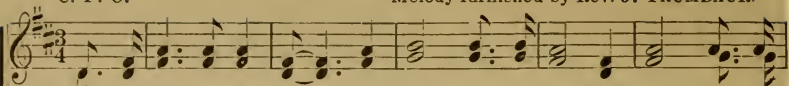
W. E. WITTER.

1. { While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 2. { While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 3. { Je - sus will bear your bur - den; Come, sin - ner, come!  
 4. { Oh, hear his tender plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 5. { Come, and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

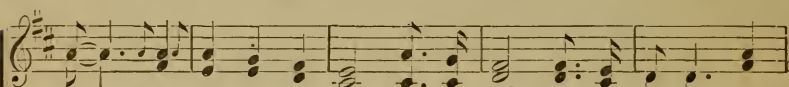
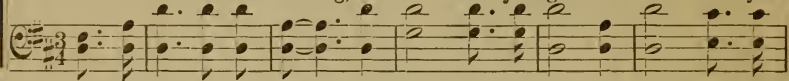
Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Now is the time to know him. Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you; Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus can now re - deem you: Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While we are pray - ing for you. Come, sin - ner, come!

C. F. O.

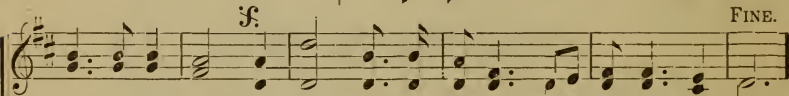
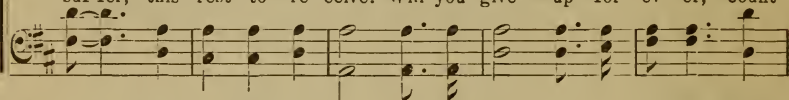
Melody furnished by Rev. J. TRUMBAUR.



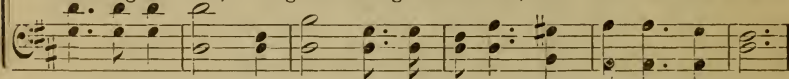
1. For the peo - ple of God a rest doth re-main; Press on, pre-cious
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my
3. O at last I have found it, this bless - ed sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in His
4. Now the Sav-iour is wait-ing, O what will you give? And what will you



souls, till the rest you ob-tain; 'Tis the rest Je - sus promised, so  
 la - bor and lean on His breast; I am wea - ry, dear Je - sus, how  
 fulness, the Bless-er, pos-sessed; And no more wea - ry wait-ing for  
 suf-fer, this rest to re-ceive? Will you give up for-ev-er, count

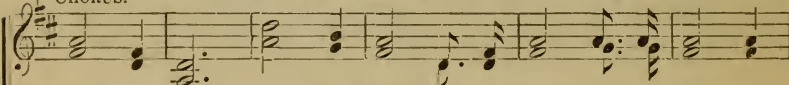


hap - py and blest, The joy of His presence, a per-fect sweet rest.  
 soon may it be? Low down in the val-ley I'm wait-ing for Thee.  
 Je - sus to come, For Christ dwell-eth in me: my heart is His home.  
 all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross?

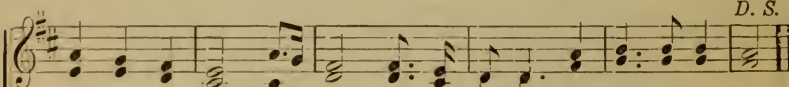
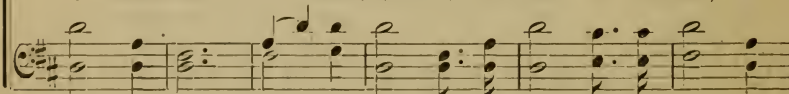


D. S.—My soul from its la - bor has found its sweet rest.

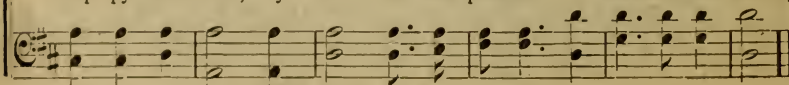
CHORUS.



O sweet rest! O sweet rest! 'tis the rest of the soul, so



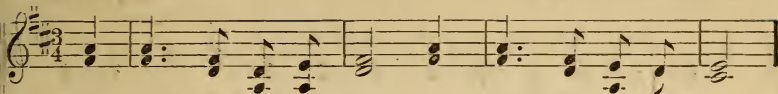
hap - py and blest; By faith in His promise I lean on His breast,



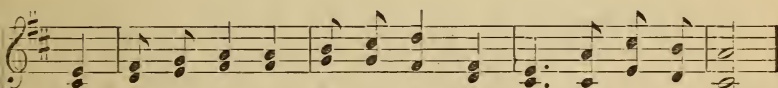
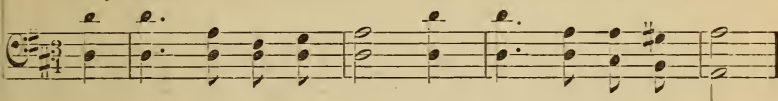
FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. M.

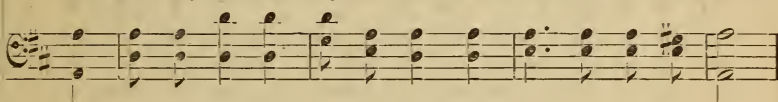
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,



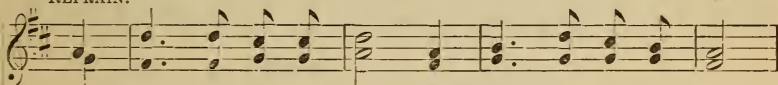
1. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r On each and all de - scend,
2. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r Each thought of self re - move;
3. Our wait - ing, long - ing eyes, Are look - ing up to Thee;
4. Come, Lord, Thy pow'r a - lone The work of grace can do;
5. Be ours, with fer - vent zeal, Thy blood-stained cross to bear;



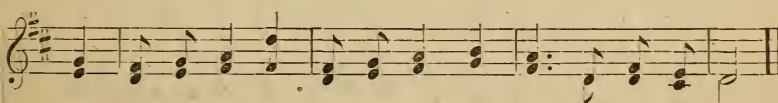
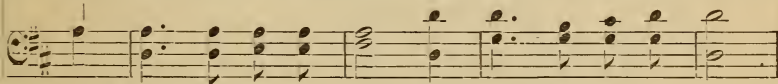
While gather'd in Thy ho - ly name, Be - fore Thy throne we bend.  
 And may we feel as ne'er be - fore Thy pure and per - fect love.  
 O may we in Thy smil - ing face, Our Fa - ther's glo - ry see.  
 Now let it con - se - crate to Thee Our hearts and lives a - new.  
 Till at Thy feet we lay it down, A crown of life to wear.



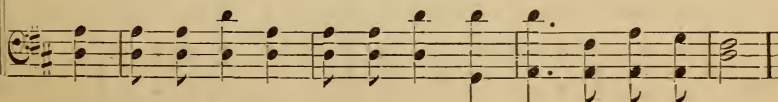
## REFRAIN.



Re - fresh our wait - ing souls, Our fee - ble faith in - spire,



And from Thine al - tar touch our hearts With coals of sa - cred fire.

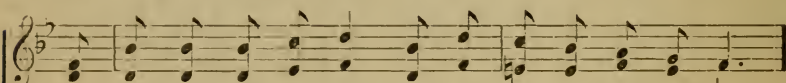
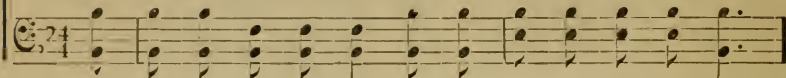


L. E. J.

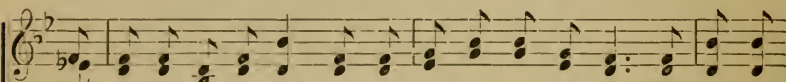
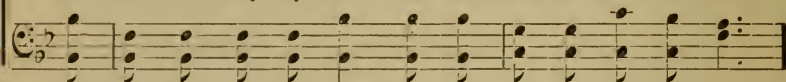
L. E. JONES.



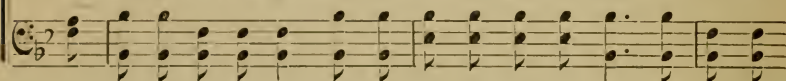
1. Up - on life's bound-less o - cean where might - y bil - lows roll,
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil, and gives me bless - ed peace,
3. He is my Friend and Sav - ior, in Him my an - chor's cast,



I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest an - chor of the soul.  
His voice hath stilled the wa - ters and bid their tu - mult cease.  
He drives a - way my sor - rows and shields me from the blast.



When tri - als fierce as-sail me, as storms are gath'-ring o'er, I rest up-  
My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer, to Him I all con - fide, For al-ways  
By faith I'm look-ing up - ward, be-yond life's troubled sea, There I be-



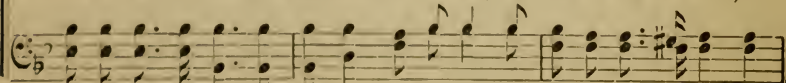
## CHORUS.



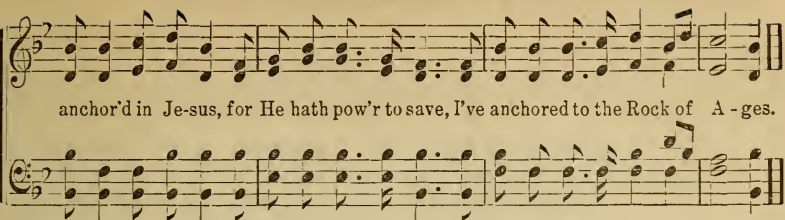
on His mer - cy and trust Him more.  
when I need Him He's at my side. I've anchored in Je - sus, The  
hold a ha - ven pre-pared for me.



storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind and wave, I've



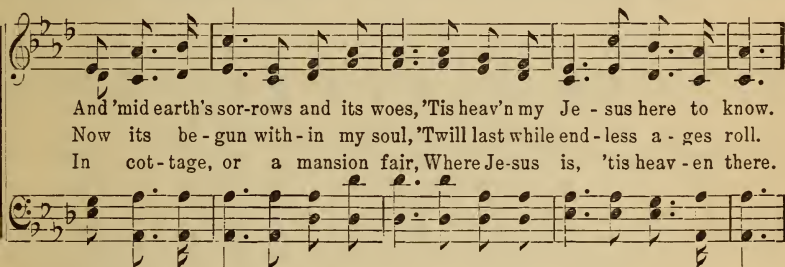
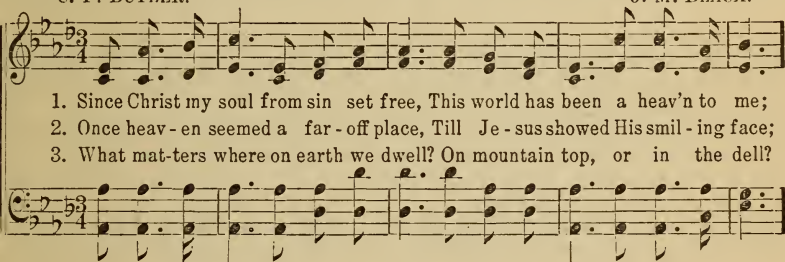
# I've Anchored in Jesus.



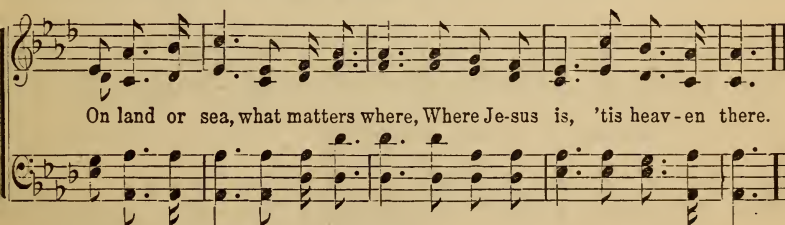
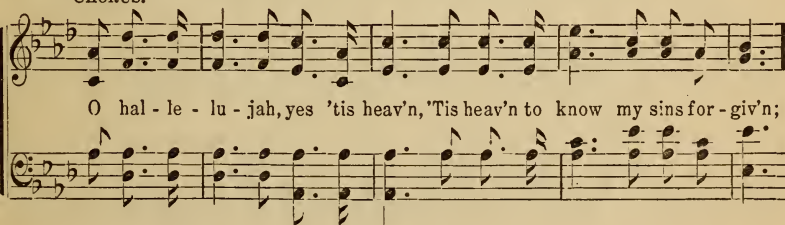
## No. 99. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.



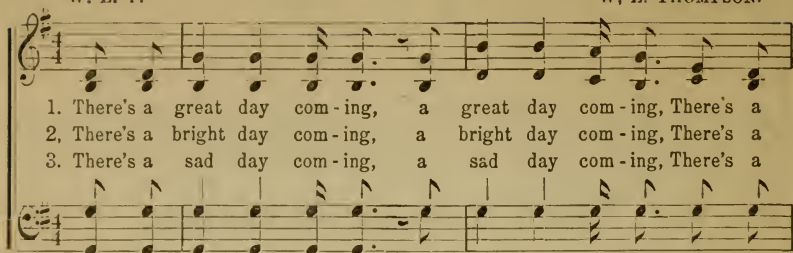
CHORUS.



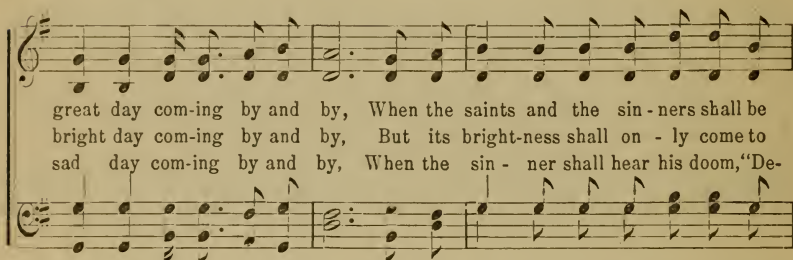
# No. 100. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

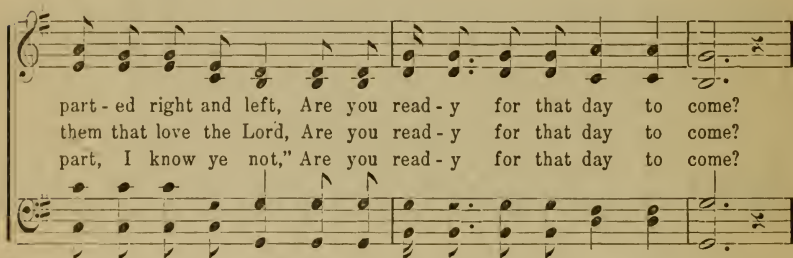
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, a great day com-ing, There's a  
2. There's a bright day com-ing, a bright day com-ing, There's a  
3. There's a sad day com-ing, a sad day com-ing, There's a

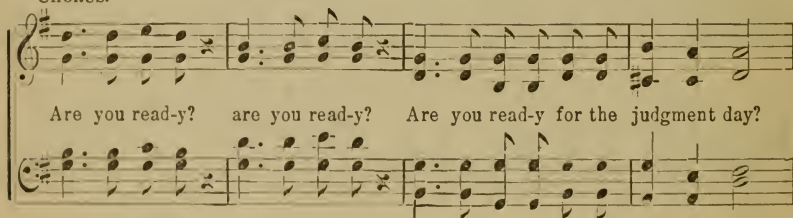


great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to  
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-

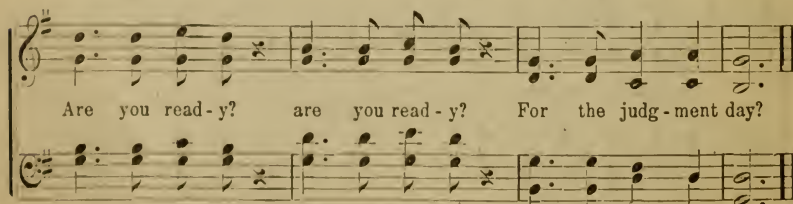


part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

## CHORUS.



Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?



Are you read-y? are you read-y? For the judg-ment day?

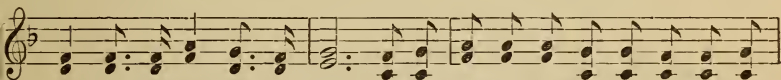
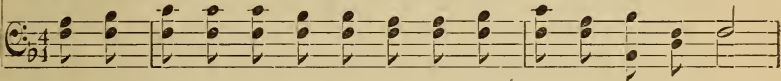
# No. 101. Saved by the Blood of the Lamb.

E. E. HEWITT.

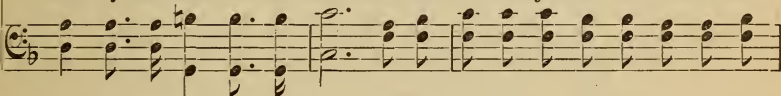
E. E. HEWITT,



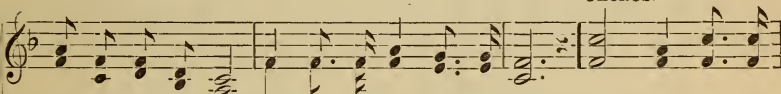
1. Praise the Lord for His sal - va - tion! sing His mer - cies full and free,
2. There is now no con-dem-na - tion, for He takes my sins a - way;
3. Out of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, there shall come a might - y throng,
4. In the house of ma - ny man-sions, there's a home for you and me,



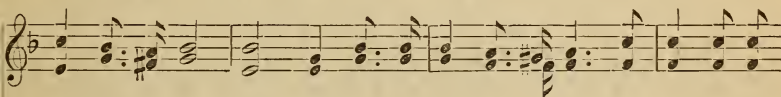
Saved by the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis the christian's shout of triumph, 'tis the  
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb; In the com-fort of his Spir-it I am  
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb; When be-fore the throne they gather, they shall  
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb; There we too shall join the cho-rus in love's



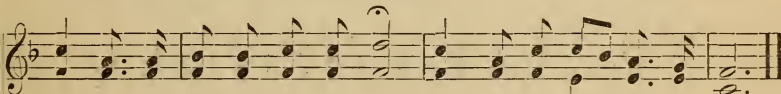
## CHORUS.



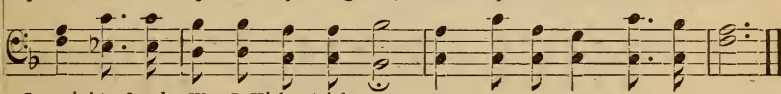
contrite sinner's plea, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.  
 walking day by day, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved, saved by the  
 lift the joy - ful song, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.  
 ev - er - last - ing key, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved, I'm



blood of the Lamb; Saved, saved by the blood of the Lamb; He died in my  
 Saved. I'm

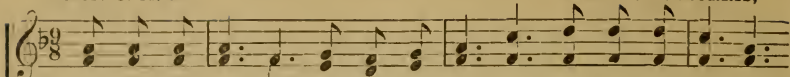


place, and He keeps me by His grace; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.

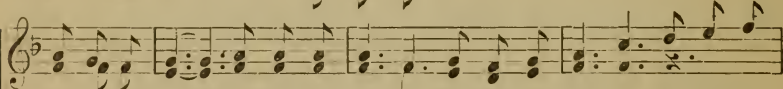
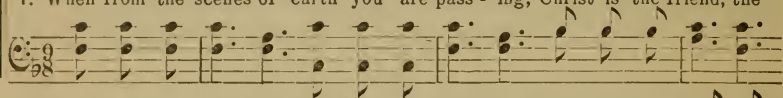


Mrs. C. H. M.

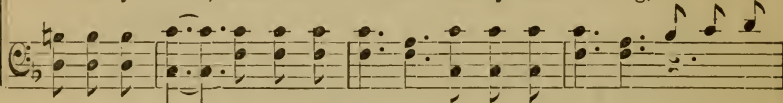
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS,



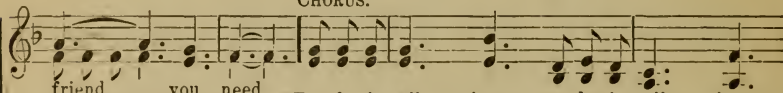
1. Ye who are wea-ry, bro-ken in spir-it, Christ is the friend, the
2. Bowed 'neath the weight of sins that op-press you, Christ is the friend, the
3. Come as you are, make no prep-a-ra-tion, Christ is the friend, the
4. Come in His grace and mer-cy be-liev-ing, Christ is the friend, the
5. Make no de-lay, the mo-ments are pre-cious, Christ is the friend, the
6. When the dark hours of tri-al o'er-take you, Christ is the friend, the
7. When from the scenes of earth you are pass-ing, Christ is the friend, the



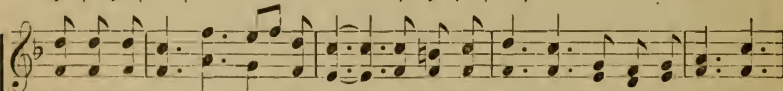
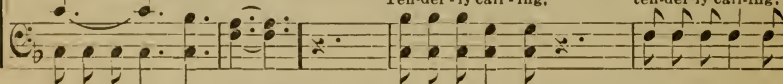
friend that you need; He that hath ears to-day let him hear it, He is the  
 friend that you need; He hath the pow'r to com-fort and bless you, He is the  
 friend that you need; Fall at His feet and trust for sal-va-tion, He is the  
 friend that you need; Ful-ness of bless-ing free-ly re-ceiv-ing, He is the  
 friend that you need; Now is the time He waits to be gra-cious, He is the  
 friend that you need; Hard-er then lean, He'll nev-er for-sake you, He is the  
 friend that you need; When the cold stream of death you are cross-ing, He is the



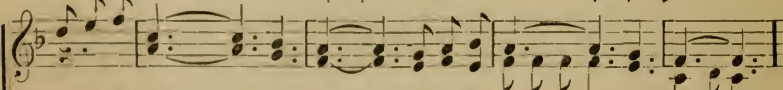
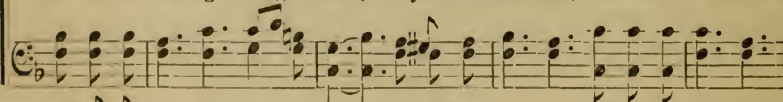
## CHORUS.



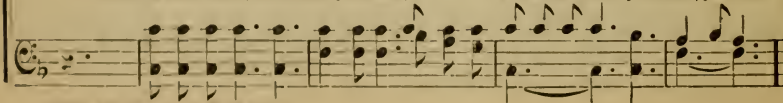
friend you need. Ten-der-ly call-ing, ten-der-ly call-ing;  
 He is the friend you need. Ten-der-ly call-ing, ten-der-ly call-ing;



Un-to His lov-ing call give heed; Why not re-ceive Him, trust and be-lieve Him?



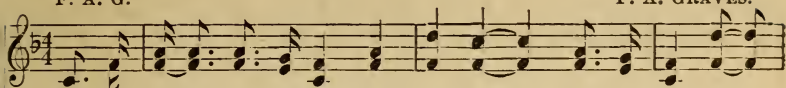
Christ is the friend you need, He is the friend you need.  
 Christ is the friend, the friend you need, He is the friend you need, you need.



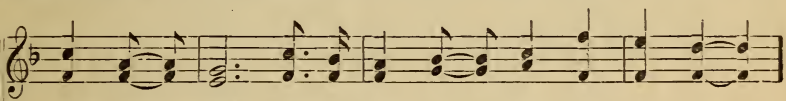
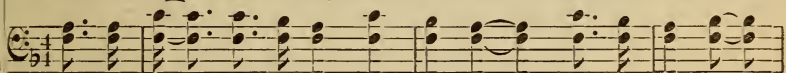
"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Ps. 81: 16.

F. A. G.

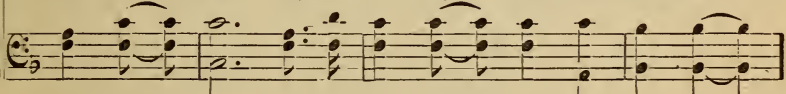
F. A. GRAVES.



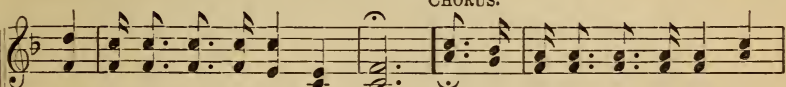
1. O my brother, do you know the Sav - ior, Who is won - drous
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gra - cious?" Do you walk in the
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt thou have
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the



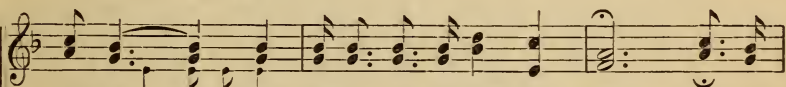
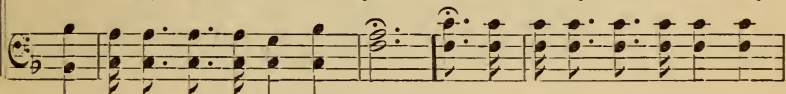
kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion."  
 way that's new? Have you drank from the liv - ing Fount - ain?  
 me to do?" Nev - er fear He will sure - ly an - swer;  
 ma - ny or few; Say to ev - 'ry fal - len broth - er,



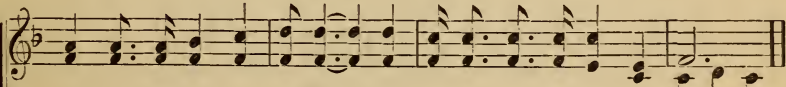
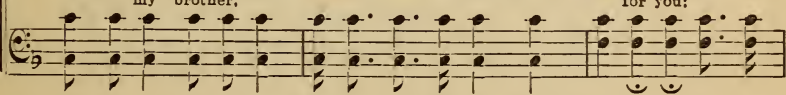
## CHORUS.



There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my



broth-er, . . . There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you; Leave your  
 my brother, for you;

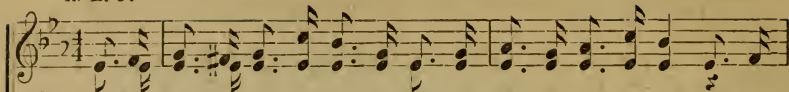


sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you, for you,

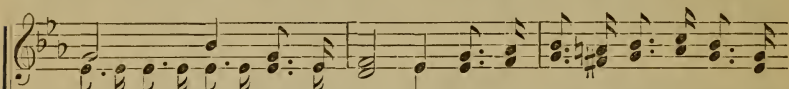
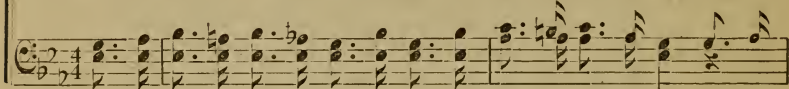


L. E. J.

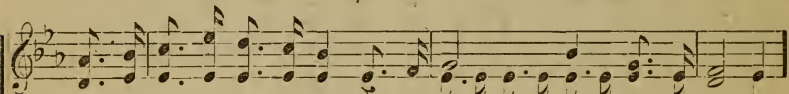
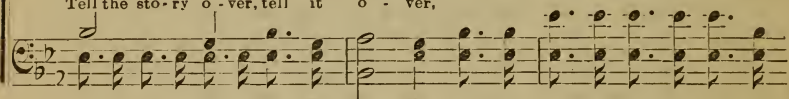
L. E. JONES.



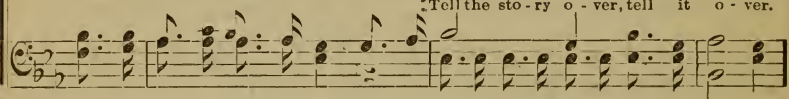
1. Do you know the love of Je - sus? have you felt His pard'ning grace? Tell it
2. Have you been to the Re-deem-er? has He brightened all your way? Tell it
3. Hath He tak - en ev - 'ry bur-den? hath he giv - en per-fect peace? Tell it



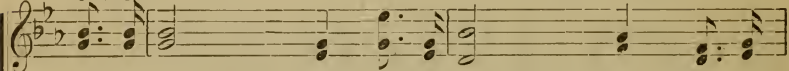
o - ver, tell it o - ver; Do you see a won-drous beau-ty  
 o - ver, tell it o - ver; You can cheer the hearts a-bout you  
 o - ver, tell it o - ver, From the chains of sin that bound you  
 Tell the sto-ry o - ver, tell it o - ver,



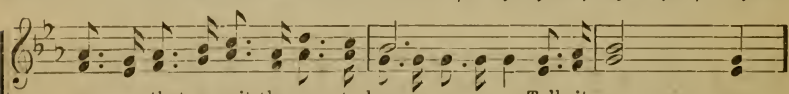
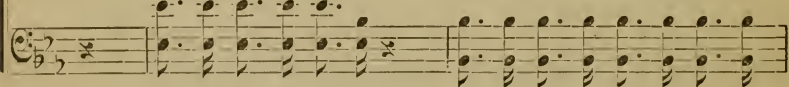
in the bless-ed Sav-ior's face, Tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver.  
 as you jour-ney day by day, Tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver.  
 hath His spirit brought release? Tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver.  
 Tell the sto-ry o - ver, tell it o - ver.



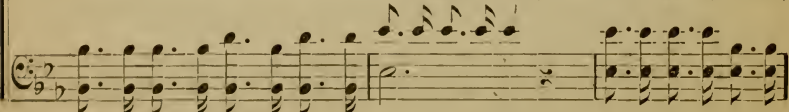
## CHORUS.



Tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver; There are  
 Tell the sto - ry o - ver, Tell the sto - ry o - ver;



ma - ny that a-wait the news to hear; Tell it o - ver,  
 the news to hear; Tell the sto - ry o - ver,



# Tell it Over.

Tell it o - ver, Tell the sto - ry of redemption far and near.  
Tell the sto - ry o - ver, far and near,

## No. 105. Pleading for Admission.

M. A. H.

MAUDE ANITA HART.

1. Pleading for ad-mis-sion with the Sav - ior, Pleading for a par - don free;  
2. Pleading for ad-mis-sion to the fount-ain, Pleading for the light of love;  
3. Now my soul is filled to o - ver-flow - ing, Beams of glo - ry brightly shine;

Pleading just to en - ter at the por-tals, Just the Sav-ior's face to see.  
Just to en - ter in and take pos-ses-sion Bless - ed light from God a - bove.  
And with me the an-gels are re - joic-ing, Sing-ing hymns of praise di - vine.

### CHORUS.

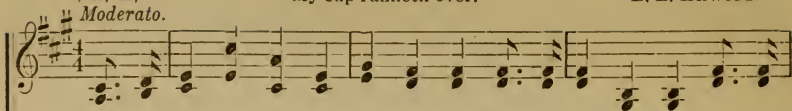
Plead - ing, plead - ing, Plead-ing with the Sav - ior to - day:  
Pleading, pleading, pleading, pleading,

Pray - ing, pray - ing, Seek-ing for the King's highway.  
Pray-ing, pray-ing, pray-ing. pray-ing,

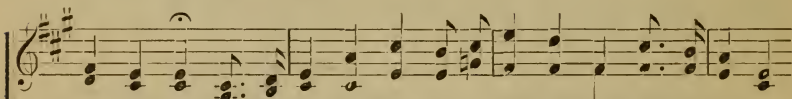
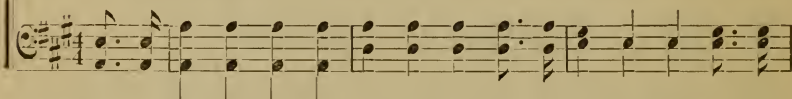
E, E, H,  
*Moderato.*

'My cup runneth over.'

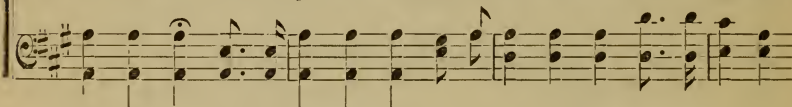
E. E. HEWITT.



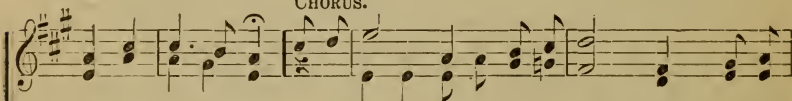
1. O, a glad-some song is mine to sing, For I took my cup to the
2. 'Twas a lit - tle 'cup I brought to Him, For my faith was small, and my
3. As I come a - new, from day to day, As I work and wait, as I
4. O, the won - ders of my Sav - ior's love! O, the rich sup - plies of my



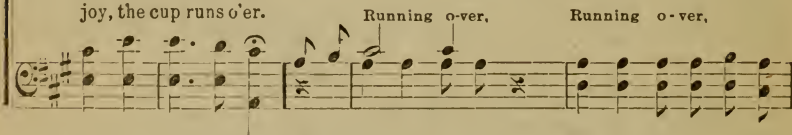
living Spring; From the riven Rock flows the fountain free, From the cross where  
 hopes were dim; Though it larg - er grows, as He fills it more; Still with grace di -  
 watch and pray; Still His blessings flow in ex - haust - less store, with His roy - al  
 home a - bove; For the promise - word is still "more and more," till with Heaven's



## CHORUS.



Je - sus diel for me.  
 vine, 'tis running o'er. Run - ning o - ver, run - ning o - ver, How His  
 gifts my cup runs o'er.  
 joy, the cup runs o'er.

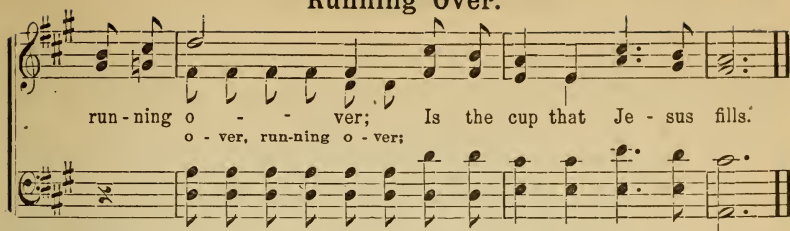


love my spir - it thrills! Running o - - - - ver,  
 Running o - ver, running o - ver.



Running over,

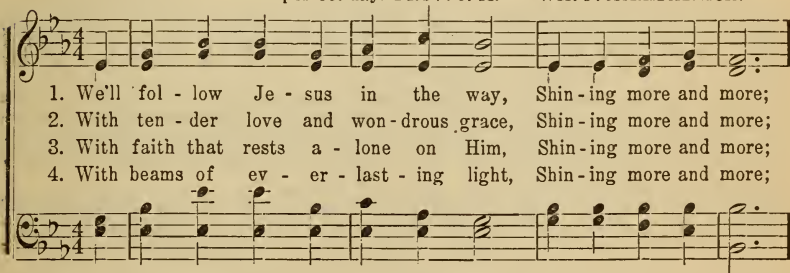
## Running Over.



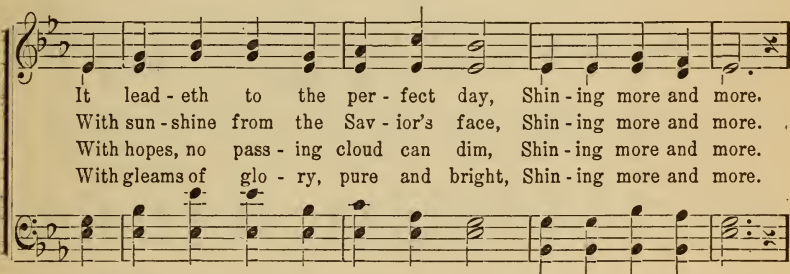
run - ning o - ver; Is the cup that Je - sus fills.  
o - ver, run - ning o - ver;

## No. 107. Shining More and More.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—PROV. 4: 18. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

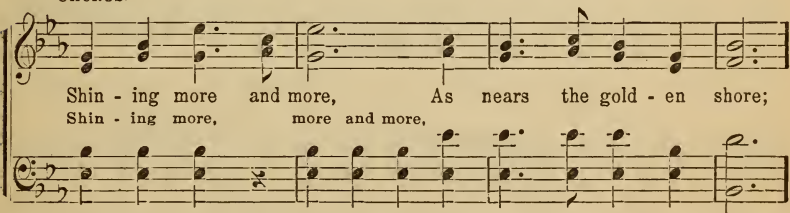


1. We'll fol - low Je - sus in the way, Shin - ing more and more;  
2. With ten - der love and won - drous grace, Shin - ing more and more;  
3. With faith that rests a - lone on Him, Shin - ing more and more;  
4. With beams of ev - er - last - ing light, Shin - ing more and more;

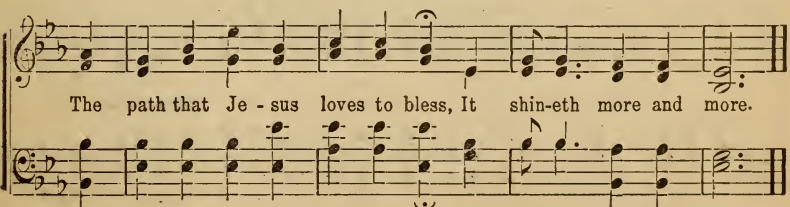


It lead - eth to the per - fect day, Shin - ing more and more.  
With sun - shine from the Sav - ior's face, Shin - ing more and more.  
With hopes, no pass - ing cloud can dim, Shin - ing more and more.  
With gleams of glo - ry, pure and bright, Shin - ing more and more.

### CHORUS.



Shin - ing more and more, As nears the gold - en shore;  
Shin - ing more, more and more,



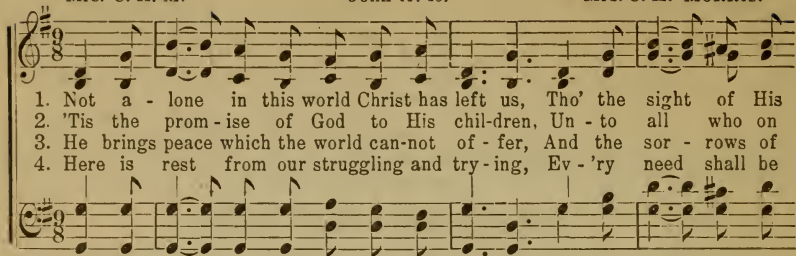
The path that Je - sus loves to bless, It shin - eth more and more.

# No. 108. The Abiding Comforter.

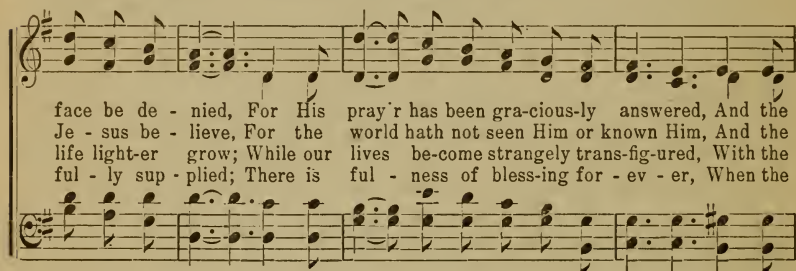
Mrs. C. H. M.

John 14: 16.

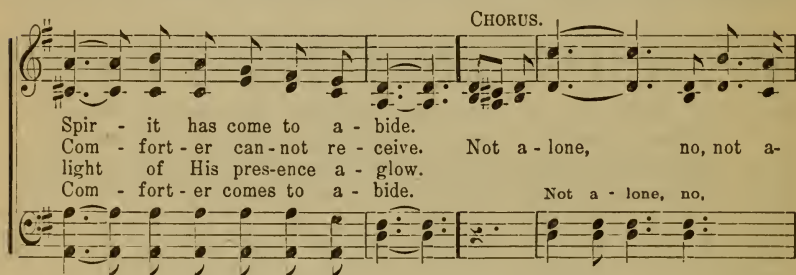
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Not a - lone in this world Christ has left us, Tho' the sight of His  
 2. 'Tis the prom - ise of God to His chil-dren, Un - to all who on  
 3. He brings peace which the world can-not of - fer, And the sor - rows of  
 4. Here is rest from our struggling and try-ing, Ev - ry need shall be



face be de - nied, For His pray'r has been gra-cious-ly answered, And the  
 Je - sus be - lieve, For the world hath not seen Him or known Him, And the  
 life light-er grow; While our lives be-come strangely trans-fig-ured, With the  
 ful - ly sup - plied; There is ful - ness of bless-ing for - ev - er, When the

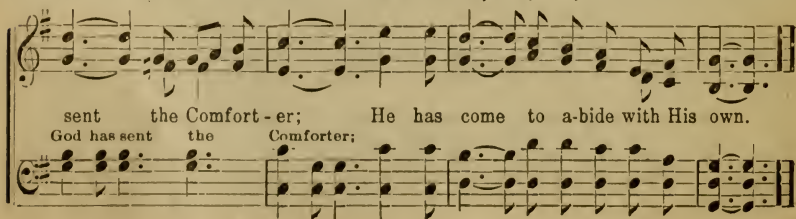


CHORUS.

Spir - it has come to a - bide.  
 Com - fort - er can-not re - ceive. Not a - lone, no, not a -  
 light of His pres-ence a - glow.  
 Com - fort - er comes to a - bide. Not a - lone, no,



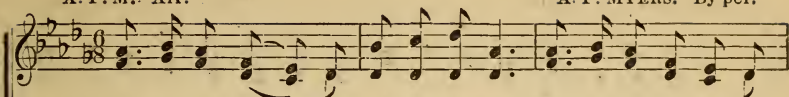
lone; . . . He has come to a - bide with His own; God has  
 not a - lone;



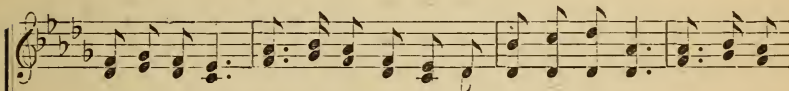
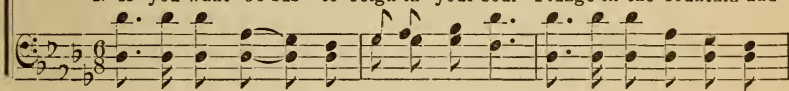
sent the Comfort - er; He has come to a-bide with His own.  
 God has sent the Comforter;

A. F. M. Arr.

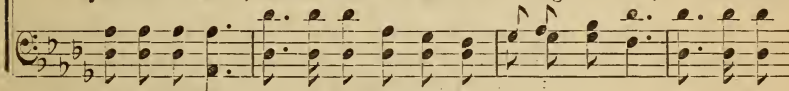
A. F. MYERS. By per.



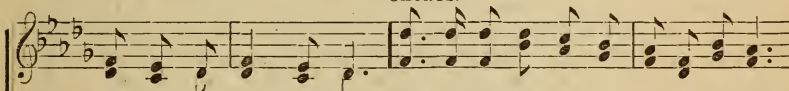
1. If you want par - don, if you want peace, If you want sor - row and
2. Liv - ing be - neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew - els of
3. If you want bold - ness, take part in the fight, If you want pur - i - ty,
4. If you want Je - sus to reign in your soul Plunge in the fountain and



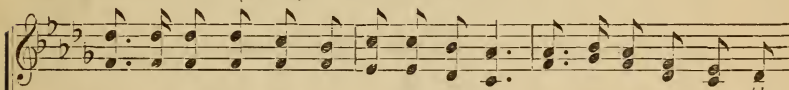
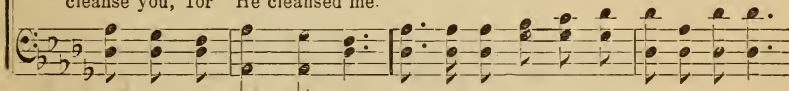
sigh - ing to cease, Look to the Sav - ior who died on the tree, Je - sus can  
earth all as dross, Cleansed in the blood flowing free from His side, Je - sus can  
walk in the light, If you want lib - er - ty shout and be free, Je - sus can  
you shall be whole, Wash in the blood that is flow - ing for thee, Je - sus can



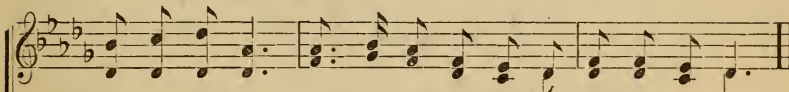
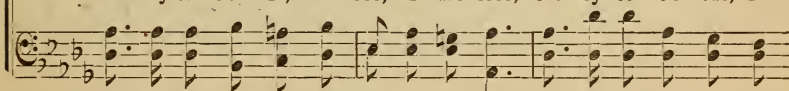
## CHORUS.



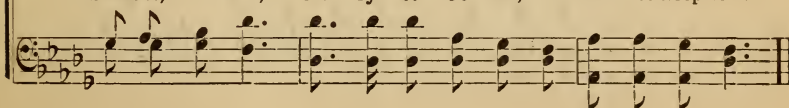
save you, for He saved me.  
save you, for you He died. Glo - ry to Je - sus He sat - is - fies me,  
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.  
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.



Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll

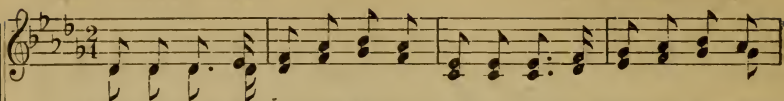


Shout it, I will, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I can - not keep still.

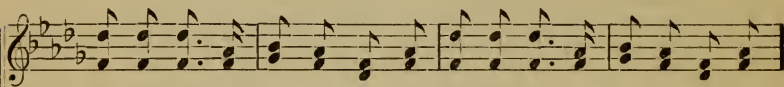
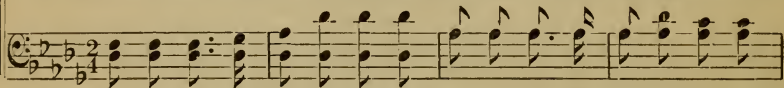


MRS. PHOEBE PALMER

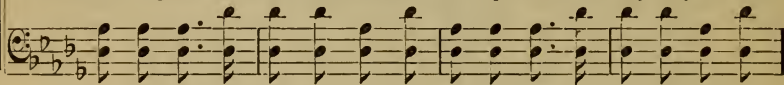
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



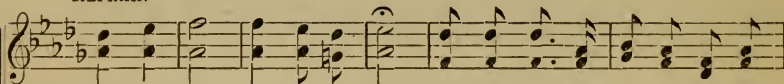
1. Watch ye saints with eye-lids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shak-ing;
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-ior: Par-don'd sin and pur-chas'd fa vor,
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His King-dom hasteneth greatly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju - dah's Li - on!—high and ho - ly;
6. Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced-ing;



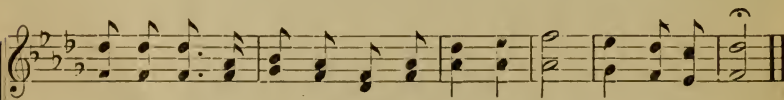
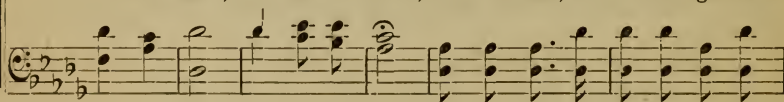
Keep your Lamps all trimmed and burning, Rea-dy for your Lord's re-turn-ing.  
 Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glo-ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tions sto-ry.  
 Tell, O, tell of grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.  
 Earth her lat - est pangs is sum-ming, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.  
 Lo! the bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet Thee.  
 Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall pro-claim the mys-t'ry fin-ished.



## REFRAIN



Lo! He comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!



Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je - sus comes.

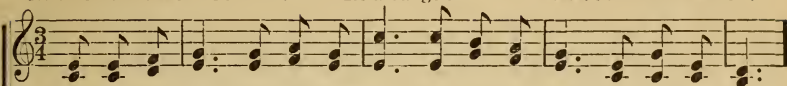


# No. 111. I Have the Glory in My Soul.

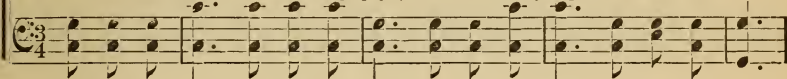
REV. GEO. A. MCLAUGHLIN.

Re-arranged

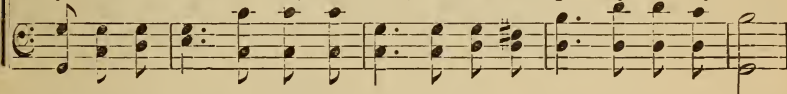
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



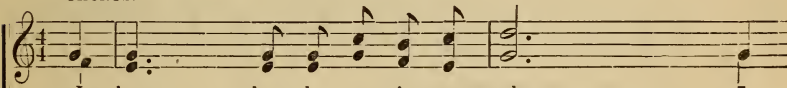
1. O bless-ed tide that cleanses sin, thy mighty bil - lows o'er me roll;
2. My aching heart has known thy skill, From every wound I'm now made whole;
3. Freedom from sins and doubts and fears—I long have sought to reach this goal:
4. The world and all its trifling joys, No more my spir - it shall con-sole;



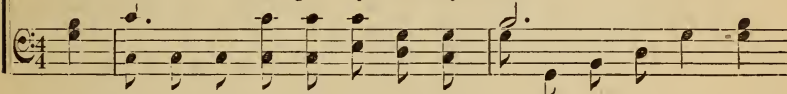
I feel the power and joy with-in, I have the glo - ry in my soul.  
 With pefect love, I dread no ill, I have the glo - ry in my soul.  
 Thy bless-ed love has dried my tears, I have the glo - ry in my soul.  
 Thy comfort comes to me; tho' weak, I have the glo - ry in my soul.



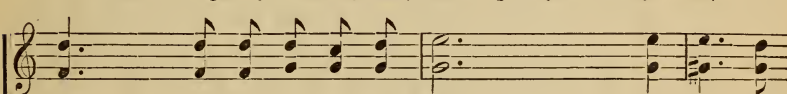
## CHORUS.



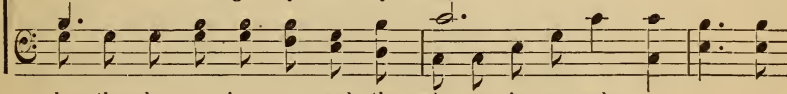
I have the glo - ry in my soul, I



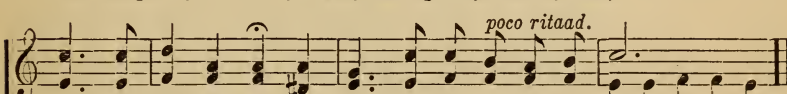
I have the glo - ry in my soul, the glo - ry in my soul, I



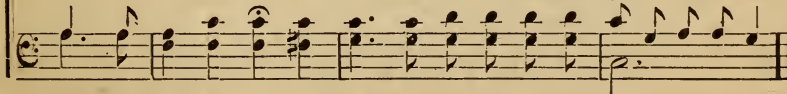
have the glo - ry in my soul, I feel the



have the glo - ry in my soul, the glo - ry in my soul,

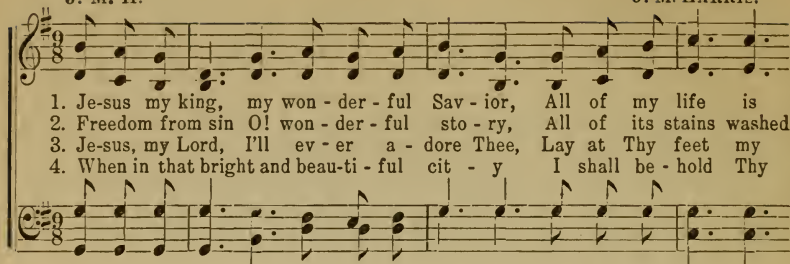


power and joy with-in, I have the glo-ry in my soul.  
 have the glo - ry in my soul.

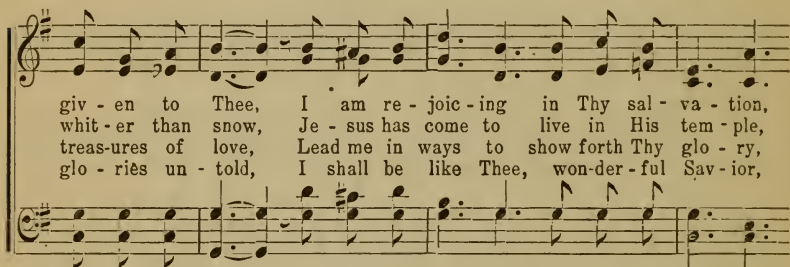


J. M. H.

J. M. HARRIS.

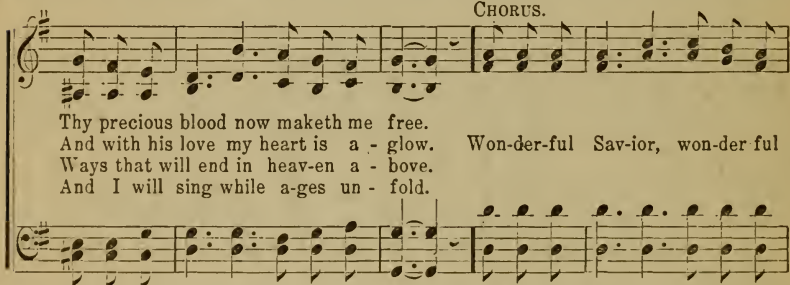


1. Je-sus my king, my won - der - ful Sav - ior, All of my life is  
 2. Freedom from sin O! won - der - ful sto - ry, All of its stains washed  
 3. Je-sus, my Lord, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee, Lay at Thy feet my  
 4. When in that bright and beau-ti - ful cit - y I shall be - hold Thy

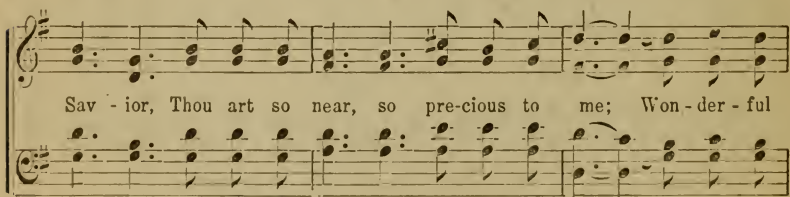


giv - en to Thee, I am re - joic - ing in Thy sal - va - tion,  
 whit - er than snow, Je - sus has come to live in His tem - ple,  
 treas - ures of love, Lead me in ways to show forth Thy glo - ry,  
 glo - ries un - told, I shall be like Thee, won - der - ful Sav - ior,

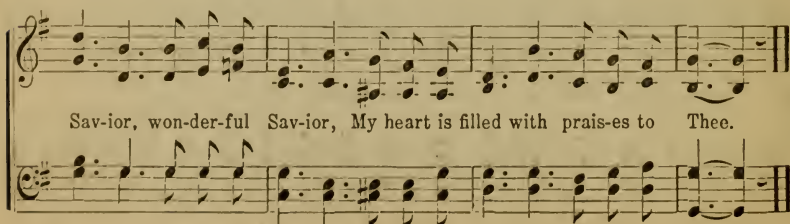
## CHORUS.



Thy precious blood now maketh me free.  
 And with his love my heart is a - glow. Won - der - ful Sav - ior, won - der - ful  
 Ways that will end in heav - en a - bove.  
 And I will sing while a - ges un - fold.



Sav - ior, Thou art so near, so pre - cious to me; Won - der - ful

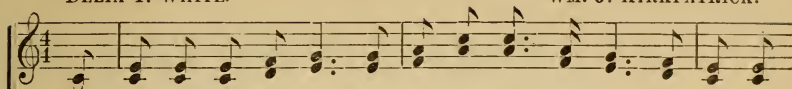


Sav - ior, won - der - ful Sav - ior, My heart is filled with prais - es to Thee.

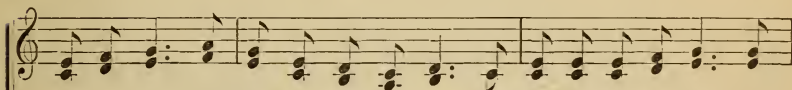
# No. 113. 'Tis Burning In My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

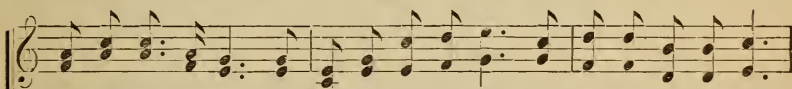
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. God sent His might-y pow'r To this poor sin - ful heart, To keep me  
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A will-ing  
3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I em - brace; Ac - cept - ed

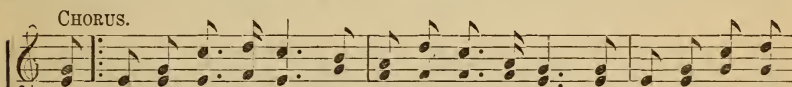


ev-'ry hour, And need - ful grace im - part; And since His Spir - it came To  
of-f'ring now, My all from day to day; My Sav - ior paid the price, My  
in the Son, He saves me by His grace; All glo - ry be to God! Let

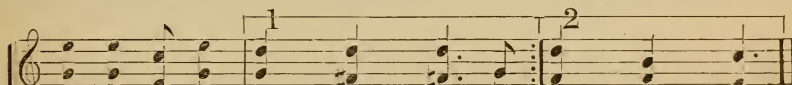


take supreme con-trol, The love-en - kin-dled flame Is burn-ing in my soul.  
name He sweet-ly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heav-en falls.  
hal - le - lu - jahs roll! His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.



'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burn-ing in my soul, The fire of heav'nly  
Ho - ly Spir - it came, All glo - ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly

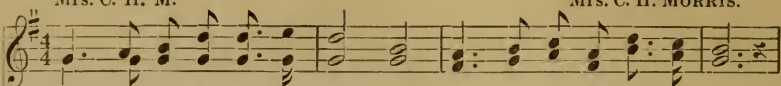


love is burn-ing in my soul. The  
love is burn-ing [Omit. . . . .] in my soul.  
burn-ing in my soul, The burn-ing in my soul.

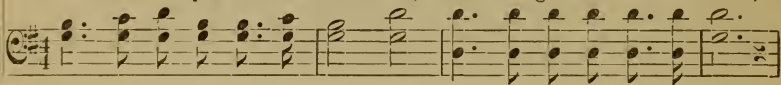
# No. 114 Holy Ghost, We Bid Thee Welcome.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, we bid Thee wel - come, Source of life and pow'r Thou art;
2. Here like empty earth - en ves - sels Ly - ing at the Mas - ter's feet,
3. Come like dew from heav - en fall - ing Come like spring's re - fresh - ing show'r;
4. Hearts are o - pen to re - ceive Thee, Tho' we've griev'd Thee o'er and o'er,



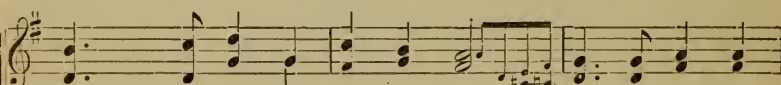
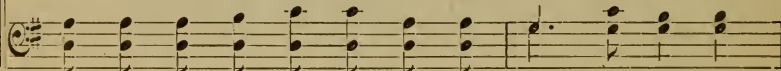
Prom - ise of our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Now thrice wel - come to my heart.  
 Small but clean thro' Je - sus' mer - it, Wait till thou thy work com - plete.  
 Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee we're call - ing, Come, in all thy quick'n - ing pow'r  
 Ho - ly Ghost, we great - ly need thee Come a - bid - e for - ev - er - more.



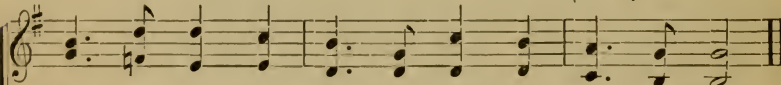
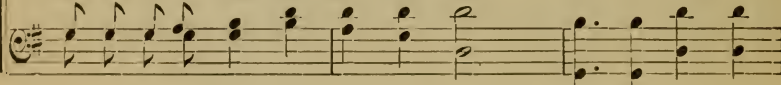
## CHORUS.



Wel - - - come, wel - come, wel - - come,  
 Ho - ly Ghost, we bid Thee wel - come, bid Thee wel - come,



Ho - - - ly Ghost, we wel - come Thee; Come in pow'r and  
 Bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost we wel - come Thee;



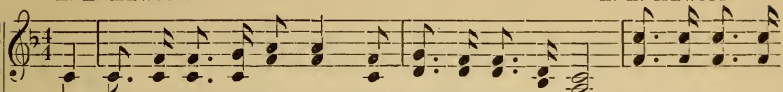
fill the tem - pla, Ho - ly Ghost, we wel - come Thee.



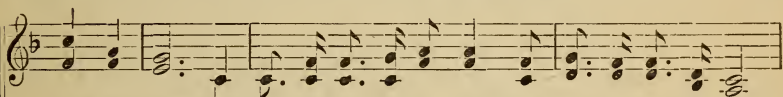
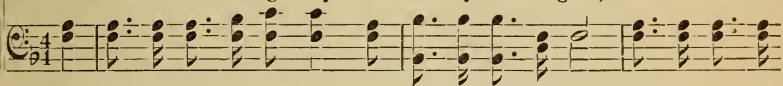
# No. 115 That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. HEWITT.

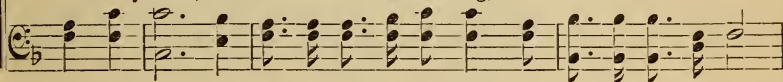
E. E. HEWITT.



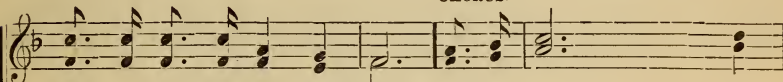
1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ev-er this sweet mes-sage in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov-ing mes-sage, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-ev-er



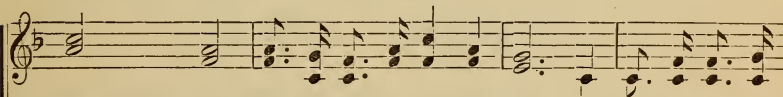
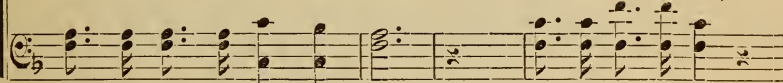
will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,  
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,  
will may come; Seek now the precious Sav-ior and he'll be yours to-day,  
will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,



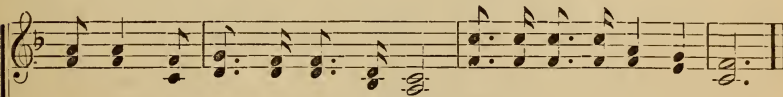
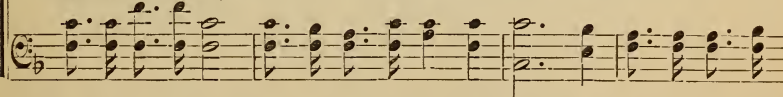
## CHORUS.



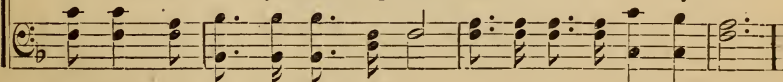
Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that who-so-ev-er will,



ev-er!" Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Sav-ior's in-vi-  
who-so-ev-er will,



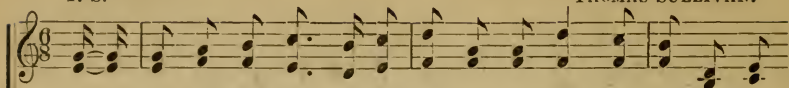
ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still. Who-so-ev-er will may come.



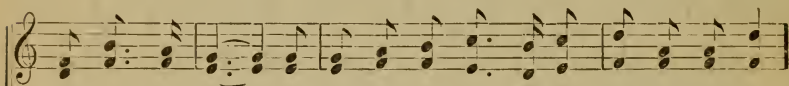
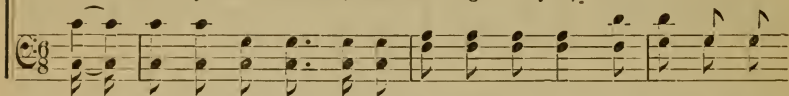
# No. 116. He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S.

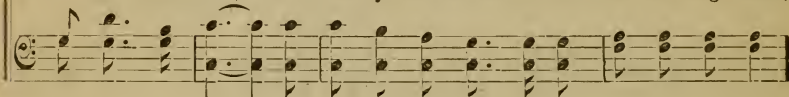
THOMAS SULLIVAN.



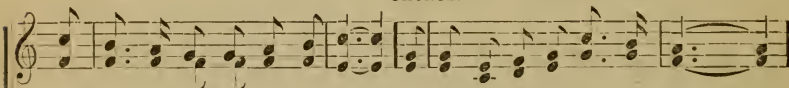
1. To the feet of my Sav- iour, in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten - der com - pas - sion and love That Je - sus, my
3. "My grace is suf - ficient," I heard His dear voice, "O come and find
4. O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, Thy name I a - dore For sav - ing and
5. O come, my dear broth - er, He's wait - ing for you, Your sin-burdened



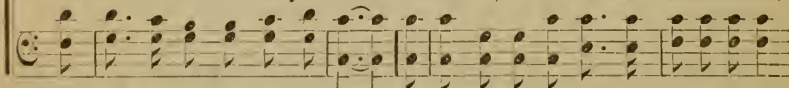
sin - ner I came; He saw and in mer - cy he bade me draw near;  
Sav- iour, had shown, Tho' bur- den'd with grief, His dear hand bro't re - lief,  
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, my life free - ly I gave;  
keep- ing my soul; Thy prais - es I'll sing, my Re - deem - er and King,  
heart to con - sole; Your wea - ry head rest on His dear lov - ing breast;



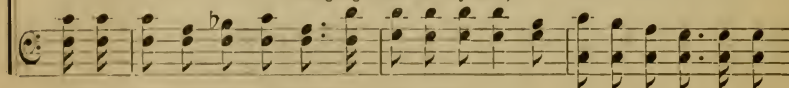
## CHORUS.



All glo - ry and praise to His name. He touch'd me and thus made me whole,  
He healed me, and called me his own.  
I died that you might be made whole"  
Thy dear loving hand made me whole.  
He suf - fer'd and died for your soul. He touch'd me, he touch'd me and thus made me whole,



Bringing comfort and rest to my soul; . . . O glad, hap - py day, all my  
Bring - ing rest to my soul;



# He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

sins roll'd a - way! For he touch'd me and thus made me whole. . . . made me whole.

## No. 117. Glory to His Name.

REV. ELISHA HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down, where for cleansing from  
2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin: Je - sus so sweet-ly a -  
3. Oh, pre-cious fount-ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
4. Come to the fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His  
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in, Glo - ry to His  
en - ter'd in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His  
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete, Glo - ry to His

CHORUS.

name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name,

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name.

By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY,

CHAS. BENTLEY.

1. Is your hope of glo - ry bright? are you walk - ing in the light  
 2. Have you tak - en up the cross? do you count the world but dross  
 3. Tho' your foes may all u - nite, will you bat - tle for the right,  
 4. O the bliss of those who trust in the on - ly wise and just,

Ev - er shin - ing from the Sav - ior's throne? Have you gone to Him for rest  
 For the splen - dor you in Christ may see? To His ques - tion "who will go,  
 And the won - ders of the Lord pro - claim? Will you stand with cour - age brave  
 And are look - ing for a home a - bove; If your lot with them is cast

when your heart was sore op - press'd? Are you trust - ing in His arm a - lone?  
 and His love to sin - ners show? Will you an - swer, "Here am I, send me?"  
 and the roy - al ban - ner wave, Shout - ing vic'try thro' the Master's name?  
 you will an - chor safe at last, In the hav - en of e - ter - nal love.

D. S.—triumph o - ver death, Are you walk - ing in the old, old way?  
 CHORUS.

Are you walk - ing in the light, in the bless - ed, bless - ed light?

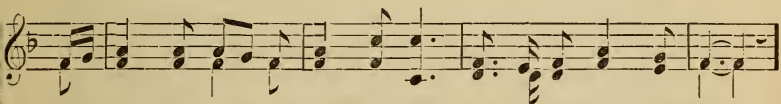
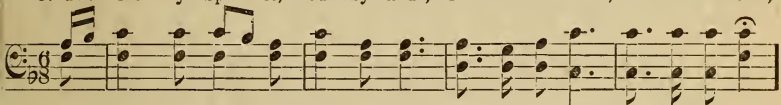
Is it shin - ing in your soul to - day? With a firm a - bid - ing faith that will  
 to-day.

E. E. HEWITT.

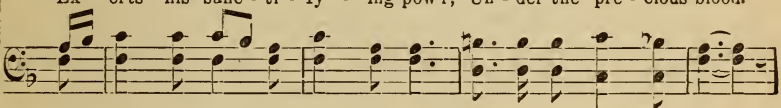
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Moderato.*

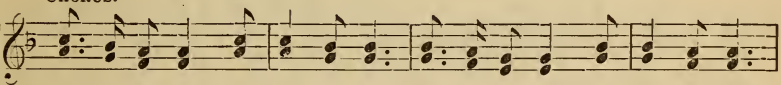
1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
2. The sin - ner's ref - uge here a - lone, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
3. Lord, with Thy-self my spir - it fill, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a - bides with - in the heart, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
5. The Ho - ly Spir - it, hour by hour, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;



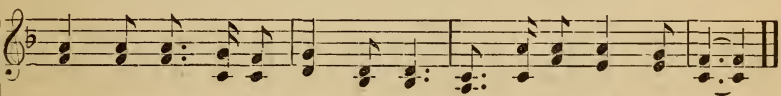
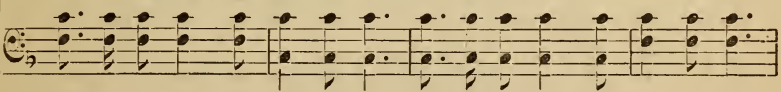
Take doubt and fear and sin, a - way, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 Here Je - sus makes sal - va - tion known, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 And work in me to do Thy will, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 And gifts di - vine their joy im - part, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 Ex - erts his sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, Un - der the pre - cious blood.



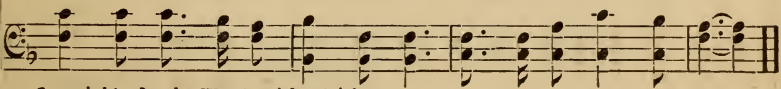
## CHORUS.



Un - der the blood, the pre - cious blood, Un - der the cleansing, heal - ing flood;



Keep me, Sav - ior, from day to day, Un - der the pre - cious blood.

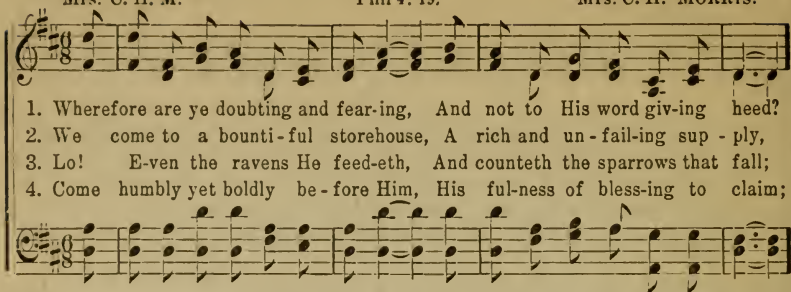


# No. 120. "My God Shall Supply Your Need."

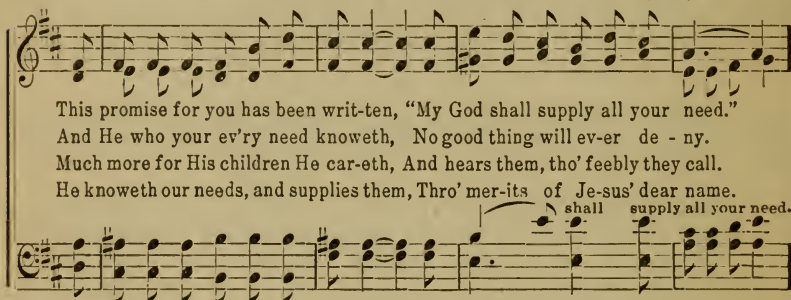
Mrs. C. H. M.

Phil 4: 19.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

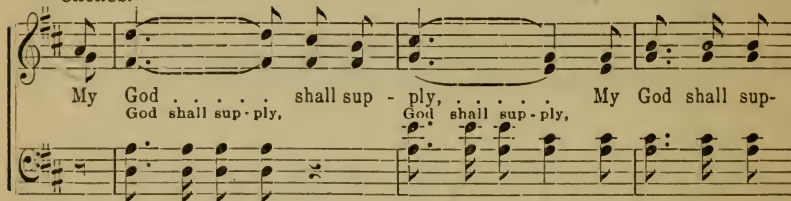


1. Wherefore are ye doubting and fear-ing, And not to His word giv-ing heed?  
 2. We come to a bounti-ful storehouse, A rich and un-fail-ing sup-ply,  
 3. Lo! E-ven the ravens He feed-eth, And counteth the sparrows that fall;  
 4. Come humbly yet boldly be-fore Him, His ful-ness of bless-ing to claim;

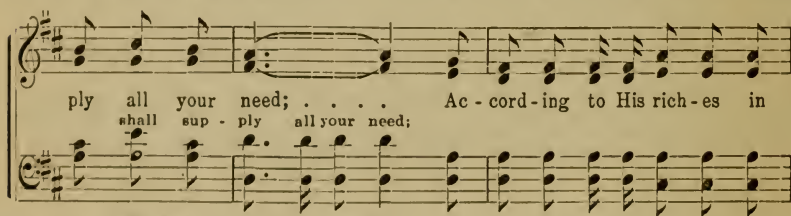


This promise for you has been writ-en, "My God shall supply all your need."  
 And He who your ev'ry need knoweth, No good thing will ev-er de-ny.  
 Much more for His children He car-eth, And hears them, tho' feebly they call.  
 He knoweth our needs, and supplies them, Thro' mer-its of Je-sus' dear name.

## CHORUS.



My God shall sup-ply, shall sup-ply, shall sup-ply, My God shall sup-  
 God shall sup-ply, God shall sup-ply, God shall sup-ply,



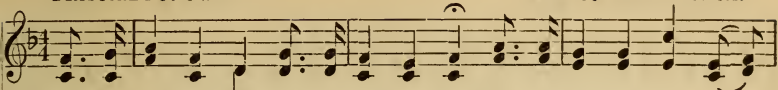
ply all your need; . . . . Ac-cord-ing to His rich-es in  
 shall sup-ply all your need;



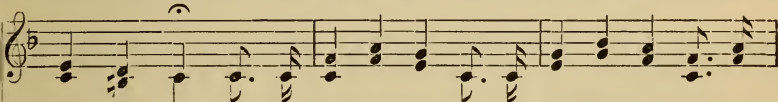
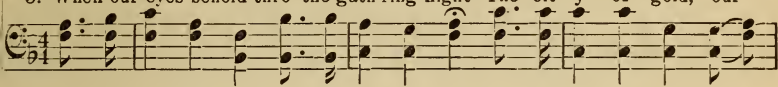
glo-ry by Christ Je-sus, My God shall sup-ply all your need.  
 your need,

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



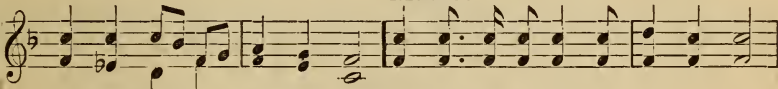
1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold their
2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cur'd by the
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The cit - y of gold, our



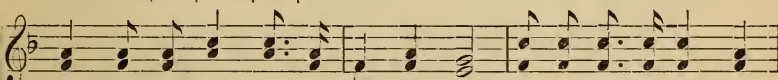
wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your Sav - ior's hand, And the ca-bles pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de-reef is near, Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast, by the heav'nly shore, With the



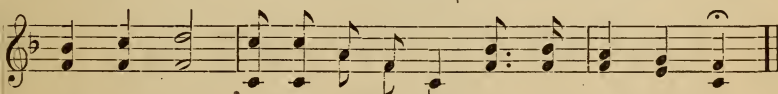
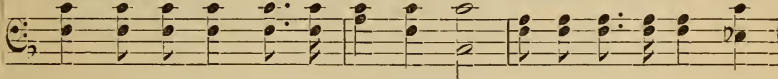
## REFRAIN.



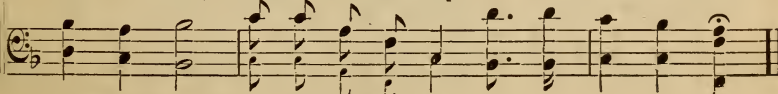
an - chor drift or firm re - main?  
 fy the blast, 'thro strength di - vine. We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
 angry wave shall our bark o'er-flow.  
 hopes a - bide with-in the veil.  
 storms all past for - ev - er - more.



Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the Rock which




can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

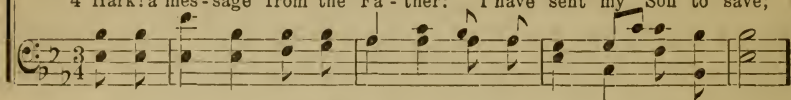
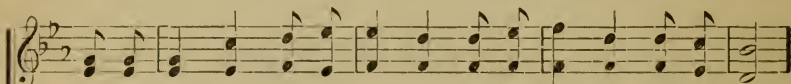


Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

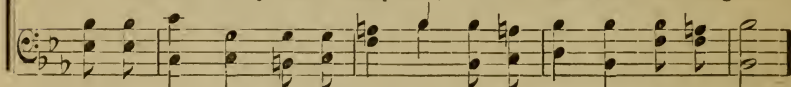
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



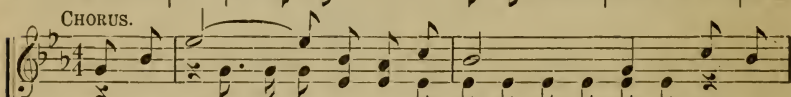
1. I have heard the Sav-ior call - ing; I have list - ened to His voice;  
 2. Wea-ry heart, by sor-row la - den, There is com - fort in the Lord;  
 3. Dost thou feel thy soul o'er - bur - dened By its weight of earth-ly sin?  
 4. Hark! a mes - sage from the Fa - ther: "I have sent my Son to save;

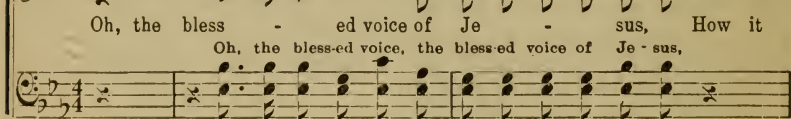
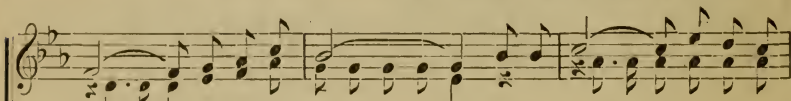
In the midst of storm and dark-ness, He has bid my soul re-joice.  
 Cease thy griev - ing He is call - ing; Fear thou not, and trust His Word.  
 List - en, then, to thee He's call - ing; He is knock-ing let Him in.  
 In His hands I've placed the scep - ter; He will raise thee from the grave."



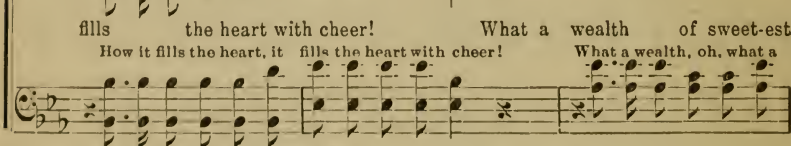
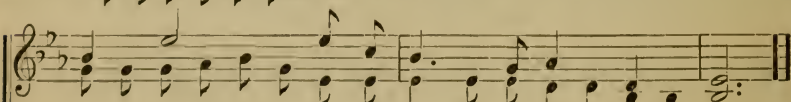
CHORUS.



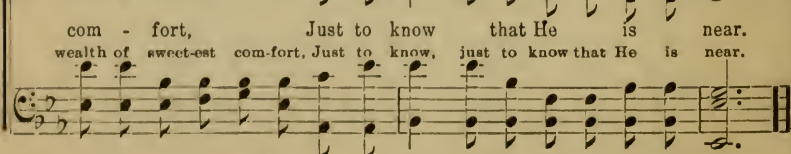
Oh, the bless - ed voice of Je - sus, How it  
 Oh, the bless-ed voice, the bless-ed voice of Je - sus,

fills the heart with cheer! What a wealth of sweet-est  
 How it fills the heart, it fills the heart with cheer! What a wealth, oh, what a

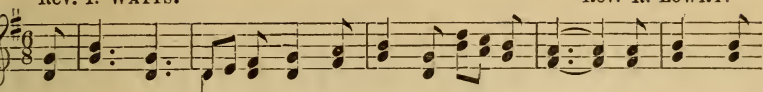
com - fort, Just to know that He is near.  
 wealth of sweet-est com-fort, Just to know, just to know that He is near.



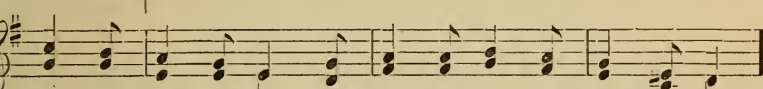
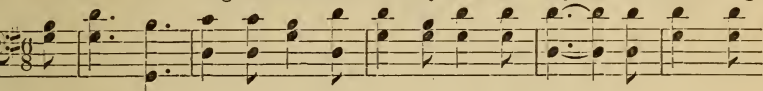
# No. 123. We're Marching to Zion.

REV. I. WATTS.

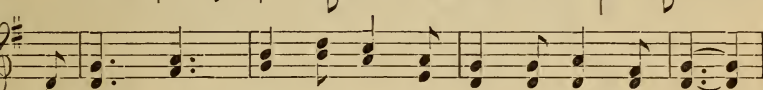
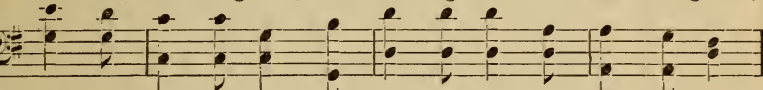
REV. R. LOWRY.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil - dren
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're march - ing



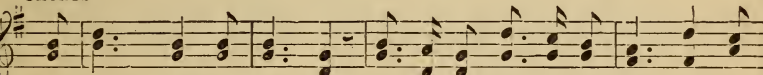
song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,  
reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,  
thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground,



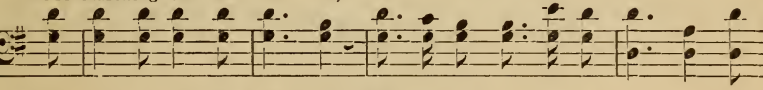
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne,



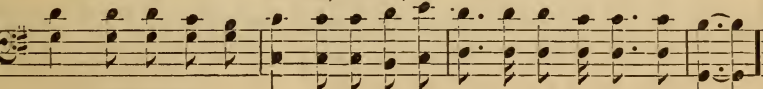
## CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
We're marching on to zi - on,

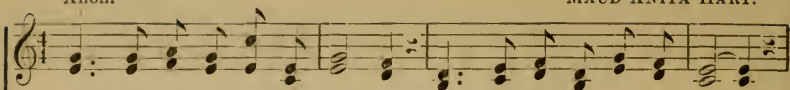


march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
Zi - on, Zi - on,

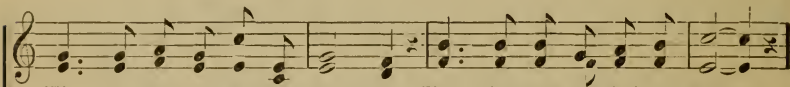
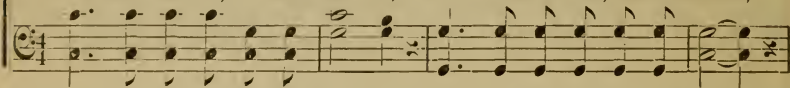


Anon.

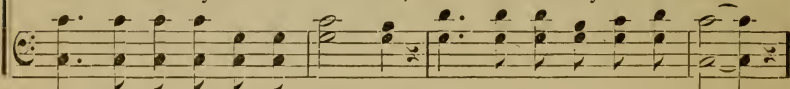
MAUD ANITA HART.



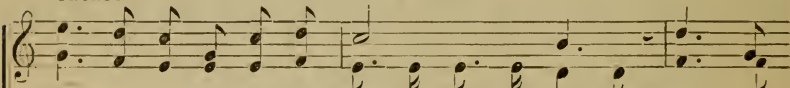
1. There's a se-cret God has whis-pered To His hid-den ones a - lone;  
 2. Changeless se-cret, how it keeps us Thro' all chang-es life can bring;  
 3. Ho - ly se-cret, how it cleans-es All the heart from self and sin;  
 4. Might - y se-cret, how it brings us Heav'n ly help for hearts for-lorn;  
 5. Pre-cious se-cret, I have found it, Pre - cious Je - sus, Thou art mine;



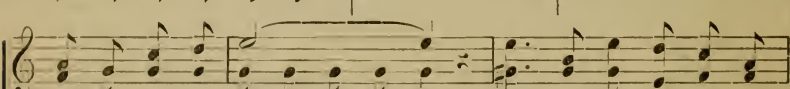
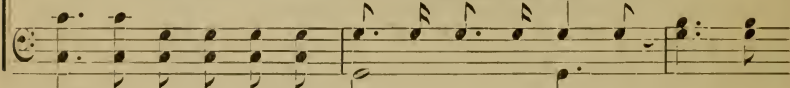
'Tis a se-cret, sweet-er, strang-er, Than thy heart has tho't or known.  
 Joy may cheer, or tri - al press us. Still the rest-ful heart can sing.  
 Crowd-ing out the pow'r of e - vil By the life of Christ with - in.  
 Turns our bat-tle - tide to tri - umph, Chang-es mid-night in - to morn.  
 Prove in me Thy bound-less full - ness, Live in me Thy life di - vine.



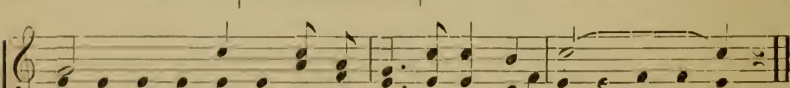
## CHORUS.



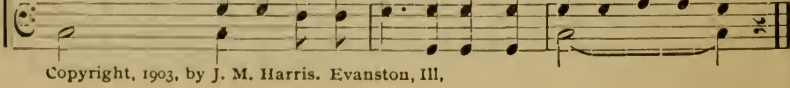
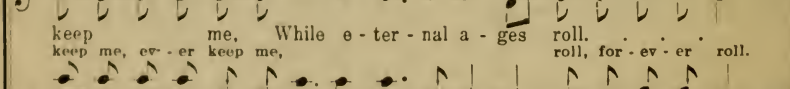
There's a se - cret, pre-cious se ho - ly change - less se - cret, God has



whis-pered to my soul, sweet - ly whis - pered to my soul; 'Tis that He will ev - er



keep me, ev - er keep me, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll. roll, for - ev - er roll.

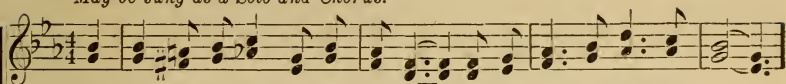


# No. 125. The Cross is Not Greater.

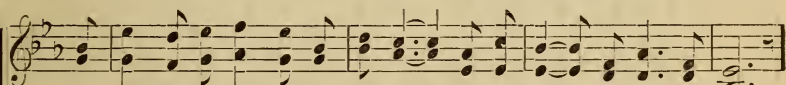
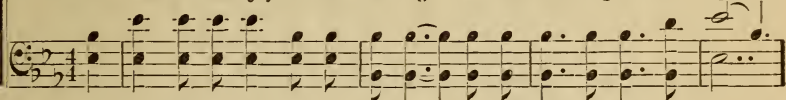
COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Arr. by W. J. K.

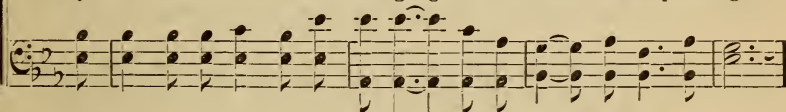
May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.



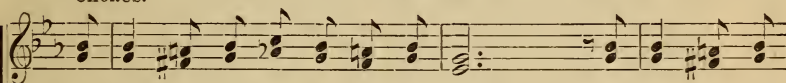
1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing As I'm walk-ing in His sight;



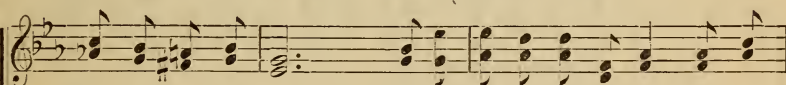
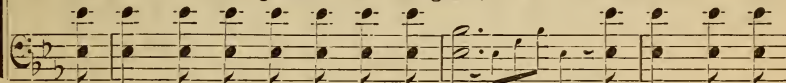
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
 The cup that I drank not more bit-ter, Than He drank in Gethsemane.  
 The toil of my work grow-eth light-er; As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing It a-lone can keep me right.



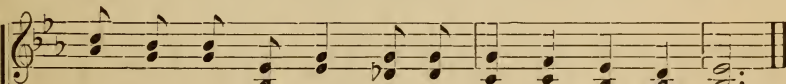
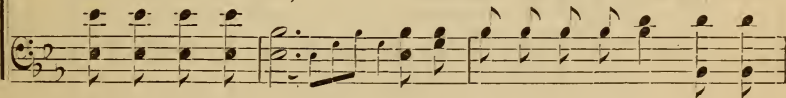
## CHORUS.



The cross is not greater than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



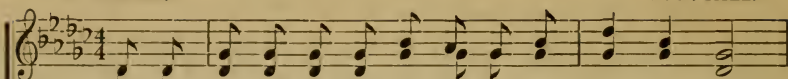
Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.



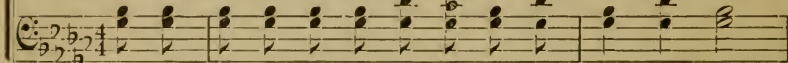
# No. 126. Hallelujah! Jesus Saves Me.

F. E. HILL.

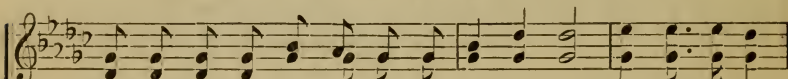
F. E. HILL.



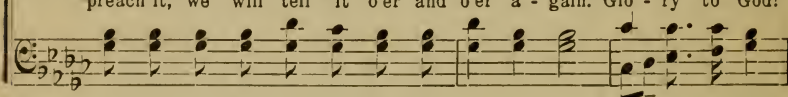
1. We are com - ing with our prais - es to our Lord and King,  
 2. We are liv - ing in the glo - ry of His pres - ence now,  
 3. We are tast - ing now the pre - cious fruits of "Beu - lah Land,"  
 4. We will shout it, we will sing it, with our might and main,



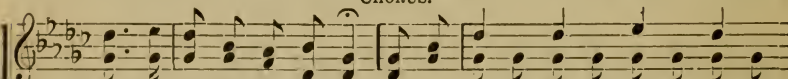

Glo - ry to God! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves! For His  
 Glo - ry to God! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves! To His  
 Glo - ry to God! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves! Here we'll  
 Glo - ry to God! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves! We will

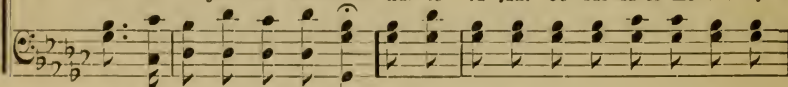

cleans - ing blood has reached us, we must shout and sing, Glo - ry to God!  
 bless - ed will in ev - ery thing we hum - bly bow, Glo - ry to God!  
 raise our Eb - en - e - zer, here for - ev - er stand Glo - ry to God!  
 preach it, we will tell it o'er and o'er a - gain. Glo - ry to God!




## CHORUS.



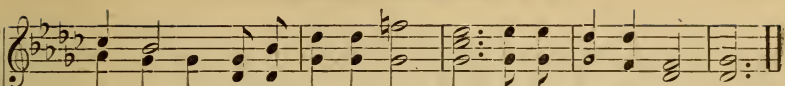
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me ful - ly

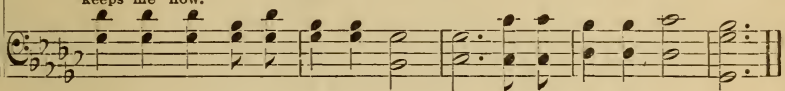
saves me! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus  
 saves me now. Hal - le - lu jah! Je - sus keeps me sweet - ly



# Hallelulah! Jesus Saves Me.



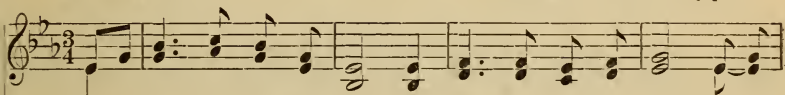
keeps me! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men; Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.  
keeps me now.



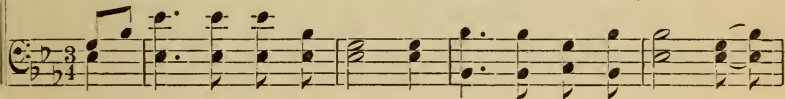
## No. 127. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

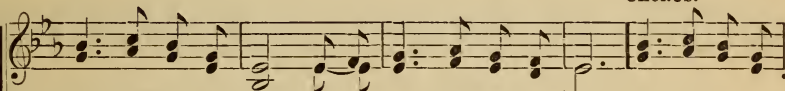
JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.



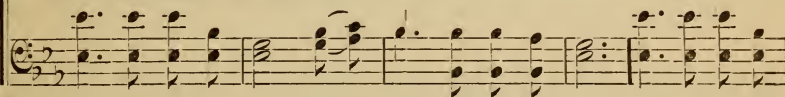
1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a-lone, Can
3. For noth- ing good have I Where- by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. When from my dy- ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, Then
5. And when be- fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll



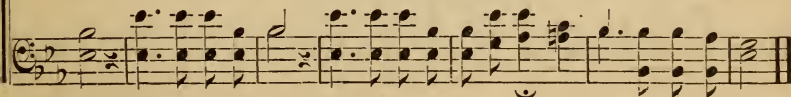
CHORUS.



weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me Thine all in all.  
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb. Je - sus paid it.  
"Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies  
lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

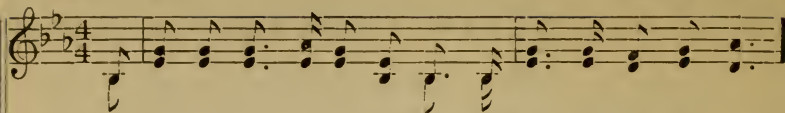


all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

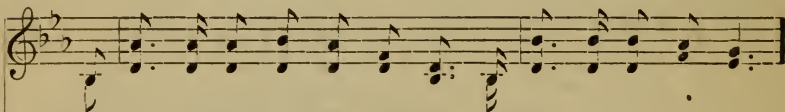
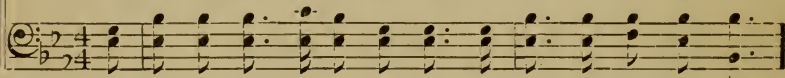


LESLIE F. GAY.

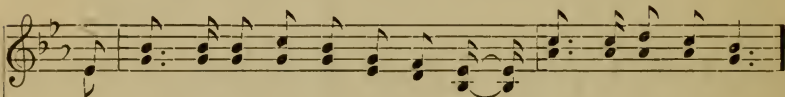
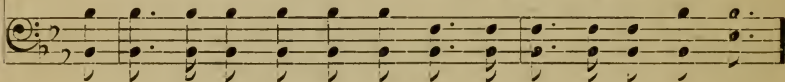
CLEMIE M. GAY.



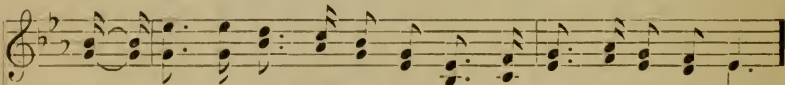
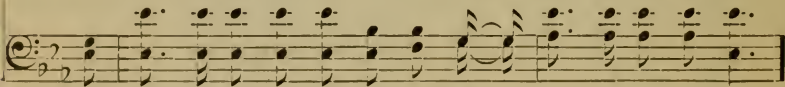
1. I've en-tered in - to Ca-naan life, It's sweet as hon - ey dew;
2. I've eat - en leeks and on - ions too, And lived on E-gypt's fare;
3. I've found some gi-ants in the way; Our Lord has conquered all;
4. I used to think the price was high To pay for liv - ing there,



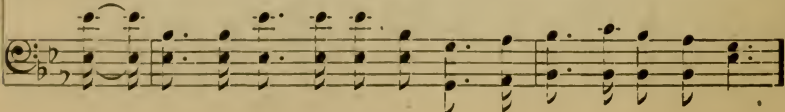
The res - cue out of E - gypt land Is not a whit more true.  
 I trav - eled in the wil - der - ness, And ate the man - na there;  
 And naught could stand be - fore us there, When Joshua made the call;  
 And Sod-om seemed a bet - ter place, To get a world - ly share:



I've trav - eled in the wil - der - ness, And heard the Lord's command;  
 But, oh! the grapes, the corn, the wine, The sweets on ev - 'ry hand;  
 We trust, we rest, we fight, we win, When the Lord is in command;  
 But when I read the hist'ry thro', How such do real - ly stand;



But for a rest—the ver - y best—Just give me Canaan land.  
 And for the best where all is blest, Just give me Canaan land.  
 For feel - ing right in ev - 'ry fight, Just give me Canaan land.  
 For in - vest - ments that are safe and sure, Just give me Canaan land.



## Canaan Land.

Blest Ca-naan land, bright Canaan land; I love to be in Ca-naan  
 Blest Canaan land, bright Canaan land;

land; And for a rest—the ver-y best—Just give me Ca-naan land.

## No. 129. The Solid Rock.

E. MOTF.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; }  
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name; }  
 2. { When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un-changing grace; }  
 { In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vale. }  
 3. { His oath, His cov-en-ant and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; }  
 { When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }

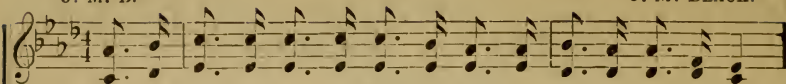
CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is  
 sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

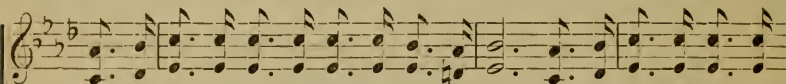
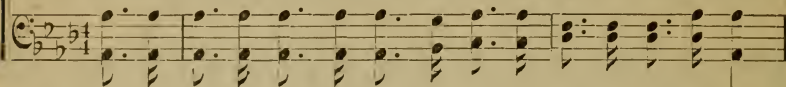
# No. 130. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

J. M. B.

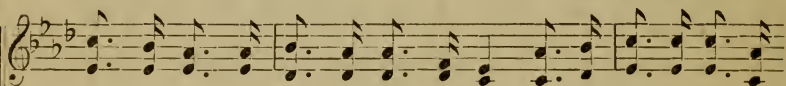
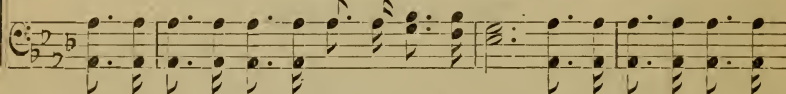
J. M. BLACK.



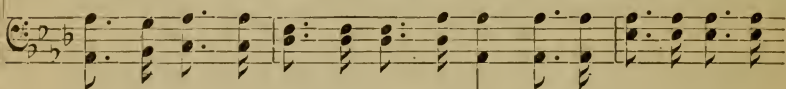
1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morn - ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - tingsun,



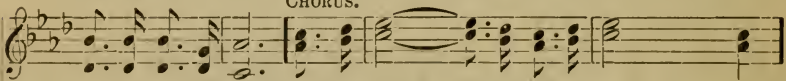
And the morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall  
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall  
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is



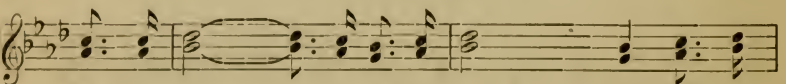
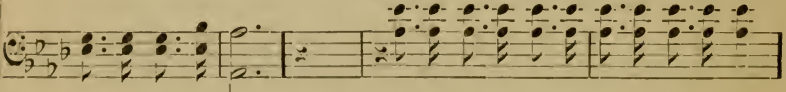
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up  
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up  
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



## CHORUS.



yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der,  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der, When the  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



# When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

roll . . . is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.  
When the roll

No. 131.

Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,  
2. Feed-ing on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al-most gone,  
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would sat-is-ify,  
4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,

That I hoped would quench the burn-ing Of the thirst I felt with-in.  
Long'd my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hun-ger on.  
But the dust I gath-ered rouud me On-ly mocked my soul's sad cry.  
Un-told wealth that nev-er fail-eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.

CHORUS.


Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has craved!  
Je-sus sat-is-fies my long-ings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

E. E. HEWITT.

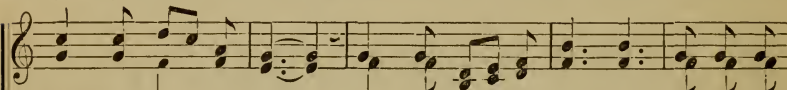
C F. O. arr. by W. J. K.



1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a star of  
 2. Ros-es fade a-round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams  
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dan-gers near; Near-er still my

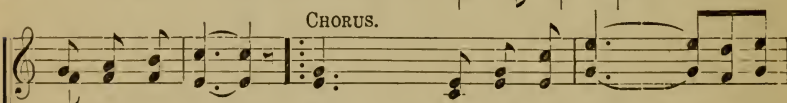


glo-ry Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,  
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,  
 Sav-ior, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joys, like birds at spring-time,

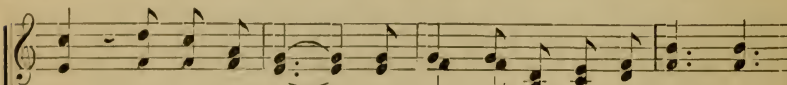


This bright prom-ise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will  
 Bloom-ing for His own, Je-sus, Heav-en's sun-shine, Nev-er will  
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

CHORUS.

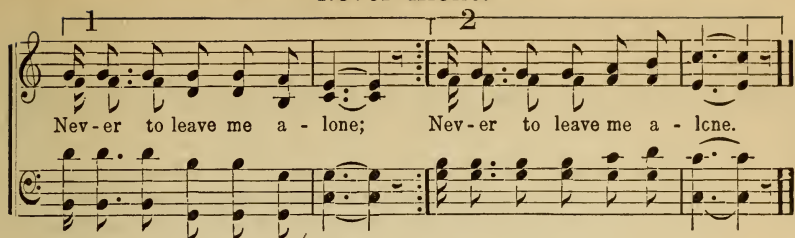


leave thee a-lone." No nev-er a-lone, . . . . .  
 leave me a-lone.  
 leave me a-lone." Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,



No, nev-er a-lone; He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,

# Never Alone.



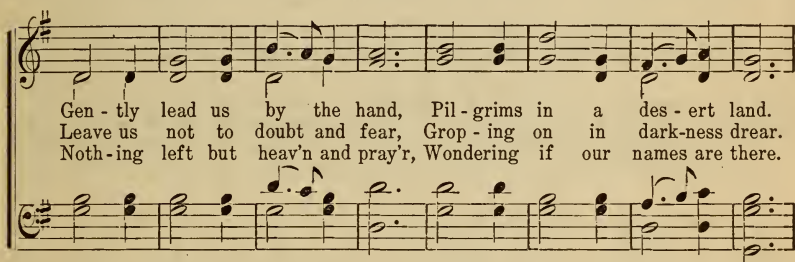
1  
Nev-er to leave me a-lone; 2  
Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

## No. 133. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

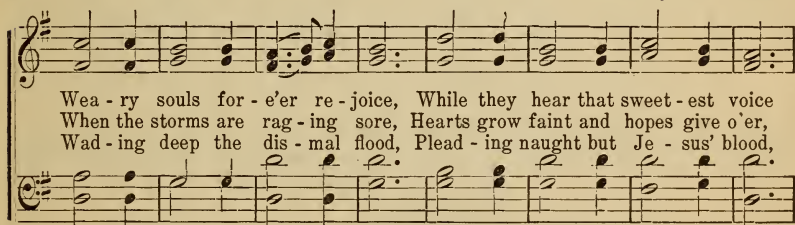
M. M. WELLS.




1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side,  
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near, Thine aid to lend,  
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease.



Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land.  
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear.  
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wondering if our names are there.



Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice  
When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,  
Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je-sus' blood,



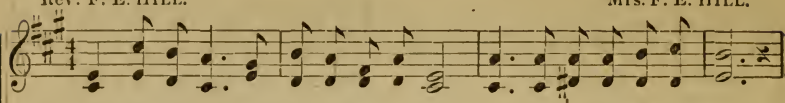
Whispering soft-ly, "wanderer, come, Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."  
Whis-per soft-ly, "wanderer, come, Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."  
Whis-per soft-ly, "wanderer, come, Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."

# No. 134. Since the Holy Ghost Abides.

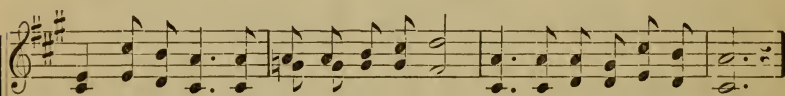
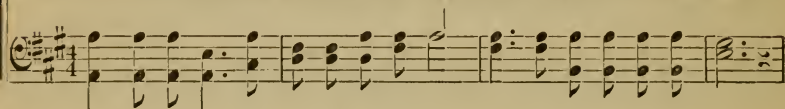
He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever.—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. E. HILL.

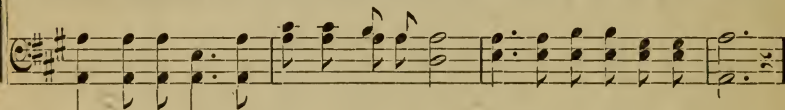
Mrs. F. E. HILL.



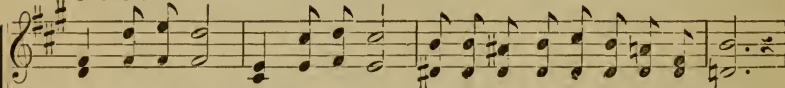
1. Peace, blessed peace is fill-ing now my soul, Since He par-don'd all my sin;
2. Rest, perfect rest now all my nature stills, Since His promis'd grace is mine;
3. Fire, ho-ly fire is burn-ing in my heart, And the glo-ry rolls in tides;
4. Light, perfect light shines on this ho-ly way; Twice He touch'd my blinded eyes;



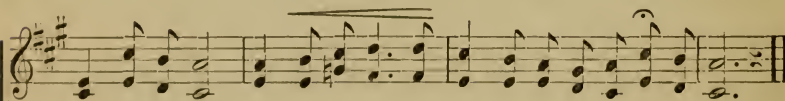
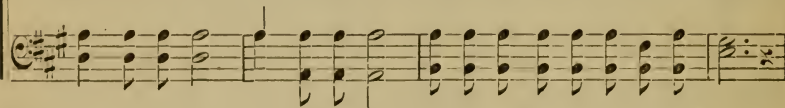
Love, perfect love in bil-lows o'er me roll, Since He cleans'd my heart with-in.  
Joy, perfect joy my hap-py spirit thrills, Since the day I said, "I'm Thine."  
Pow'r, ho-ly pow'r is fill-ing ev-'ry part, Since the Ho-ly Ghost a-bides.  
Sight, perfect sight my vis-ion has to-day, Healed by blood that sanc-ti-fies.



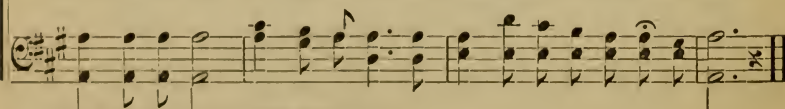
## CHORUS.



Peace, perfect peace! Love perfect love! Sweeping o'er my soul in heav'n-ly tides!

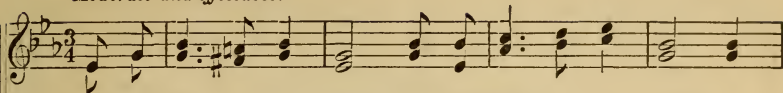


Rest, perfect rest! Joy, perfect joy! is mine since the Holy Ghost a-bides.

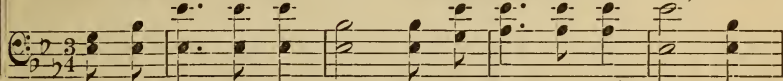


*Moderato and effectuoso.*

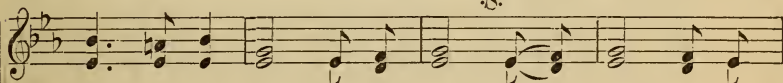
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



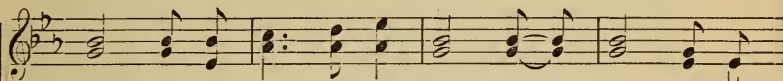
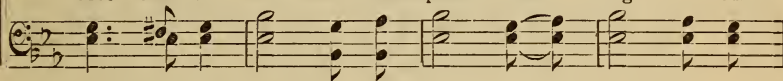
1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The  
 2. O, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its  
 3. There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the  
 4. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where  
 5. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So



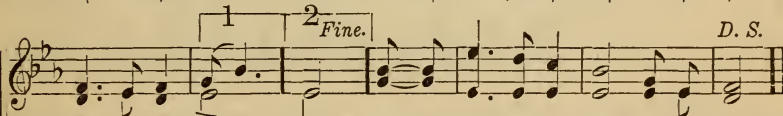
:8:



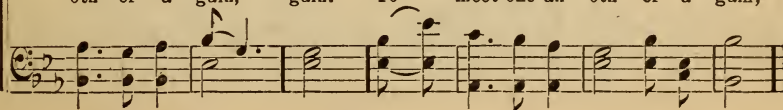
far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er  
 bright jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but  
 riv - er of life flow - eth by, For no death ev - er  
 Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all  
 free from all sor - row and pain! With songs on our



beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e -  
 thin - ly the vale in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair  
 en - ters that cit - y, you know, And noth - ing that  
 king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our  
 lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an -



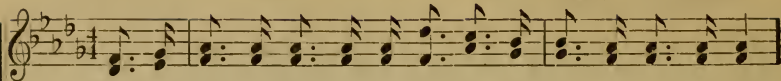
ter - ni - ty roll, roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;  
 cit - y and me, me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me;  
 mak - eth a lie, lie. And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie;  
 crowns in His hands, hands. And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands;  
 oth - er a - gain, gain. To meet one an - oth - er a - gain;



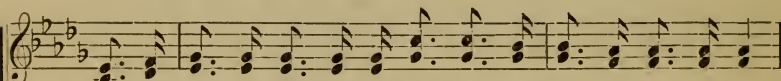
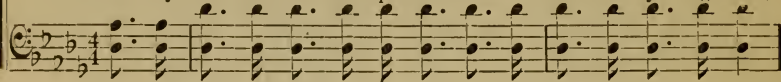
# No. 136. It Is for Us All To-Day.

L. L. P.

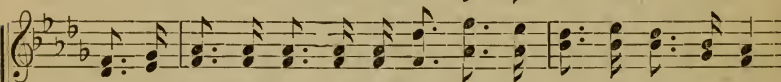
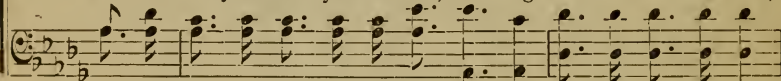
REV. L. L. PICKETT.



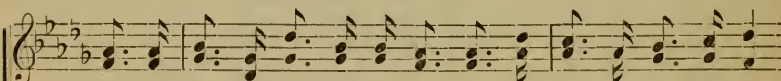
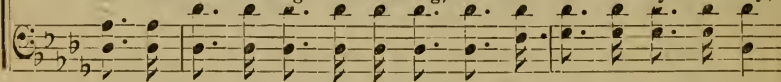
1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleansing Un - to all His chil - dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re - ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,



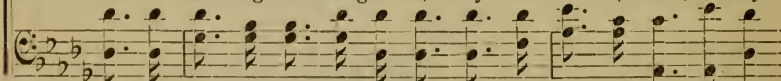
Burn - ing up all car - nal na - ture, Cleans - ing out all base de - sire,  
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear,  
But in this they were mis - tak - en, for the Bi - ble tells us so,  
If with all your heart you seek him, Hav - ing faith in Je - sus' name;



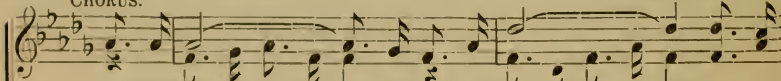
Go - ing thro' and thro' your Spir - it, Cleans - ing all its stain a - way;  
It will help you, O my broth - er, When you sing and when you pray;  
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;  
On the cross he bought this blessing, He will nev - er say thee Nay;



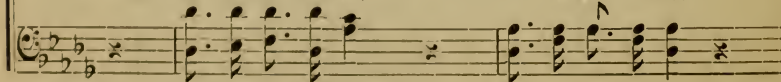
O I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.  
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.  
Then by faith why not re - ceive it? It is for us all to - day.  
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day.



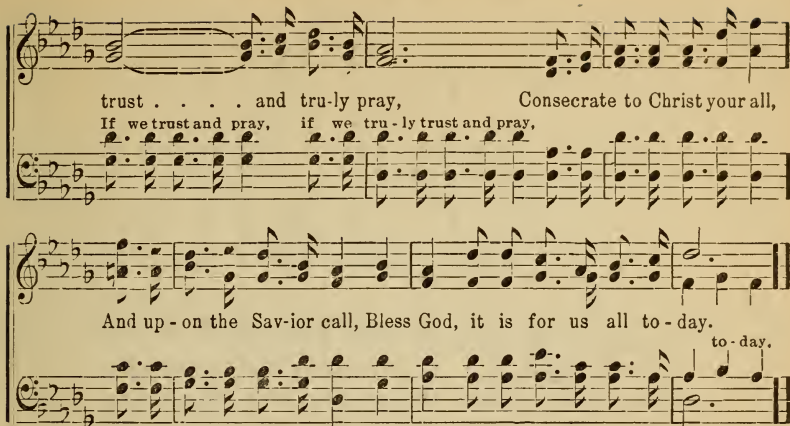
## CHORUS.



It is for . . . us all to - day, . . . If we  
It is for us all, for us all to - day,



# It Is For Us All To-day.

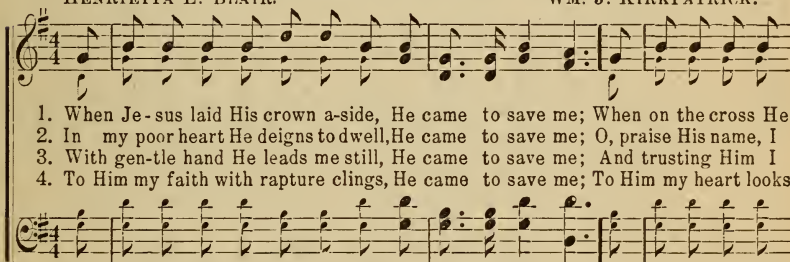


trust . . . and tru-ly pray, Consecrate to Christ your all,  
 If we trust and pray, if we tru-ly trust and pray,  
 And up-on the Sav-ior call, Bless God, it is for us all to-day.  
 to-day.

## No. 137. He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When Je-sus laid His crown a-side, He came to save me; When on the cross He  
 2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise His name, I  
 3. With gen-tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting Him I  
 4. To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To Him my heart looks

### CHORUS.

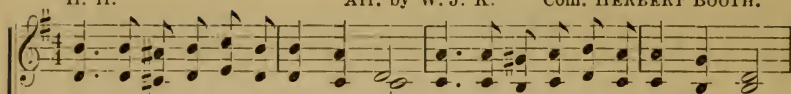


bled and died, He came to save me.  
 know it well, He came to save me. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad,  
 fear no ill, He came to save me. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad,  
 up and sings, He came to save me.  
 1 I'm so glad that Je-sus came, And grace is free; }  
 I'm so glad that Je-sus came, He (Omit.) } came to save me.

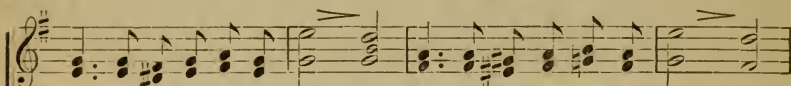
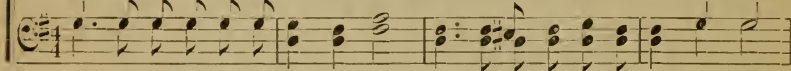
H. H.

Arr. by W. J. K.

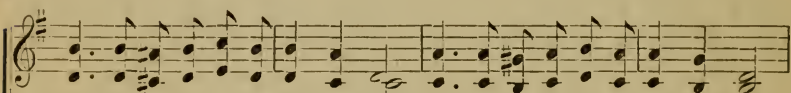
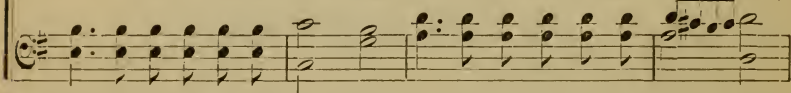
Com. HERBERT BOOTH.



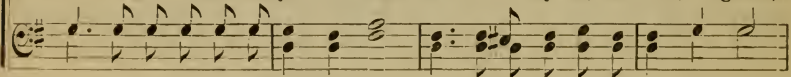
1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re - peat,
2. Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied,
3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev-'ry promise write my name;



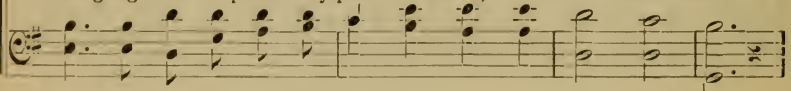
Stain'd with guilt, myself ab - hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;  
 To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Can'st Thou fail to give a bless - ing?  
 As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,



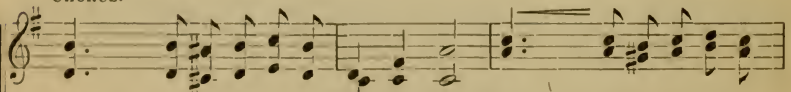
Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir-it free?  
 By the love and pit-y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,  
 Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;



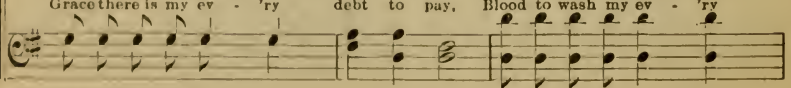
Raise my sink - ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!  
 Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.  
 Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.



## CHORUS.



Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry  
 Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry



# The Penitent's Plea.

sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!  
Pow'r to keep me sin - less for me, for me!

No. 139.

## He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'n-ly comfort fraught!  
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,  
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,  
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!  
Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me!

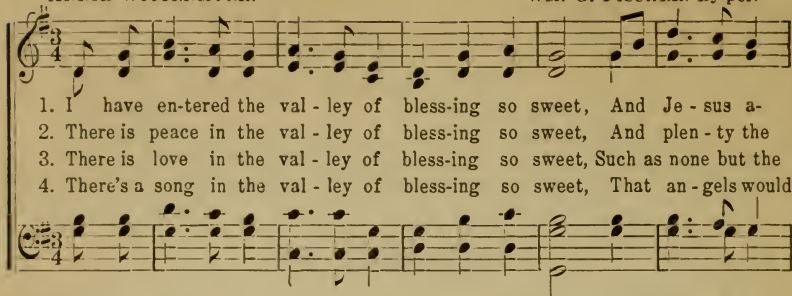
CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:

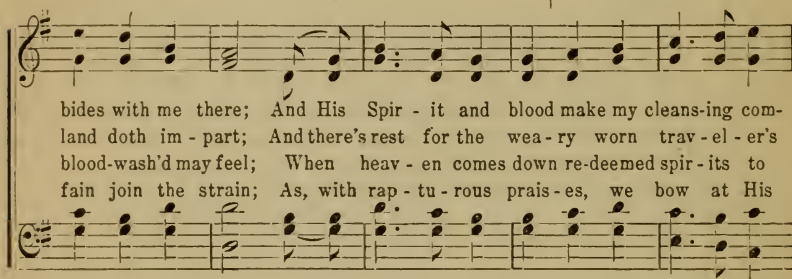
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

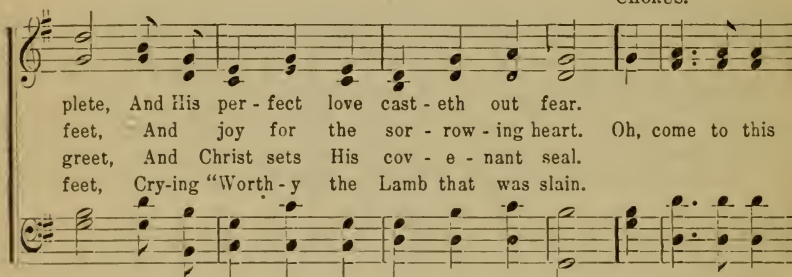


1. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-  
 2. There is peace in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen-ty the  
 3. There is love in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but the  
 4. There's a song in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, That an-gels would

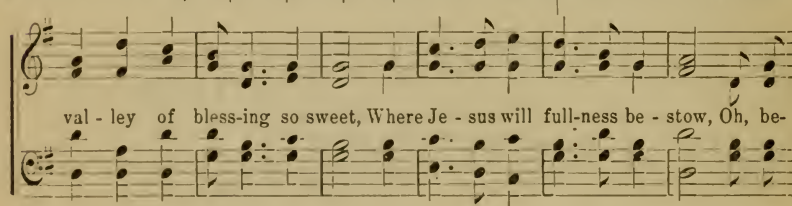


bides with me there; And His Spir-it and blood make my cleans-ing com-  
 mand doth im-part; And there's rest for the wea-ry worn trav-el-er's  
 blood-wash'd may feel; When heav-en comes down re-deemed spir-its to  
 fain join the strain; As, with rap-tu-rous prais-es, we bow at His

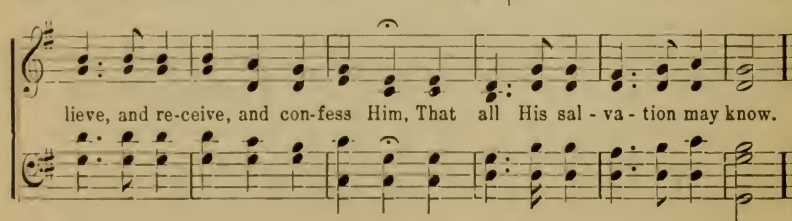
## CHORUS.



plete, And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear.  
 feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart. Oh, come to this  
 greet, And Christ sets His cov-e-nant seal.  
 feet, Cry-ing "Worth-y the Lamb that was slain.



val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je-sus will full-ness be-stow, Oh, be-

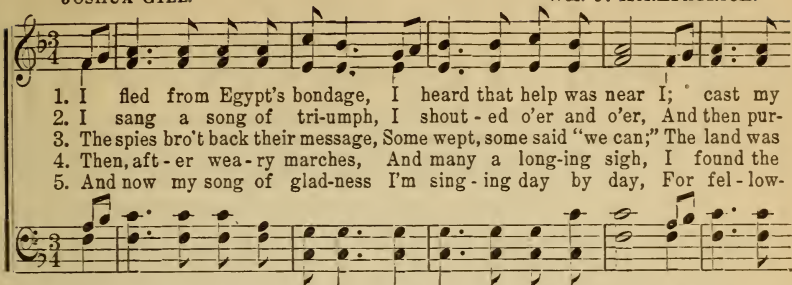


lieve, and re-ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

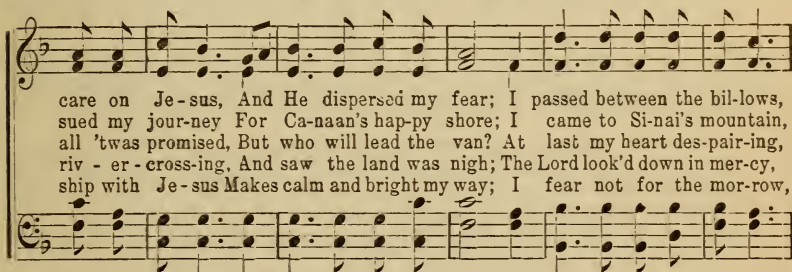
# No. 141. I'm in the Promised Land.

JOSHUA GILL.

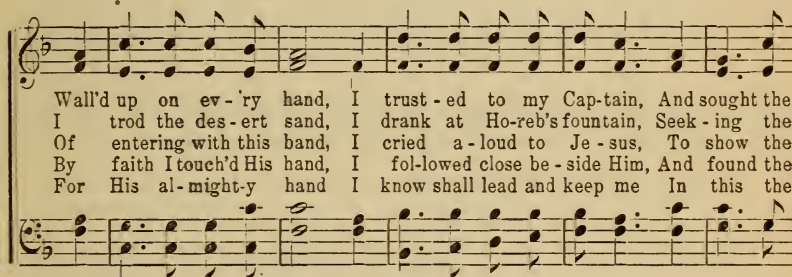
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I fled from Egypt's bondage, I heard that help was near I; cast my  
 2. I sang a song of triumph, I shout-ed o'er and o'er, And then pur-  
 3. The spies bro't back their message, Some wept, some said "we can," The land was  
 4. Then, aft-er wea-ry marches, And many a long-ing sigh, I found the  
 5. And now my song of glad-ness I'm sing-ing day by day, For fel-low-

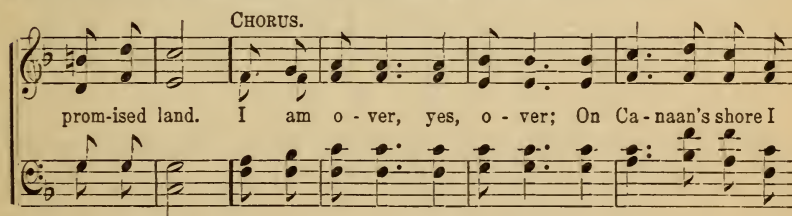


care on Je-sus, And He dispersed my fear; I passed between the bil-lows,  
 sued my jour-ney For Ca-naan's hap-py shore; I came to Si-nai's mountain,  
 all 'twas promised, But who will lead the van? At last my heart des-pair-ing,  
 riv-er-cross-ing, And saw the land was nigh; The Lord look'd down in mer-cy,  
 ship with Je-sus Makes calm and bright my way; I fear not for the mor-row,

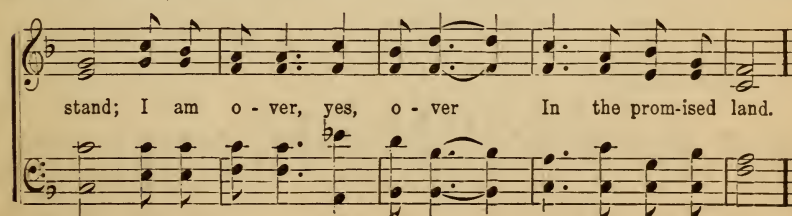


Wall'd up on ev-'ry hand, I trust-ed to my Cap-tain, And sought the  
 I trod the des-ert sand, I drank at Ho-reb's fountain, Seek-ing the  
 Of entering with this band, I cried a-loud to Je-sus, To show the  
 By faith I touch'd His hand, I fol-lowed close be-side Him, And found the  
 For His al-might-y hand I know shall lead and keep me In this the

CHORUS.



prom-ised land. I am o-ver, yes, o-ver; On Ca-naan's shore I

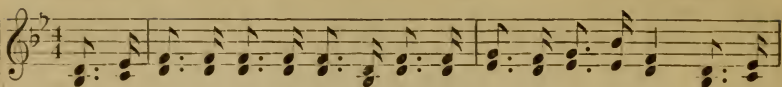


stand; I am o-ver, yes, o-ver In the prom-ised land.

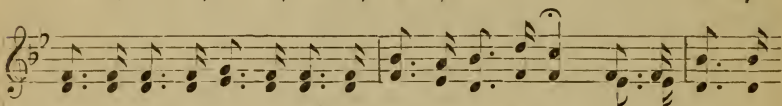
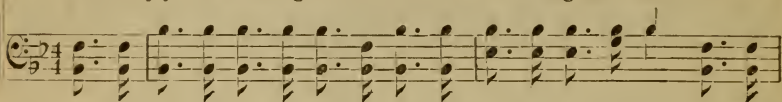
# No. 142. Oh, the Glad Home-Coming.

A. B. S.

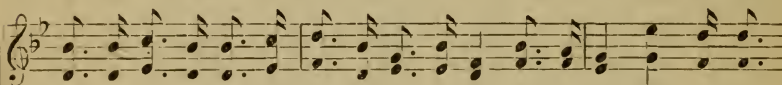
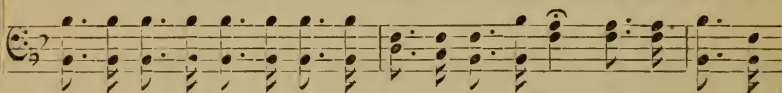
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. I am wait-ing for the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am
2. I am let-ting go the pleasures and the treasures, world-ings prize, I am
3. I am hast-ing on the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am
4. I am watch-ing for the ris-ing of the morn-ing star's first ray, In my
5. Oh, the joy of meet-ing Je - sus and the loved ones gone be-fore! Oh! to



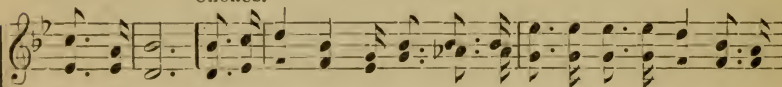
long-ing for the gath'ring of the ran-somed o-ver there; I am put-ting  
lay-ing up my treasures and am-bi-tions in the skies; I am set-ting  
send-ing forth the gos-pel of the King-dom ev-'ry-where; I am warn-ing  
heart its beams have ris-en as the har-bing-er of day; Christ in me the  
be where sin and sor-row, pain and sick-ness come no more; All my heart is



on the garments which the Heav'nly Bride shall wear, For the glad home-com-ing  
my af-fec-tions where there are no bro-ken ties, For the glad home-com-ing  
saints and sinners, for the sum-mons to pre-pare, For the glad home-com-ing  
hope of glo-ry, ev-'ry moment seems to say, "Lo! the glad home-com-ing  
turn-ing ev-er to that ev-er-last-ing shore, Where the glad home-com-ing



## CHORUS.



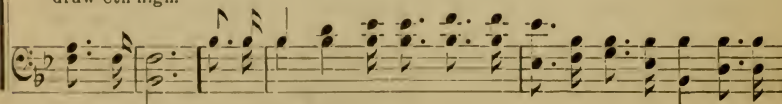
draw-eth nigh.

draw-eth nigh. Oh, the glad home-coming, It is swiftly drawing nigh; Oh, the

draw-eth nigh.

draw-eth nigh."

draw-eth nigh.



# Oh, the Glad Home-Coming.

sad home long-ing will be o - ver by and by; Lo! the Bridegroom cometh,  
 ho - ly watchers soon will cry, For the glad home coming draweth nigh.  
 draweth nigh.

## No. 143. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

FINE.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kind-ling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }  
 { High-er still and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er - flow - ing: }  
 2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en, }  
 { Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en; }

D. C. 1. *I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!*  
 2. *I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!*

D. C.

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive, — Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!  
 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty, — Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!

3 Let the testimony roll,  
 Roll through every nation;  
 Witnessing from soul to soul,  
 This immense salvation;  
 Now I know it's full and free,  
 Oh! the wondrous story!  
 For I feel it saving me,  
 Glory! glory! glory!

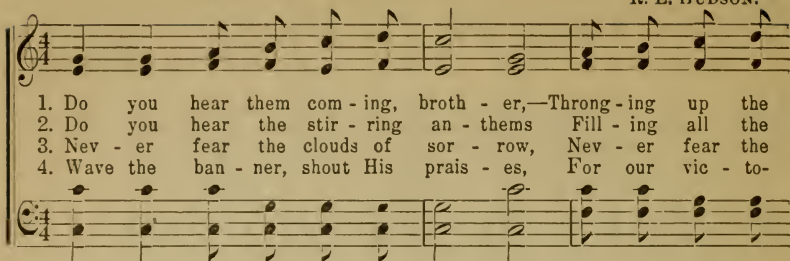
Let the golden harps of God  
 Ring the wondrous story;  
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud,  
 Glory! glory! glory!

4. Glory be to God on high,  
 Glory be to Jesus!  
 He hath brought salvation nigh,  
 From all sin He frees us;

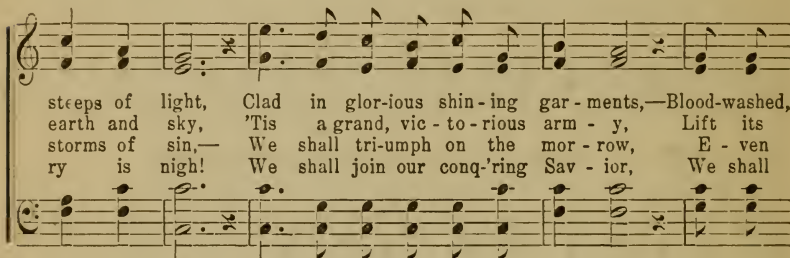
5 Let the trump of jubilee,  
 The glad tidings thunder;  
 Jesus sets the captives free,  
 Bursts their bonds asunder;  
 Fetters break and dungeons fall,  
 Oh, the wondrous story!  
 This salvation's free to all,  
 Glory! glory! glory!

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Joseph H. Smith.

R. E. HUDSON.

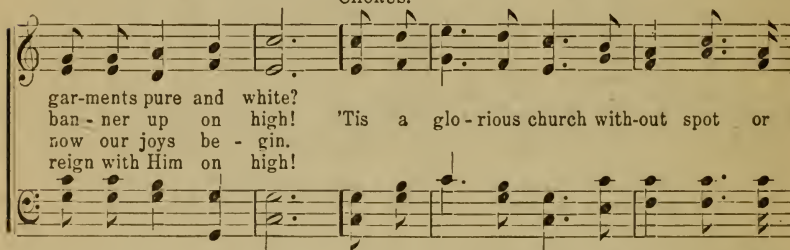


1. Do you hear them com - ing, broth - er, —Throng - ing up the  
 2. Do you hear the stir - ring an - thems Fill - ing all the  
 3. Nev - er fear the clouds of sor - row, Nev - er fear the  
 4. Wave the ban - ner, shout His prais - es, For our vic - to -

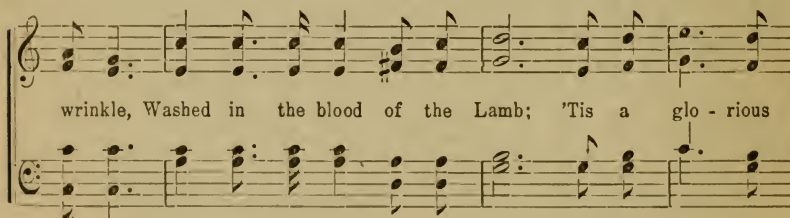


steeps of light, Glad in glor - ious shin - ing gar - ments, —Blood-washed,  
 earth and sky, 'Tis a grand, vic - to - rious arm - y, Lift its  
 storms of sin, — We shall triumph on the mor - row, E - ven  
 ry is nigh! We shall join our conq'ring Sav - ior, We shall

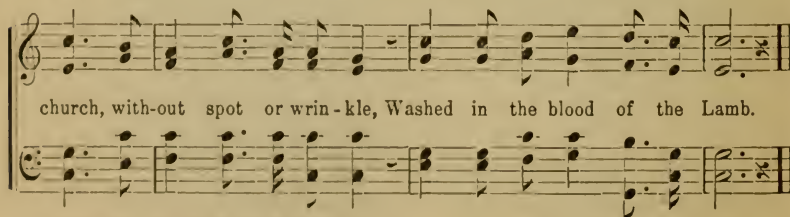
## CHORUS.



gar - ments pure and white?  
 ban - ner up on high! 'Tis a glo - rious church with - out spot or  
 now our joys be - gin.  
 reign with Him on high!



wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis a glo - rious

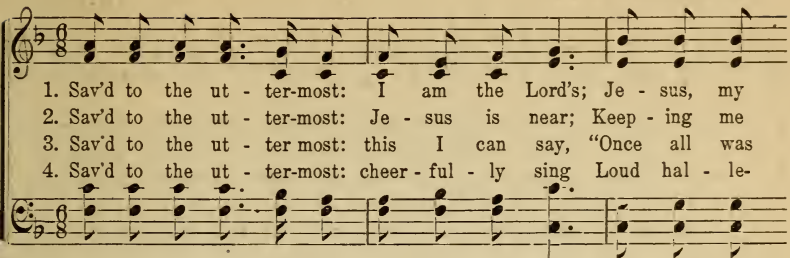


church, with - out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

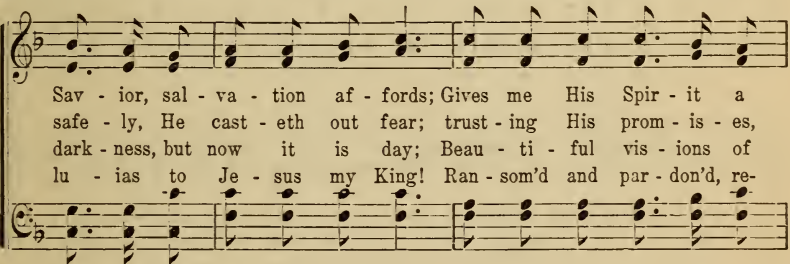
# No. 145. Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K.

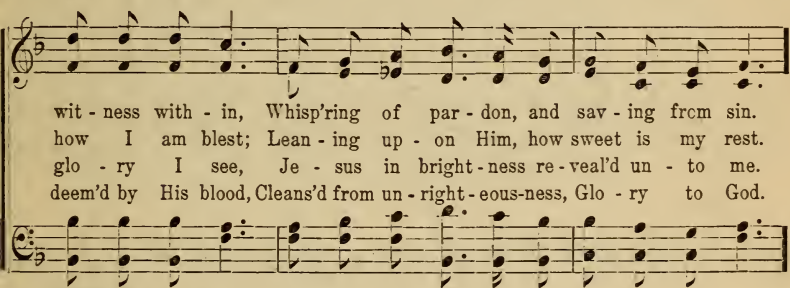
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my  
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me  
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter most: this I can say, "Once all was  
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le-

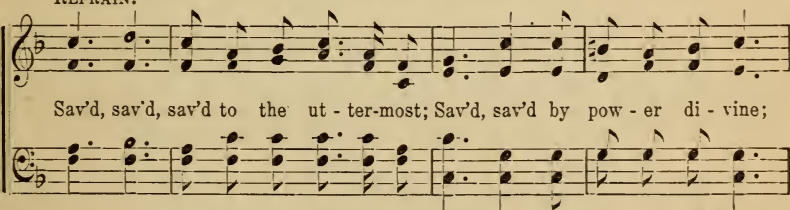


Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a  
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; trust - ing His prom - is - es,  
 dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of  
 lu - ias to Je - sus my King! Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re-

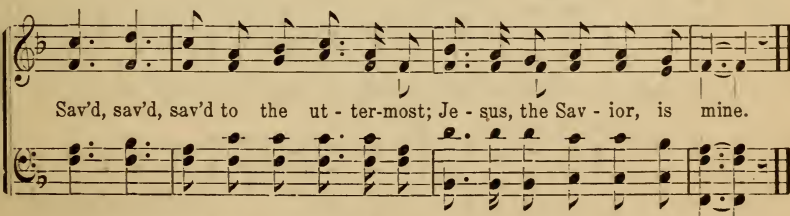


wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.  
 how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.  
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me.  
 deem'd by His blood, Cleans'd from un - right - eous - ness, Glo - ry to God.

## REFRAIN.



Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Sav'd, sav'd by pow - er di - vine;



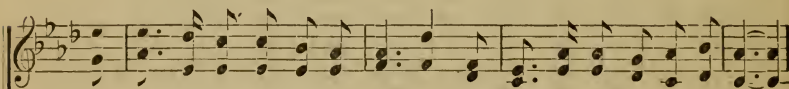
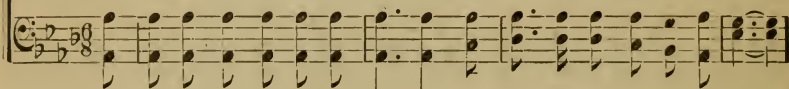
Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is mine.

J. M. H.

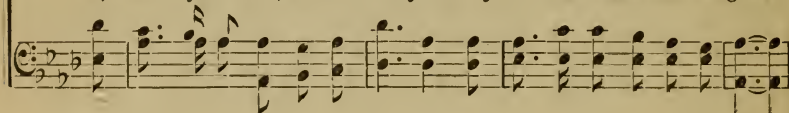
J. M. HARRIS.



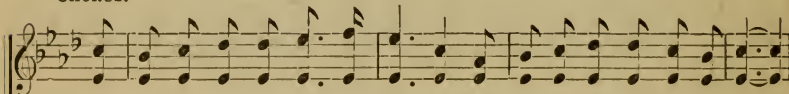
1. In Je-sus I find great sal - va-tion, Thro' Him I have freedom from sin,
2. In Him I have no con-dem - na-tion, The Spir - it so sweetly doth say,
3. In Je-sus I find great re - joic-ing, His spir - it doth lead me to - day,
4. In Him there is full-ness of bless-ing, If all . on the al-tar we lay,
5. In Him there will be per - se - cution, For this we should never be sad,



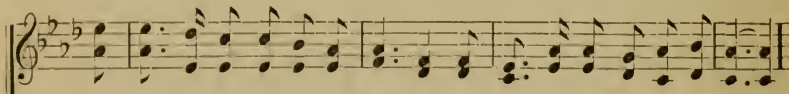
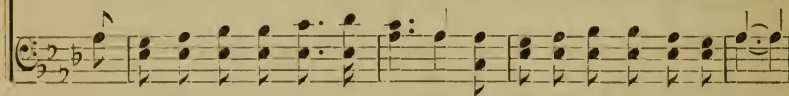
His pre-cious blood flows as a fount-ain, By faith has my soul en-tered in.  
 And I am so hap-py in Je - sus, My sins are all tak-en a - way.  
 The way may be rug-ged and thorn-y, My heart is still glad to o - bey.  
 The fire of the blest Ho-ly Spir - it, Will cleanse inbred sin all a - way.  
 Oh, Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah! Re-joice e - ven then and be glad.



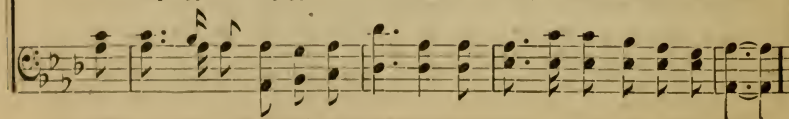
## CHORUS.

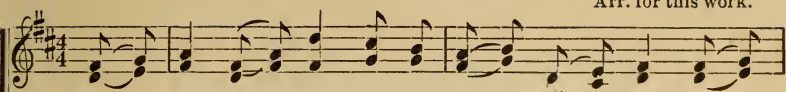


In Him I am free, hal - le - lu - jah! His blood doth so ful - ly a - tone,

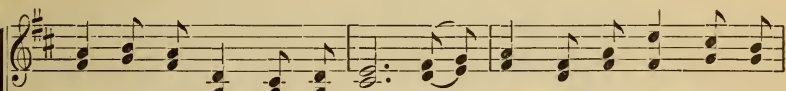
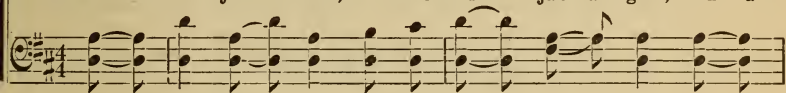


I'm hap - py, so hap-py in Je - sus, In Him, I am nev - er a - lone.

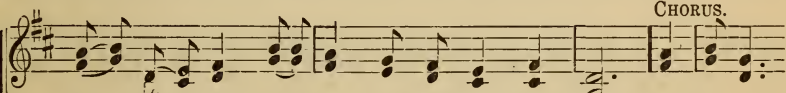
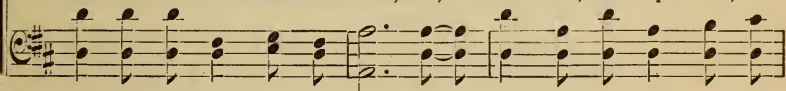




1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil - grim's ear, As he
2. The mos - sy old graves where the pil - grim's sleep, Shall be
3. There we'll meet all our loved ones in E - den our home, Sweet
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - gain, In a

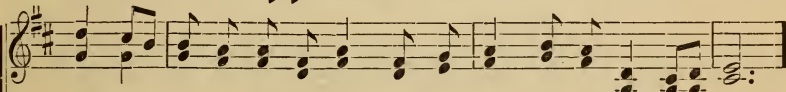
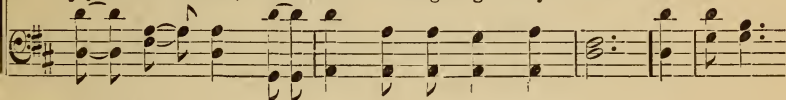


wan - ders in ex - ile from home; Soon, soon will the Sav - ior in  
o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mil - lions that sleep in the  
songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south all the  
lit - tle while we shall be there; Oh, be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be

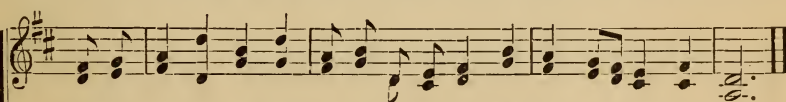


## CHORUS.

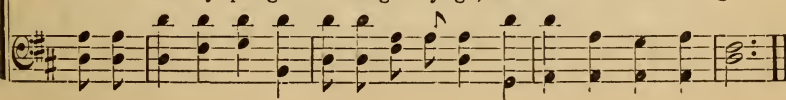
glo - ry ap - pear, And soon will His king - dom come.  
might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more. He's coming,  
ransom'd shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King.  
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry wear.



com - ing, com - ing soon I know, Com - ing back to this earth to reign;

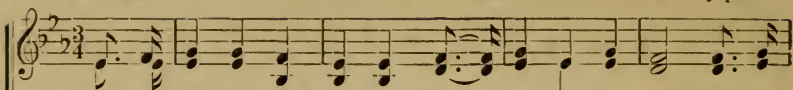


And the wea - ry pil - grim will to glo - ry go, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

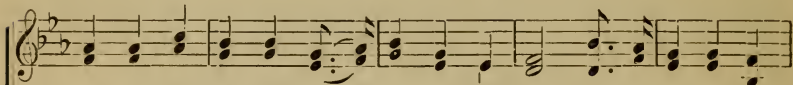
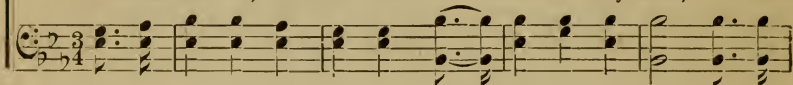


W. J. K.

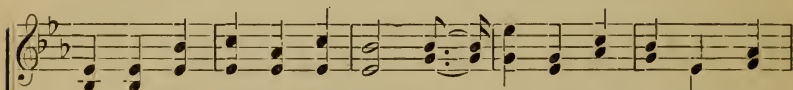
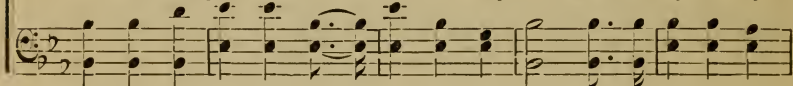
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



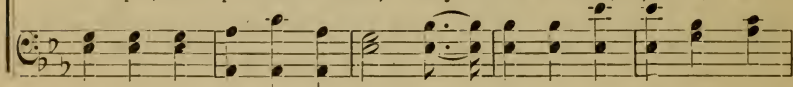
1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bear-ing
2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav - ior Whose mer - ci - ful call, Free - ly
3. Are you halt - ing and strug-gling, O'er - pow'rd by your sin, While the
4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, as - sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the



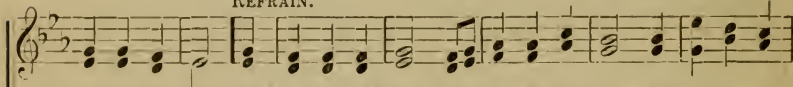
balm for the wound-ed, Heal-ing all who ap - ply; As Hes-pake to the  
 of - fers sal - va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'n'ing  
 wa - ters are troubled, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-i-or stands  
 soul heal-ing pow - er On us now be out-poured; Wash a-way ev - 'ry



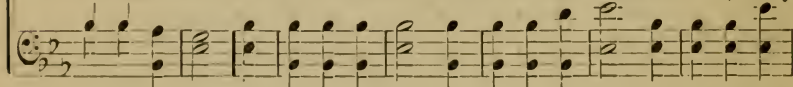
suff - 'rer Who lay at the pool, He is say-ing this mo-ment, "Wilt  
 to Him Each sin - taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt  
 wait - ing To strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest - ly plead-ing, "Wilt  
 sin - spot, Take per-fect con-trol, Say to each trust-ing spir - it, "Wilt



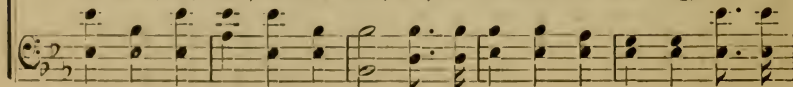
## REFRAIN.



thou be made whole?" Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O, come, weary



suf - frer, Oh, come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow - ing, See, the



# Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?

cleansing waves roll; Step in - to the cur-rent and thou shalt be whole.

## No. 149. Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

1. How oft in ho - ly con - verse With Christ, my Lord, a - lone,  
 2. They pass'd thro' toils and tri - als, And tho' the strife was long,  
 3. My soul takes up the cho - rus, And press - ing on my way,  
 4. Thro' grace I soon shall con - quer, And reach my home on high;

I seem to hear the mill - ions That sing a - round His throne:—  
 They share the vic - tor's con - quest, And sing the vic - tor's song.  
 Com - mun - ing still with Je - sus, I sing from day to day.  
 And thro' e - ter - nal a - ges I'll shout be - yond the sky.

### CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

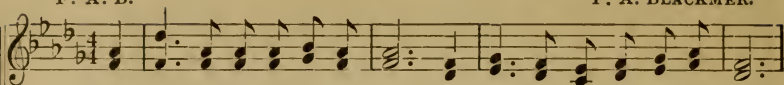
*poco rit.*  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

# No. 150. I'm Resting in the Crucified.

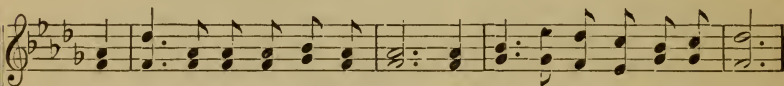
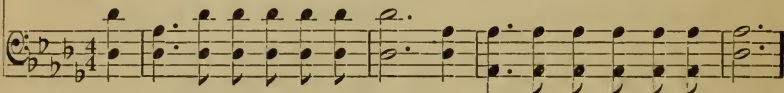
"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

F. A. B.

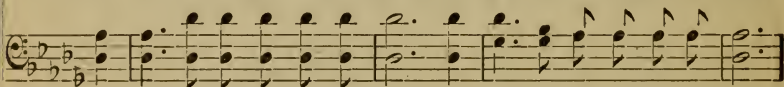
F. A. BLACKMER.



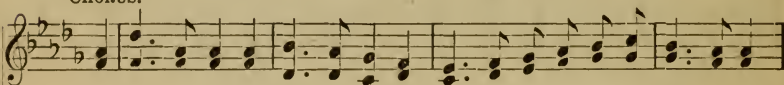
1. The Cru - ci - fied of Cal - va - ry Has tak - en all my load of sin;
2. Wea - ry and sad I wander'd, long Oppress'd with burdens hard to bear;
3. Oh, what a resting-place is this, And ref - uge for the wea - ry soul,
4. Se - cure from ev-'ry foe am I, While rest - ing in the Cru-ci - fied:



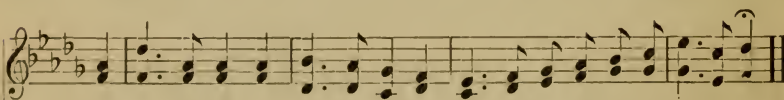
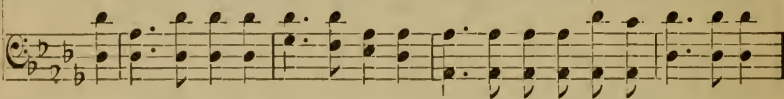
Has cleans'd my heart from ev-'ry stain, And bro't the glo - rious fulness in.  
But when the Cru - ci - fied I sought, I found sweet rest and sol - ace there.  
Where sin's wild o - cean can - not drown, Tho' near its threat'ning billows roll!  
Here is a calm and safe re - treat, And here I ev - er would a - bide.



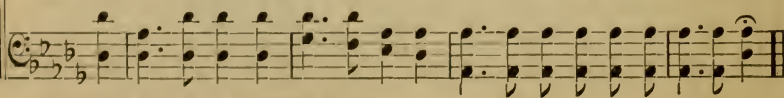
## CHORUS.



The Cru - ci - fied of Cal - va - ry, I'm sweet - ly rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied:



He saves me now, and all the time I'm sweet - ly rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.

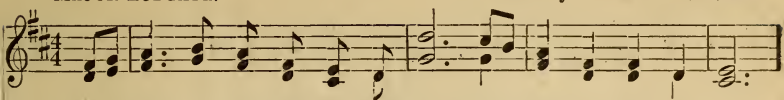


# No. 151.

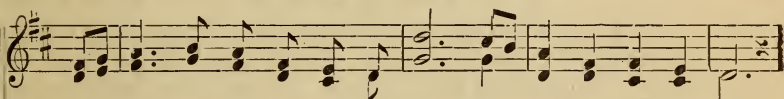
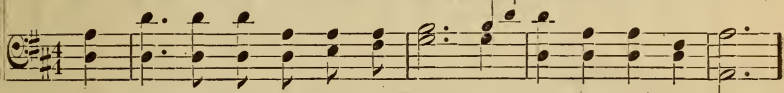
# Friendship With Jesus.

MAJOR LUDGATE.

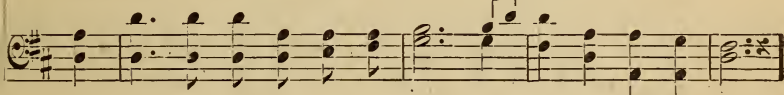
Secular Melody. Arr for this work.



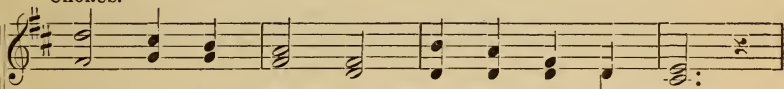
1. A friend of Je - sus, oh what bliss, That one so vile as I,
2. A friend when oth - er friendships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail,
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way,
4. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near,
5. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past,



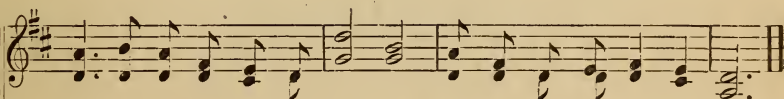
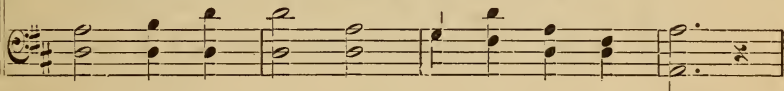
- Should ev - er have a friend like this, To lead me to the sky.  
 A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who does pre-vail.  
 A friend to steer my weak frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.  
 A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.  
 A friend to meet on heav-en's shore, A friend when home at last.



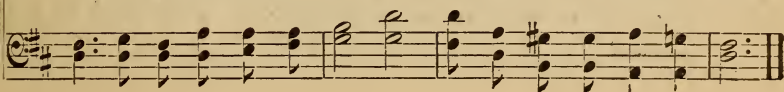
## CHORUS.



Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine,

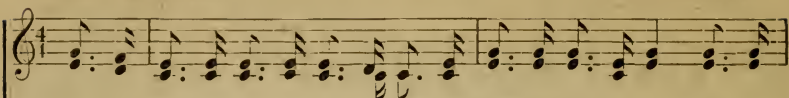


Oh, what blessed sweet com-mun - ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.

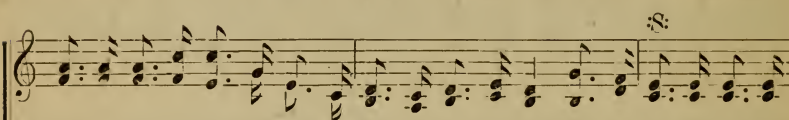
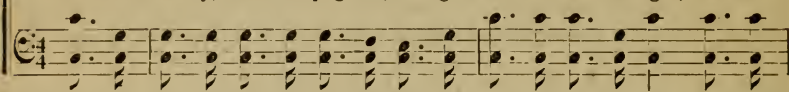


Rev. J. M. HOBBS.

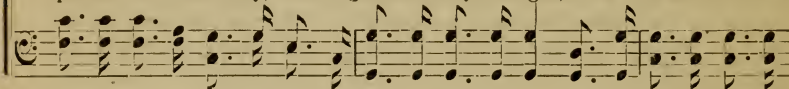
JNO. R. SWENEY.



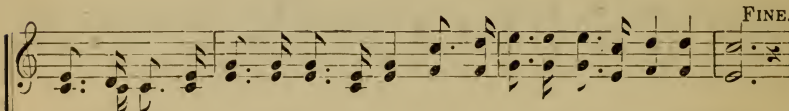
1. O the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Has been ring-ing thro' my soul, Ev - er
2. O the hal - le - lu - jah chor - us Is a glo - rious one to sing, But the
3. I'm a hal - le - lu - jah pil - grim, And I'll nev - er hold my peace Till my
4. Then be read - y, faith - ful pilgrims, To go for - ward in the fight, Take the



since I came to Je - sus, And His Spir - it made me whole; All my spir - it, soul and  
soul's true hal - le - lu - jah Is a - wak - ened by our King; For the joy of His sal -  
bless - ed Sav - ior tells me, Then, then on - ly will I cease To in - vite poor hun - gry  
Spir - it's blade of vic - t'ry, Wield - ing it with all your might; For with faith in God we

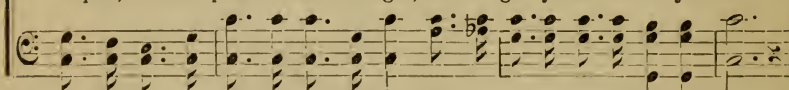


D. S.—since I came to



FINE.

bod - y, Now are un - der His con - trol, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.  
va - tion, Makes the heart with mu - sic ring On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.  
sinners, Come, and share the gospel feast, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.  
conquer, And we'll praise Him with delight, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.



Je - sus, and His Spir - it made me whole, I've been on the hal - le - lu - jah line.

CHORUS.

D. S.



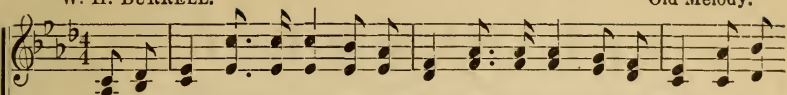
Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Ev - er

Hal - le - lu - jah!

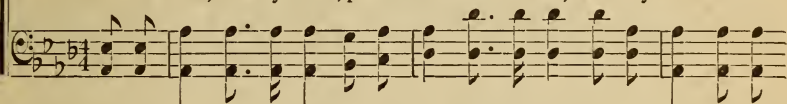


W. H. BURRELL.

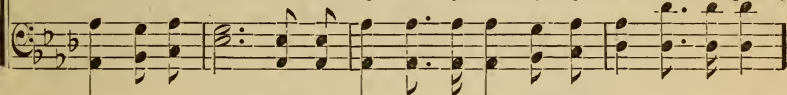
Old Melody.



1. With my sin-wounded soul, to be made ful-ly whole, And the perfect sal-
2. Oh, how long I have tried to re - sist na-ture's tide, All in vain have I
3. I Thy prom-ise be-lieve that in Thee I shall live, Thro' Thy blood shed so
4. To be Thine, whol-ly Thine, precious Sav-ior di-vine, With my all con-se-



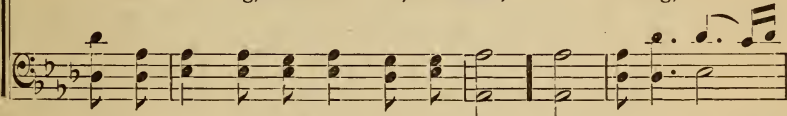
va-tion to see, With my heart all a-glow, To be wash'd white as snow,  
 sigh'd to be free; In my - self all un-done, 'Neath the waves sinking down,  
 free - ly for me: To ob - tain a pure heart, And se-cure the good-part,  
 cra-ted to Thee; To be kept ev - 'ry hour, By Thy love's wondrous pow'r,



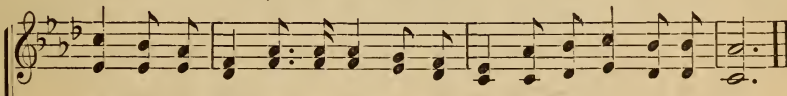
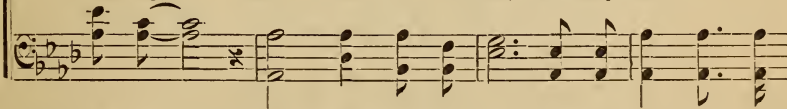
## CHORUS.



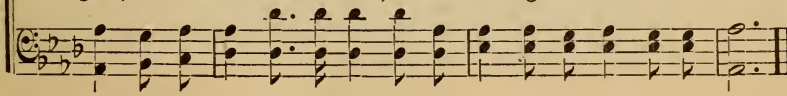
I am com-ing, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, I'm com-ing, I'm



com - ing, dear Sav - ior to Thee, With my heart all a-



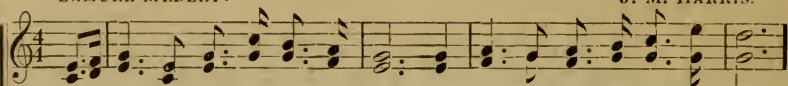
glow, to be wash'd white as snow, I am com-ing dear Sav - ior to Thee.



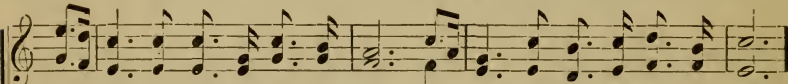
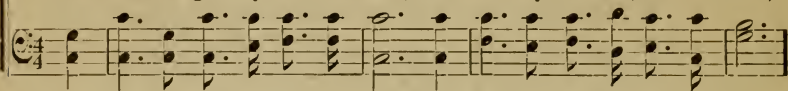
# No. 154. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

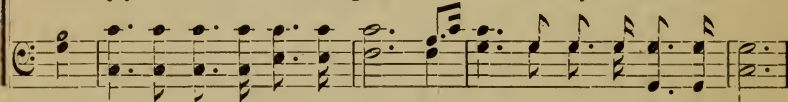
J. M. HARRIS.



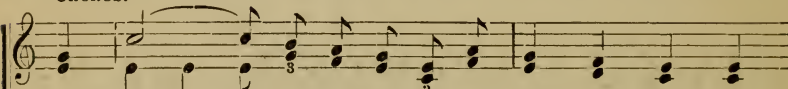
1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove;
3. He lives, and grants me dai - ly breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death;
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name; He lives, my Sav - ior, still the same;



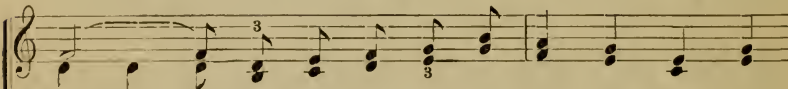
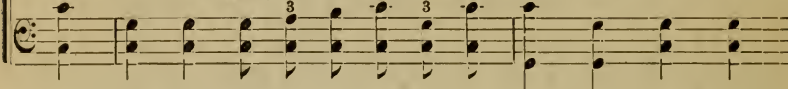
He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - last - ing head!  
 He lives, my hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.  
 He lives, my man - sion to pre - pare; He lives, to bring me safe - ly there.  
 What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives, I know that my Re-deem-er lives!



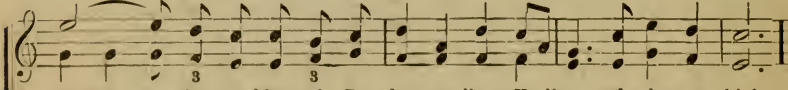
## CHORUS.



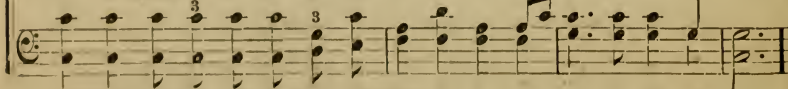
I know . . . that my bless - ed Re - deem - er lives, I  
 I know,



know . . . that my bless - ed Re - deem - er lives, I  
 I know,



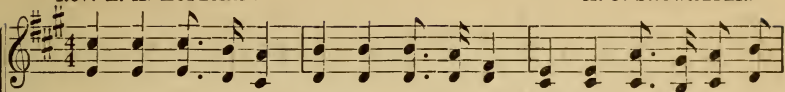
know . . . that my bless - ed Re - deem - er lives, He lives and reigns on high.  
 I know,



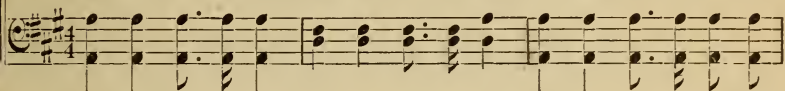
# No. 155. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

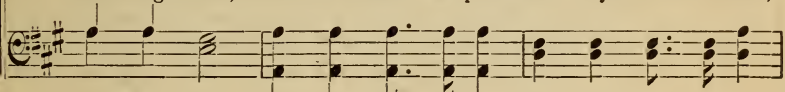
A. J. SHOWALTER.



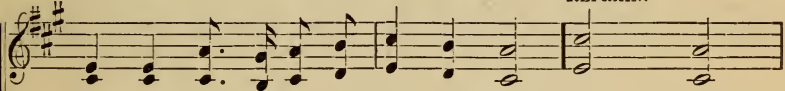
1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-



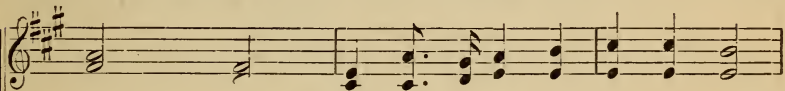
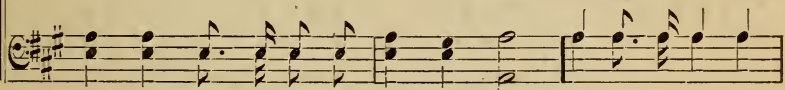
last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, What a peace is mine,  
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
last-ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,



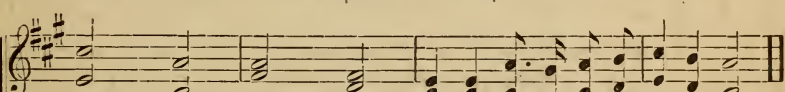
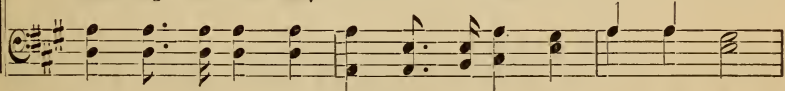
## REFRAIN.



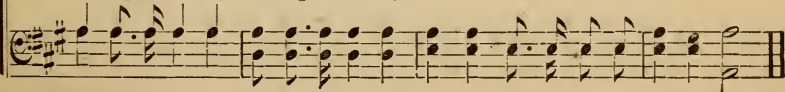
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,  
Lean-ing on Je-sus,



Lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;  
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

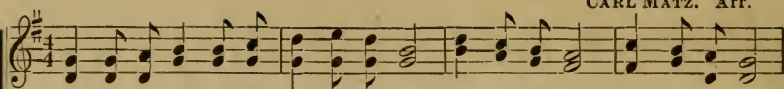


Lean-ing, lean-ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

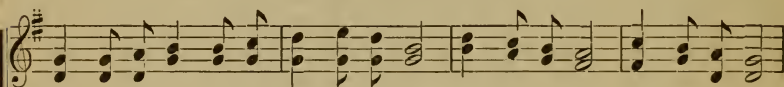
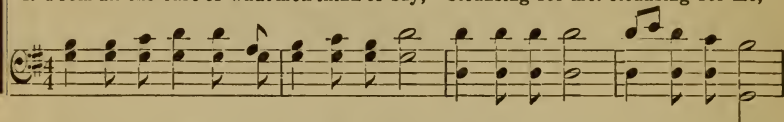


By per.

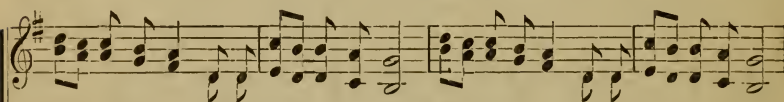
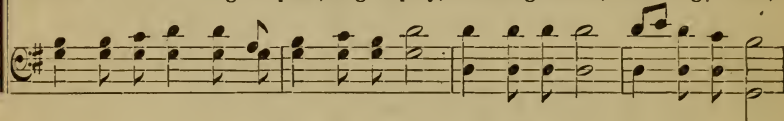
CARL MATZ. ARR.



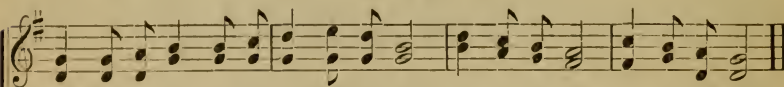
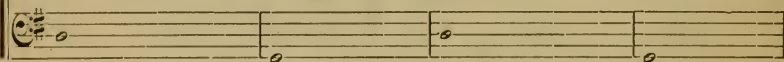
1. Lord, thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me,
2. From all the sins o-ver which I have wept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me,
3. From all the doubts that have fill'd me with gloom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me,
4. From all the care of what men think or say, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me,



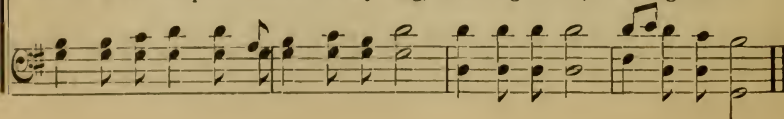
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,  
 Far, far a - way by the blood-currentswept, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,  
 From all the fears that would point me to doom, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,  
 From ev - er fear - ing to speak, sing or pray, Cleansing for me, cleans-ing for me,



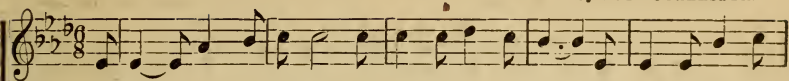
Sinful and black tho' the past may have been, Many the crushing defeats I have seen,  
 Je - sus, Thy prom - ise I dare to be - lieve, And as I come thou dost surely receive,  
 Je - sus, al-though I may not un - der - stand, In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,  
 Lord in Thy love and Thy pow'r make me strong, That all may know that to Thee I belong,



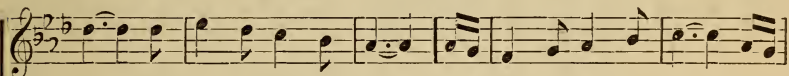
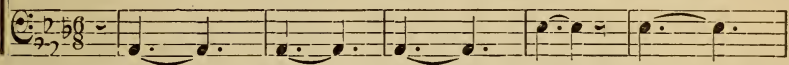
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord now I lean, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.  
 That o - ver sin I may nevermore grieve, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.  
 And thro' Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleansed by Thee, cleansed by Thee.  
 When I am tempt-ed let this be my song, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.



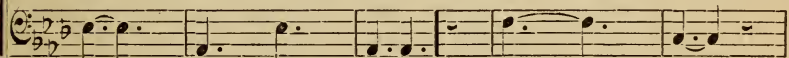
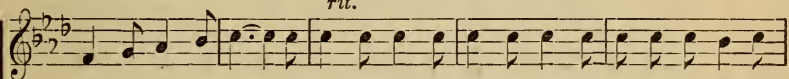
Arr. by F. B. GILLESPIE.



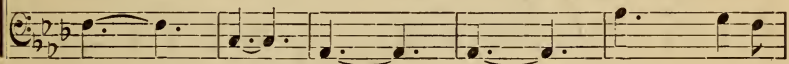
1. I used to think that Canaan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, perhaps, might
2. A land of corn and wine, Where milk and honey flow, On which the Lord doth
3. A life at peace with God; With Je-sus in my soul; A heart wash'd in the
4. This rest it is for you; Then leave the wilder-ness; You'll find God's Word is



go When-e'er I came to die. But when I came to God, And smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God, Be-blood, By Him made ful-ly whole. From death to life di-vine; Each true; You're a-ble to pos-sess. So put a-way the things That

*rit.*

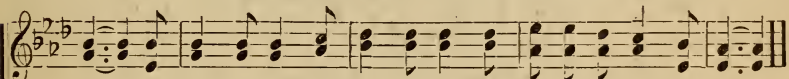
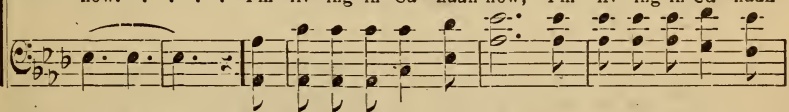
at His cross did bow, I found sal-va-tion thro' the blood; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan cause He shows me how; I stand where good old Joshua stood; I'm living in Ca-naan dark spot white as snow; He speaks the word, and it is done; My soul re- ceives it God does not al-low And if your all to Christ you bring, You'll be living in Ca-naan



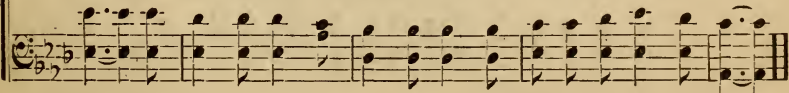
CHORUS.

*a tempo.*

now. . . . I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now, I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan



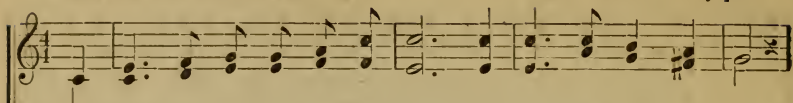
now; I'm do-ing well, I'm glad to tell; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now.



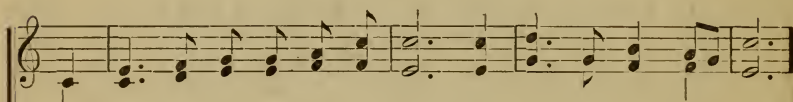
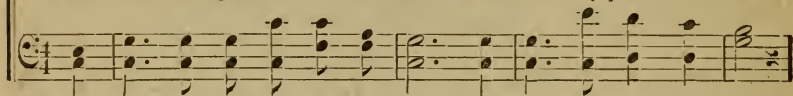
# No. 158. The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

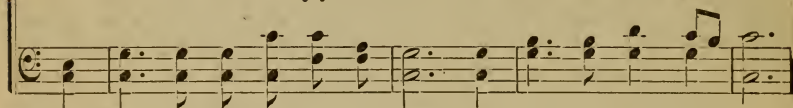
R. E. HUDSON. By per.



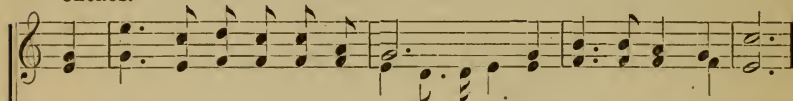
1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O, Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres - ence be



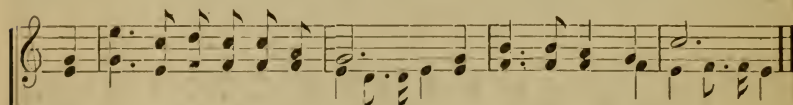
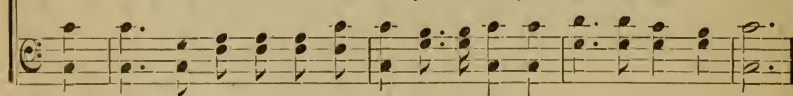
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.  
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.  
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



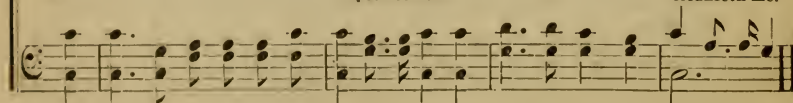
## CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;  
yet been told,



The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.  
yet been told cleanseth me.

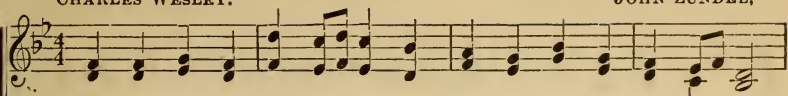


## No. 159.

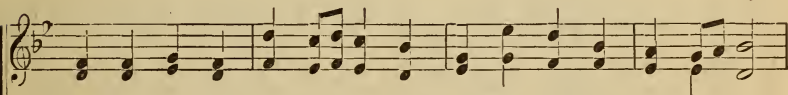
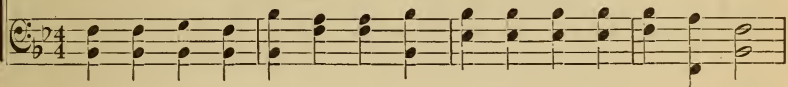
## Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

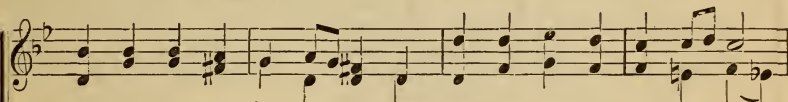
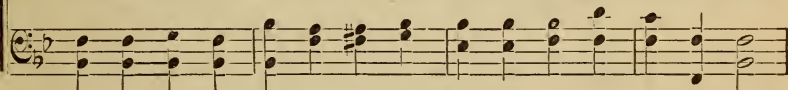
JOHN ZUNDEL,



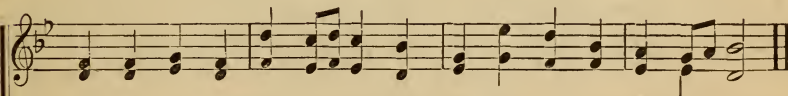
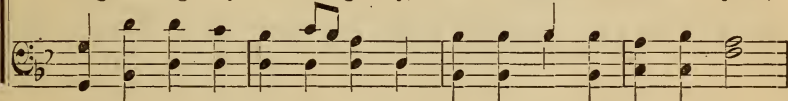
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!  
 3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;  
 4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



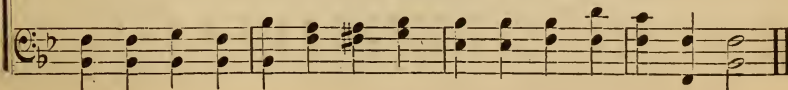
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.  
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.  
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave:  
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee.

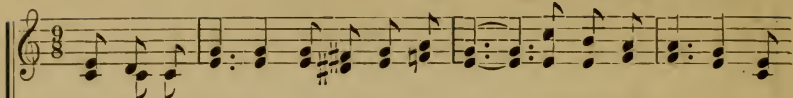


Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;  
 Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,  
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

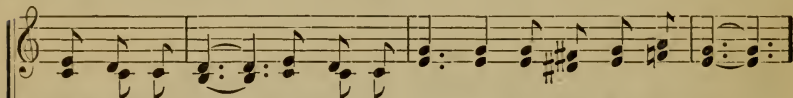
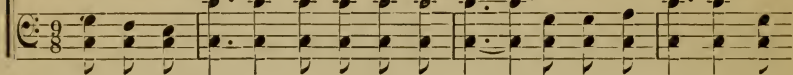


Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.  
 Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

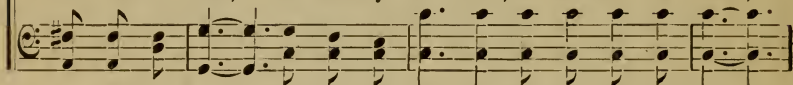




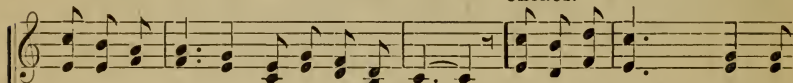
1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, His death reckon'd mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a  
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there; Nev - er a bur - den that  
 3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and  
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel; Nev - er a sick - ness that



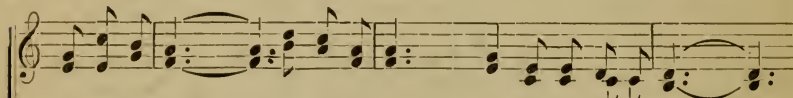
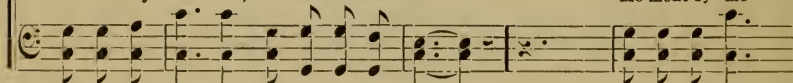
new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus, till glo - ry doth shine;  
 He doth not bear; Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share;  
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger, but there on His throne,  
 He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal,



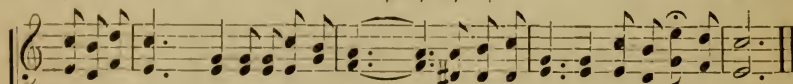
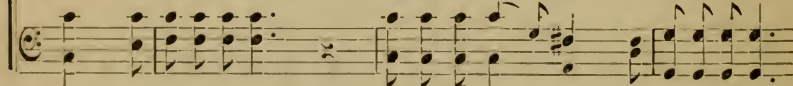
## CHORUS.



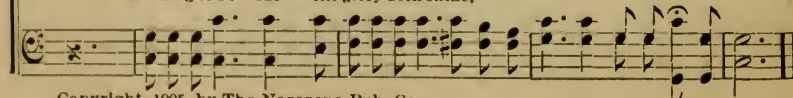
Moment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
 Moment by mo - ment, I'm un - der His care, Moment by mo - ment, I'm  
 Moment by mo - ment, He thinks of His own.  
 Je - sus my Sav - iour, abides with me still. Mo - ment by mo -



kept in His love; . . . Moment by mo - ment, I've life from a - bove; . . .  
 ment I'm kept in His love; Moment by mo - ment I've life from above:



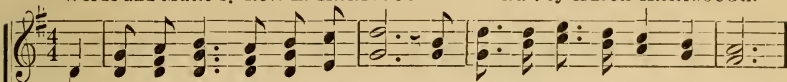
Looking to Je - sus till glory doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
 Looking to Je - sus till glory doth shine,



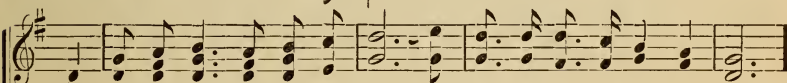
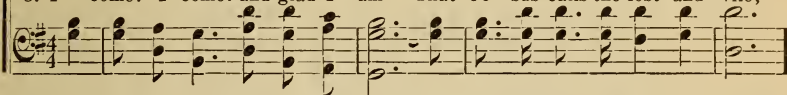
# No. 161. I Am Glad There is Cleansing,

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

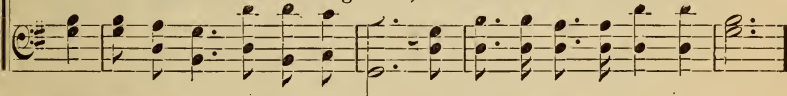
Har. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.



1. How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings, Where Love di-vine with mer-cy blends;
2. 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's burdened ones, Lead, lead them up to Cal-v'ry's Mount;
4. Why need we strug - gle on in self, We can-not make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;



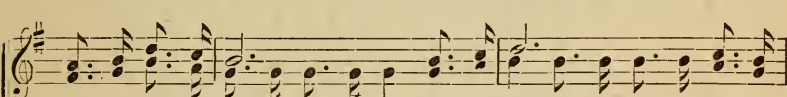
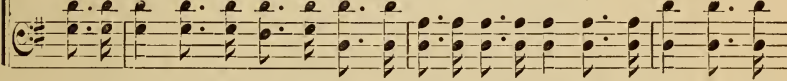
How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.  
Who gives up all,—who comes by faith, This cleansing finds without de - lay.  
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleansing in Redemtion's Fount.  
'Tis Christ's own Blood, and that a - lone Can change and cleanse the heart a-right.  
There thousands have a cleansing found, I'll heed the Savior's welcome smile.



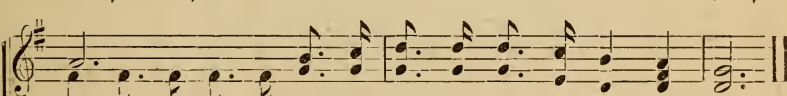
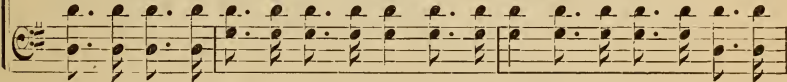
## CHORUS.



I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am glad there is  
there is cleansing in the Blood,



cleansing in the blood; Tell the world All the  
there is cleansing in the Blood; there is cleansing,



world, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-ior's Blood.  
there is cleans-ing,

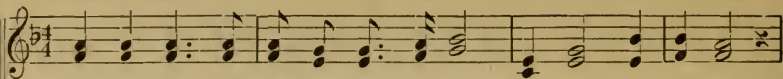


## No. 162.

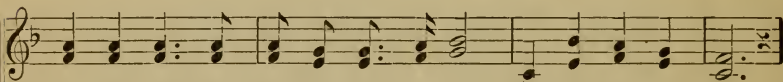
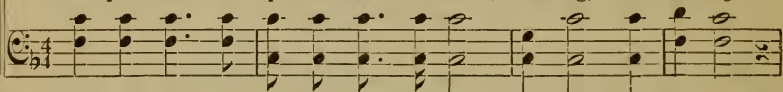
## Feasting With My Lord.

JOHN S. BROWN.

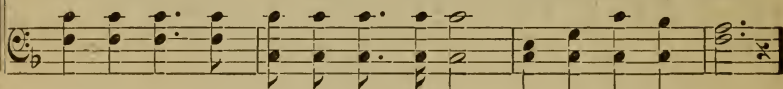
L. O. BROWN.



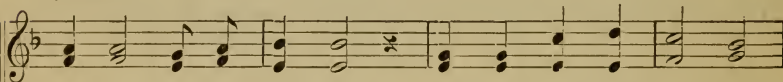
1. Since my soul is saved and sanc - ti - fied, Feast-ing, I'm feast-ing,
2. Feed - ing on the hon - ey and the wine, Feast-ing, I'm feast-ing,
3. Day by day we have a new sup-ly, Feast-ing, I'm feast-ing,
4. Ma - ny times we have an ex - tra spread, Feast-ing, I'm feast-ing,
5. Oft - en there are on - ly just we two, Feast-ing, I'm feast-ing,
6. If per-chance the cup-board's scarce of bread, Feast-ing, I'm feast-ing,



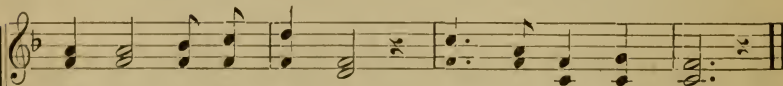
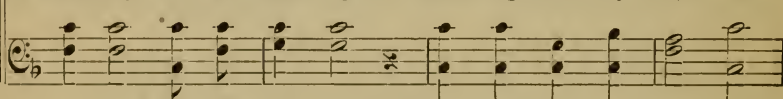
In this land of Ca-naan I'll a-bide, Feast-ing with my Lord.  
 Gath-er - ing the clus - ters from the vine, Feast-ing with my Lord.  
 And the food is nev - er stale nor dry, Feast-ing with my Lord.  
 When to deep - er truths I have been led, Feast-ing with my Lord.  
 Then He tells me what He'd have me do, Feast-ing with my Lord.  
 On the hid - den man - na I am fed, Feast-ing with my Lord.



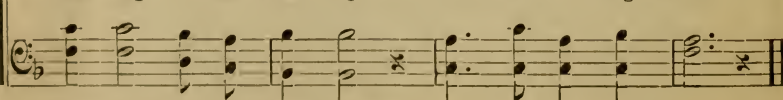
## CHORUS.



Feast-ing, I am feast - ing, Feast - ing with my Lord; I'm

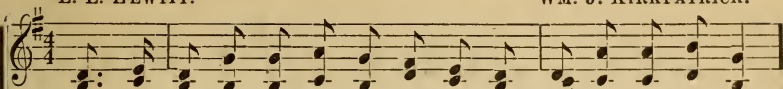


feast - ing, I am feast - ing On the liv - ing Word.

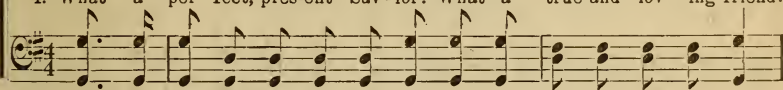


E. E. HEWITT.

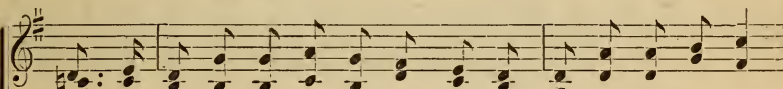
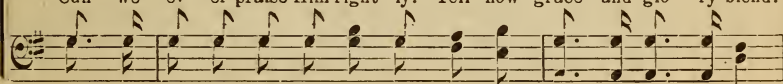
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



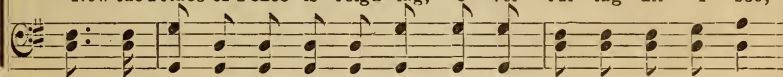
1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweep-ing ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect, pres-ent Sav-ior! What a true and lov-ing friend!



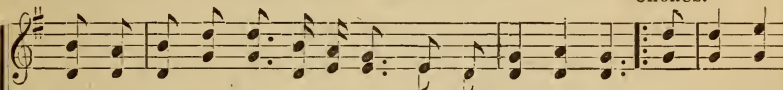
Far ex-cel the grand-est knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;  
 To the spark-ling, liv-ing wa-ters, Flow-ing ful-ly, free-ly still;  
 For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est tho't ex-ceed;  
 Can we ev-er praise Him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?



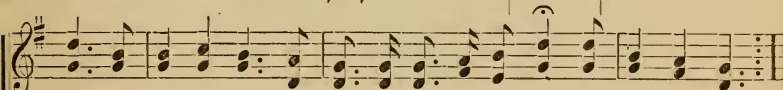
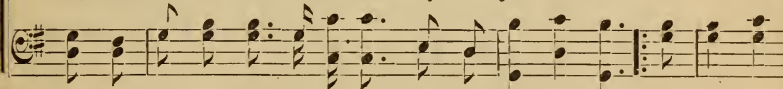
I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-ter-y,  
 No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;  
 To the might-y, roy-al store-house Let me use the gold-en key,  
 Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;



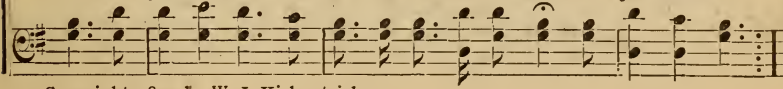
## CHORUS.



But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me.  
 I can trust His "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me. It just suits  
 Find the spe-cial, ten-der promise That will just suit me.  
 So, what-ev-er lot He or-ders, May it just suit me.

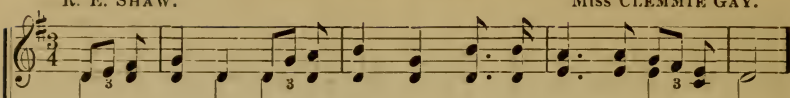


me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits me.

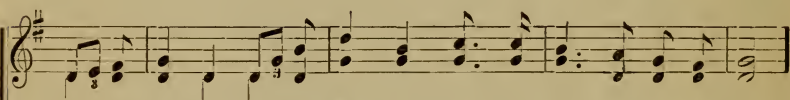
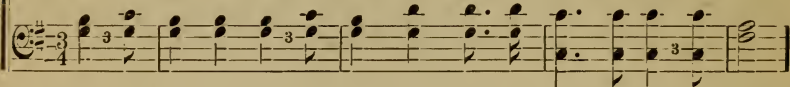


R. E. SHAW.

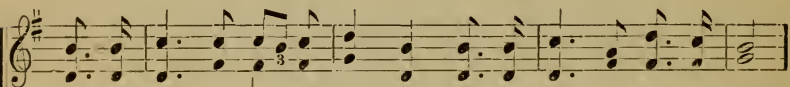
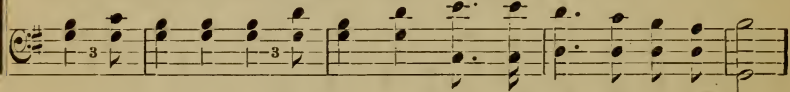
MISS CLEMMIE GAY.



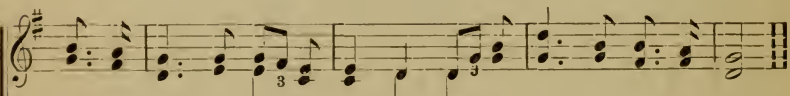
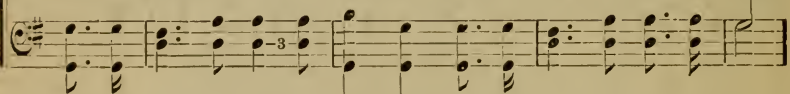
1. Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, Yes, the Lamb that once was slain,
2. Yes, He's com-ing, Glo-rious com-ing, For our Sav-ior won't de-lay,
3. Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, Glo-rious news doth fill my breast,
4. Christ is com-ing, Yes, He's com-ing, O, the joy it brings to me,



Christ is com-ing, Yes, He's com-ing, to be with us once a-gain.  
 For His bride is robed in white-ness, Read-y for the mar-riage day.  
 I shall meet Him in the heav-ens, Then with Him for-ev-er rest.  
 For I soon will reign with Je-sus, Through-out all e-ter-ni-ty.

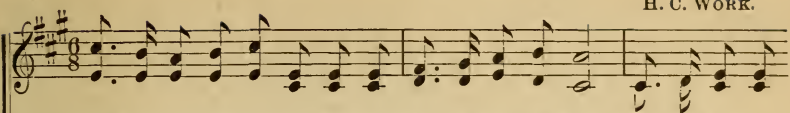


O, the rapt-ure of His com-ing, O, the joy it brings to me,  
 Read-y yes, all clad in white-ness, With her guilt all washed a-way,  
 O, the joy of nev-er part-ing From my bless-ed Lord and King;  
 There my songs will be of Je-sus, As I sit a round His throne,

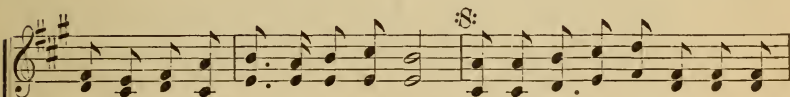
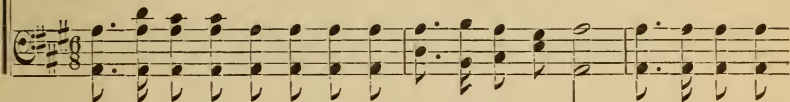


When I think of my Re-deem-er, Who will come a-gain for me.  
 There to dwell with Christ the Sav-ior, To a-bide in end-less day.  
 With re-deemed ones ev-er shout-ing, Hal-le-lu-jahs we will bring.  
 Prais-ing Him for my re-demp-tion, Hal-le-lu-jah—Gath-ered home.

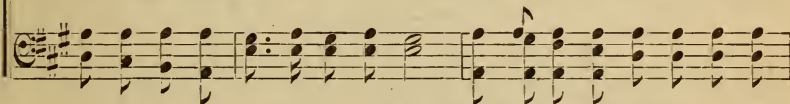




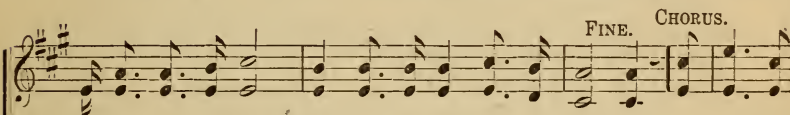
1. Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gos-pel song, Sing it with a
2. Gird the gos-pel ar-mor on and du-ty's call o-bey; See the host of
3. For-ward then to bat-tle'neath the ban-ner of the cross; Counting worldly



spir-it that will move the mighty throng; Sing it till the world shall hear the  
Sa-tan read-y marshaled for the fray; Go-ing forth to meet them we will  
hon-ors at their best as on-ly dross; Je-sus is our Cap-tain and we

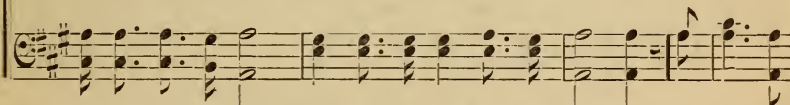


*D. S.—Now we'll shout sal-va-tion o-ver*

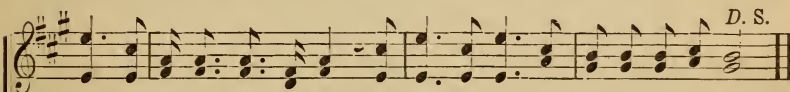


*FINE. CHORUS.*

ech-oes loud and long, While we are march-ing to glo-ry.  
watch and fight and pray, While we are march-ing to glo-ry. Then hail! all  
ne'er can suf-fer loss, While we are march-ing to glo-ry.

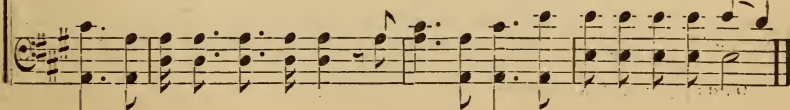


*mountain, land, and sea, While we are march-ing to glo-ry.*



*D. S.*

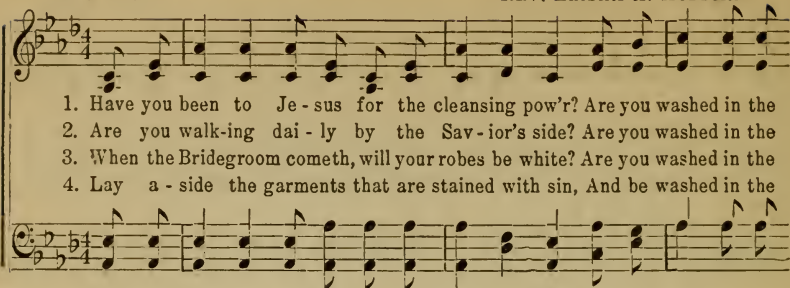
hail! the com-ing ju-bi-lee! Redeemed from sin, our Je-sus makes us free;



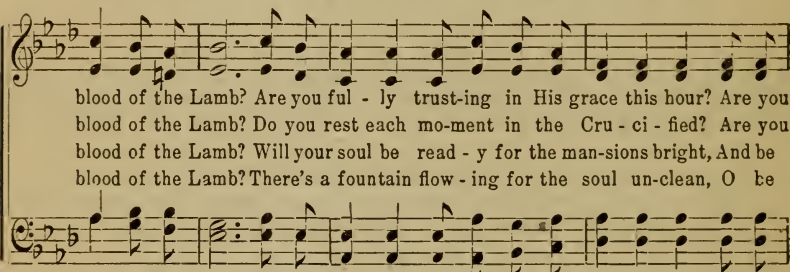
# No. 166. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

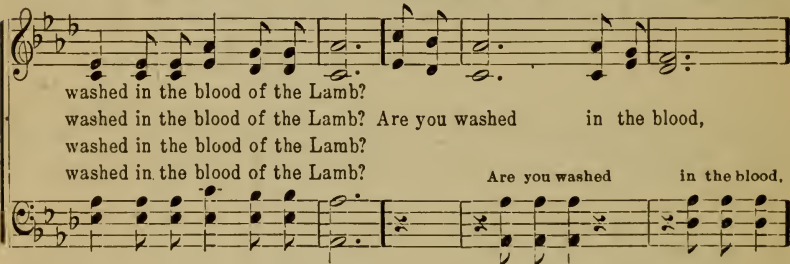


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the  
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the  
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white? Are you washed in the  
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

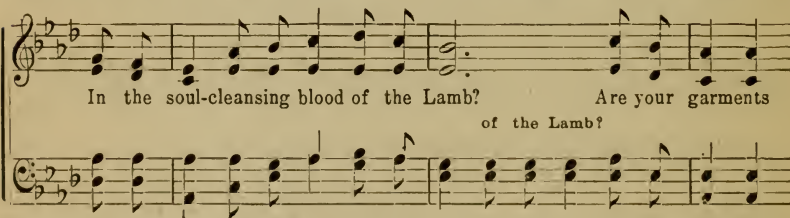


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His grace this hour? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man - sions bright, And be  
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, O be

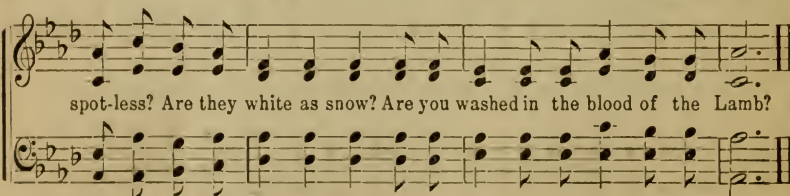
## CHORUS.



washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,



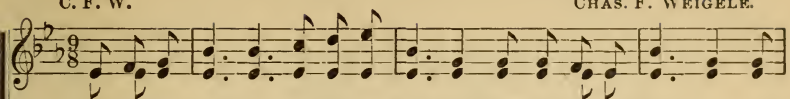
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments  
 of the Lamb?



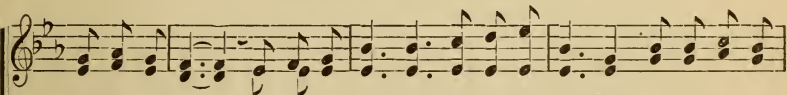
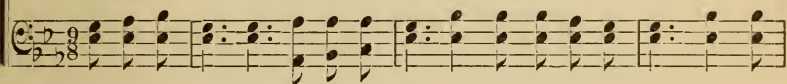
spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

C. F. W.

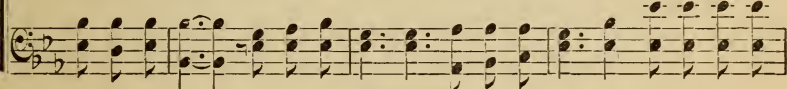
CHAS. F. WEIGELE.



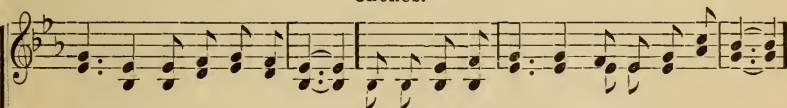
1. I was so lone-ly, so ver-y lone-ly, When I from my Sav - ior had
2. I was so hun-gry, so ver-y hun-gry, When out in the des - ert I
3. I was so wea-ry, so ver-y wea - ry, When tired of my wand'r-ing I



wandered a - way; Now I am hap - py, so ver - y hap - py, Since I to my  
wandered a - lone; Since I'm in Ca-naan, liv - ing in Ca-naan, I've plen - ty of  
lay down to die; Je - sus came near me, so ver - y near me, When in my dis -

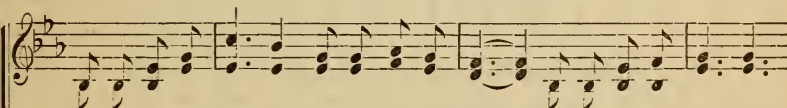
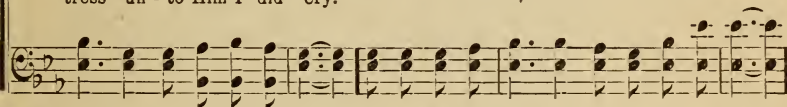


## CHORUS.

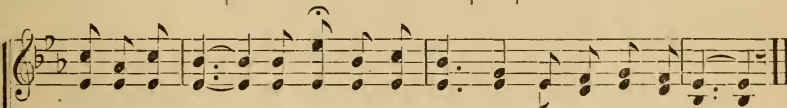
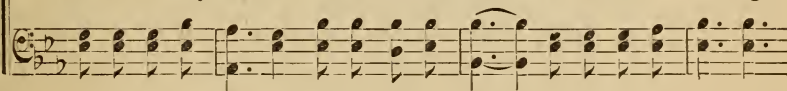


Sav - ior have come home to stay.

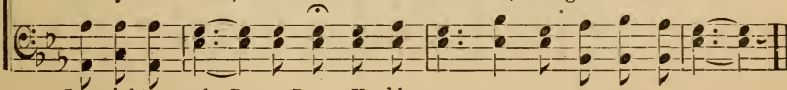
bread; oh, I'm glad I came home. I'm glad I came home, oh, so glad I came home,  
tress un - to Him I did cry.



From Je - sus my Sav-iour, I'll nev - er more roam; No more am I starv-ing,

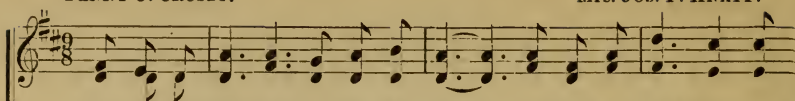


wea-ry or lone; Since Je - sus has found me, I'm glad I came home.

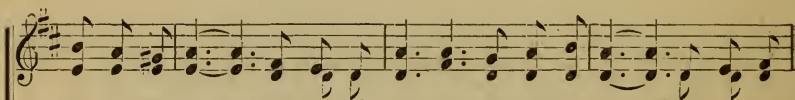
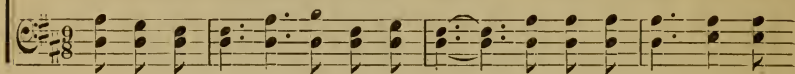


FANNY J. CROSBY.

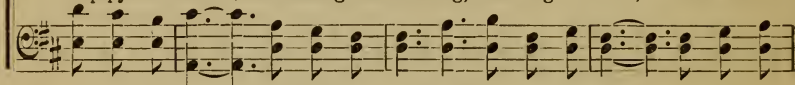
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



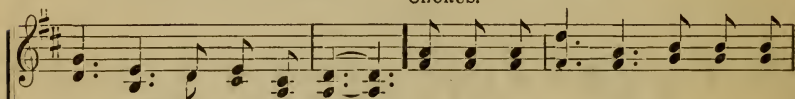
1. Bles-sed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



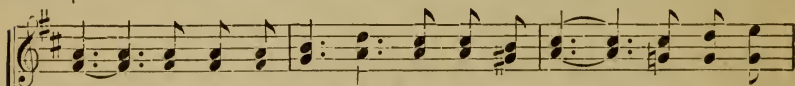
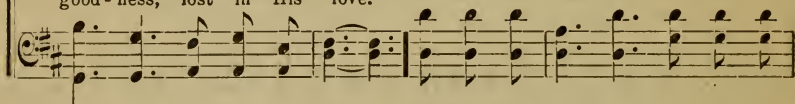
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scending, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of  
 hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His



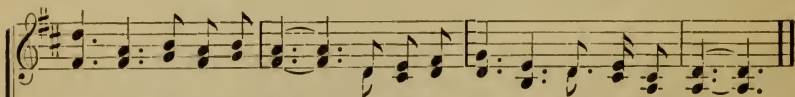
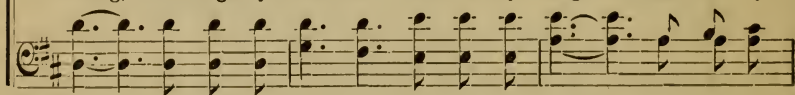
## CHORUS.



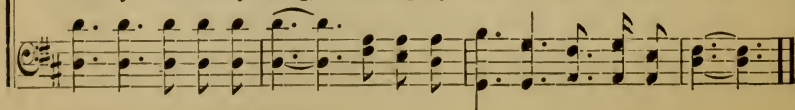
Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.  
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my  
 good-ness, lost in His love.



song, 'Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my



sto-ry this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.



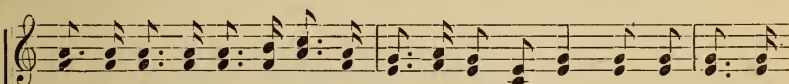
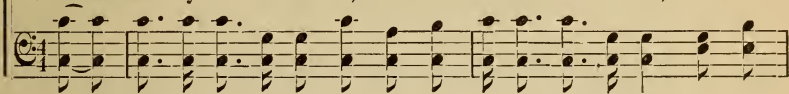
# No. 169. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

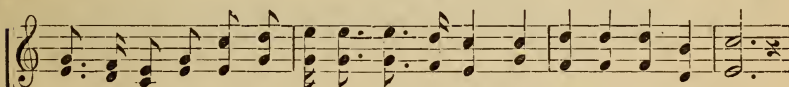
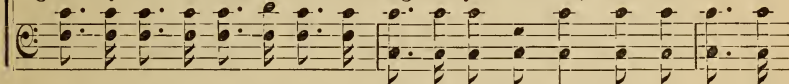
Old Campmeeting Air.



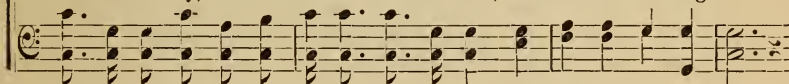
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beaut-y of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea; With a



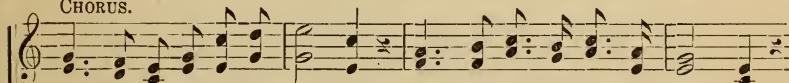
tramp-ling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loos'd the  
build-ed Him an al-tar in the ev'-ning dews and damps; I can read His  
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat; Oh, be swift my  
glo-ry in His bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to



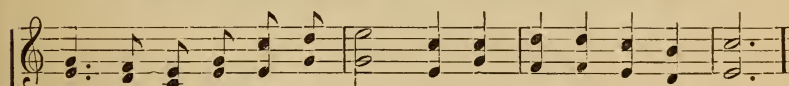
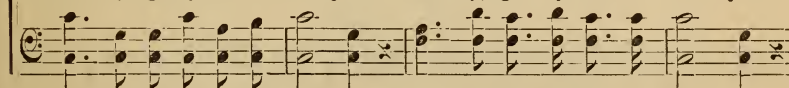
fate-ful lightning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.  
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His truth is marching on.  
soul to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.  
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.



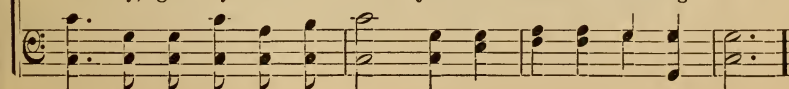
## CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!



Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.



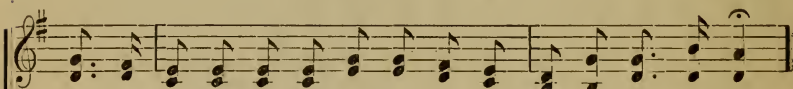
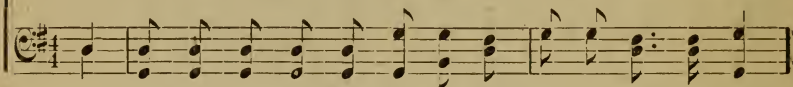
# No. 170. Kept in Perfect Peace.

L. H. EDMUNDS  
*Moderato.*

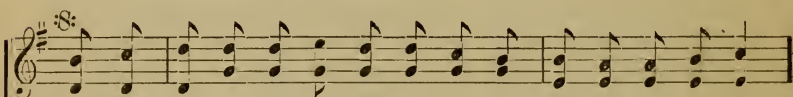
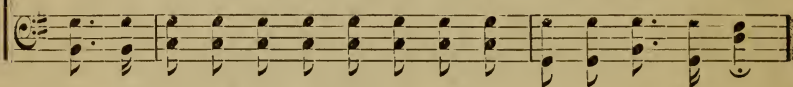
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



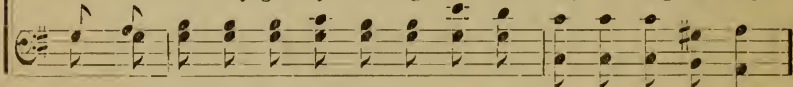
1. A - bid - ing in the shad - ow of the ev - er - last - ing wings,
2. Oh, there's the hap - py shel - ter where the wea - ry ones may hide,
3. Be - neath His shad - ow rest - ing, al - ways safe with - in His care,
4. A - bid - ing in the shad - ow of the ev - er - last - ing wings,



In the se - cret hab - i - ta - tion of the might - y King of kings;  
And true com - fort for our sor - row, when in Je - sus we a - bide,  
Sure - ly Je - sus can de - liv - er from the fowler's lurk - ing snare,  
I will sing the love that saves me, for re - deem - ing grace He brings,

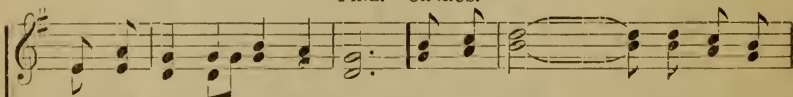


There's a joy se - rene and bless - ed, and the trust - ing spir - it sings,  
"Peace that pass - eth un - der - stand - ing" fills the soul for whom He died,  
From the poi - soned ar - rows fly - ing, sin and dan - ger ev - 'ry - where,  
Till I see Thy glo - ry shin - ing, let me be, O King of kings,

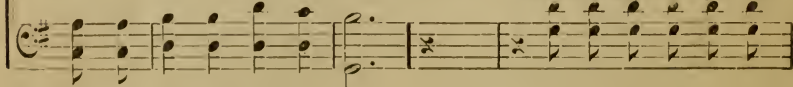


D.S.—When a - bid - ing in the shad - ow of the ev - er - last - ing wings,

## FINE. CHORUS.



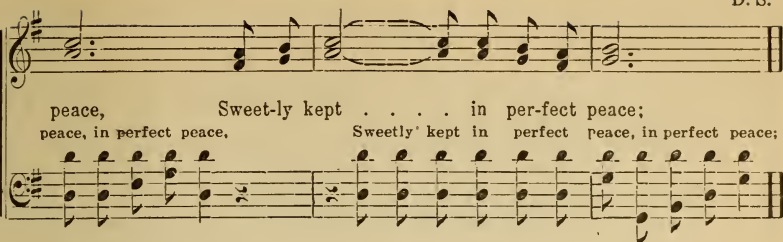
Sweet - ly kept "in per - fect peace." Sweet - ly kept . . . in per - fect  
Sweet - ly kept in per - fect



We are kept in per - fect peace.

# Kept in Perfect Peace.

D. S.

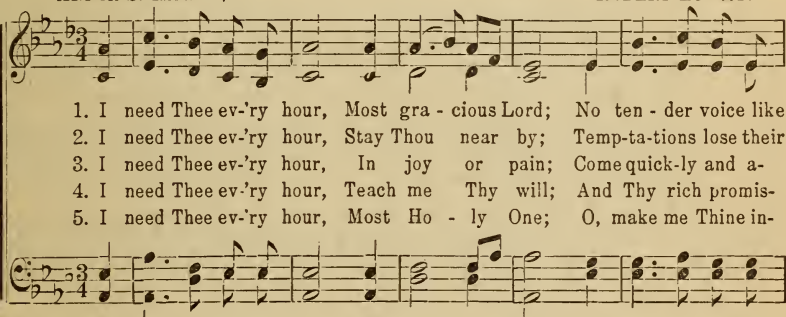


peace, Sweet-ly kept . . . in per-fect peace;  
 peace, in perfect peace. Sweetly' kept in perfect peace, in perfect peace;

## No. 171. I Need Thee Every Hour.

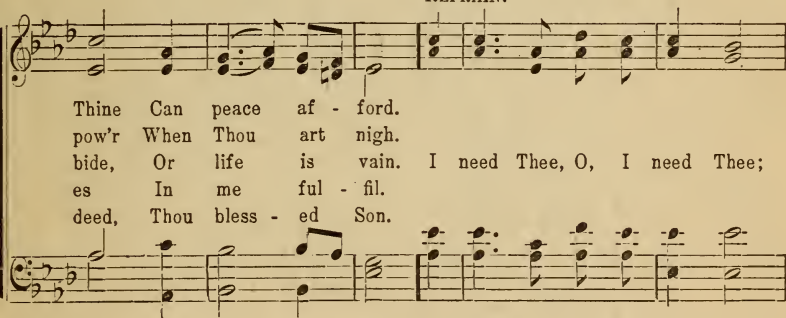
ANNIE S. HAWKS,

ROBERT LOWRY.

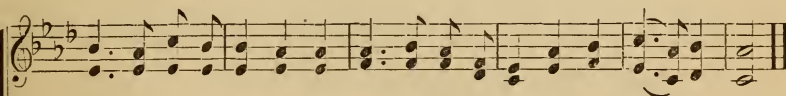


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-tations lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-  
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-  
 5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O, make me Thine in-

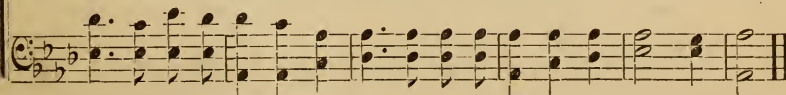
### REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af-ford.  
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O, I need Thee;  
 es In me ful-fil.  
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son.



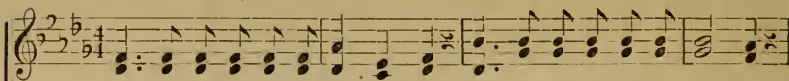
Ev-'ry hour I need Thee, O, bless me now my Sav-ior! I come to Thee.



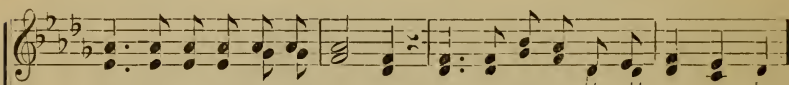
"Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ."—  
2 Cor. 1: 2.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

G. W. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;  
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

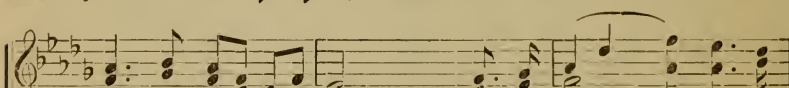


With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
Dai - ly manna still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

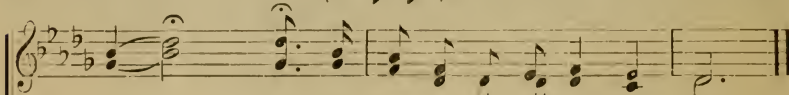
## CHORUS.



Till we meet . . . Till we meet, Till we  
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.



meet at Je - sus feet; Till we meet, . . . till we  
till we meet; Till we meet, till we

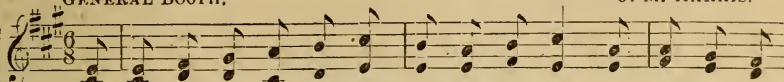


meet, God be with us till we meet a - gain.  
meet a - gain,

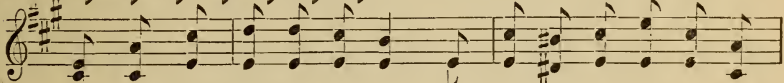
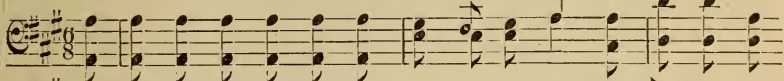
# No. 173. The Heavenly Gales Are Blowing.

GENERAL BOOTH.

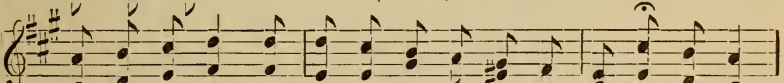
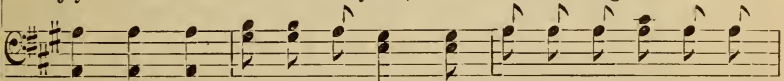
J. M. HARRIS.



1. Oh, bound-less sal - va - tion, deep o - cean of love, Oh, full-ness of
2. My sins they are ma - ny, their stains are so deep, And bit - ter the
3. My tem-pers are fit - ful, my pas-sions are strong, They bind my poor
4. Now tossed with temp-ta-tion, then haunt-ed with fears, My life has been



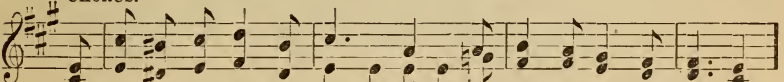
mer - cy Christ bro't from a - bove, The whole world re-deem-ing, so  
tears of re-morse that I weep, But use-less is weep-ing, thou  
soul and they force me to wrong; Be-neath thy blest bil-lows de-  
joy-less and use-less for years, I feel some-thing bet-ter most



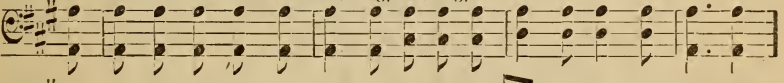
rich and so free, Now flow-ing for all men, come, roll o-ver me!  
great crim-son sea, Thy wa-ters can cleanse me, come, roll o-ver me!  
liverance I see, Oh, come, might-y o - cean, and roll o-ver me!  
sure-ly would be If once thy pure wa-ters would roll o-ver me!



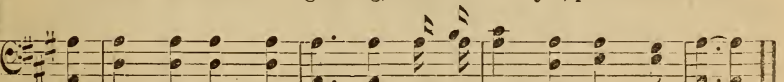
## CHORUS.



The heav-en - ly gales are blow - ing, The cleansing sea is flow - ing,  
blow - ing, blow - ing,



Be-neath its waves I'm go - ing, Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

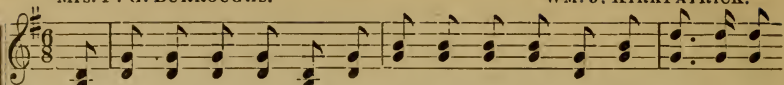


5 O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood  
On the brink of thy wonderful, life-giving flood;  
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,  
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

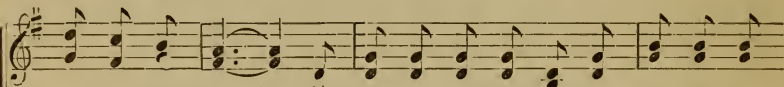
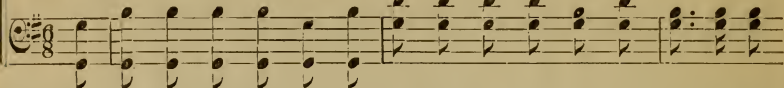
6 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave  
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to Save."  
My faith's growing bolder, delivered I'll be,  
I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me!

Mrs. F. G. BURROUGHS.

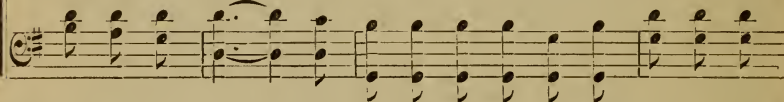
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



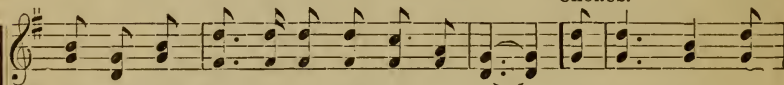
1. There's no con-dem-na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus, That walk in the
2. There's no con-dem-na-tion and no sep-e-ra-tion From Je-sus our
3. There's no con-dem-na-tion, O bless-ed as-sur-ance, To sin-ners now
4. There's no con-dem-na-tion, ring out the sweet sto-ry To all who are



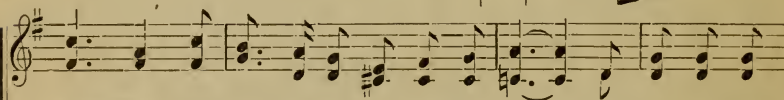
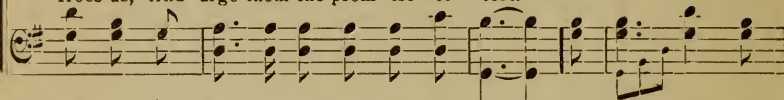
Spir-it a-lone; Their chains have been brok-en, Their free-dom is  
 Lov-er di-vine; No death and no sor-row, No tho't for to-  
 saved by His grace; The law has no ter-ror, Truth tri-umphs o'er  
 long-ing for rest, That life in Christ Je-sus From sin and death



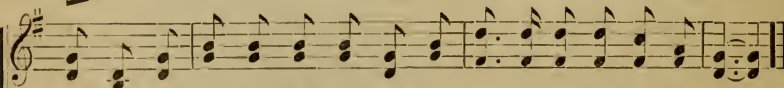
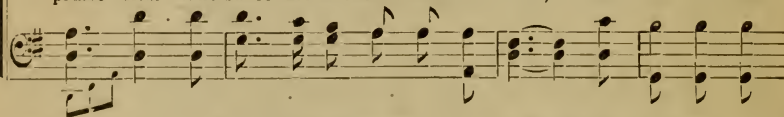
## CHORUS.



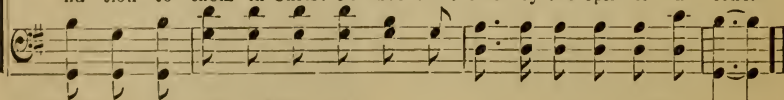
spo-ken, And now Je-sus calls them His own.  
 mor-row, When all that is Je-sus' is mine. I'll praise Him, I'll  
 er-ror, Since Je-sus has stood in our place.  
 frees us, And urge them the prom-ise to test.



praise Him Who saves me and calls me His own; There's no con-dem-



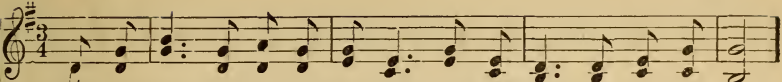
na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir-it a-lone.



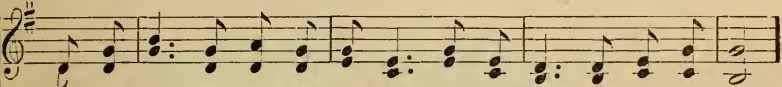
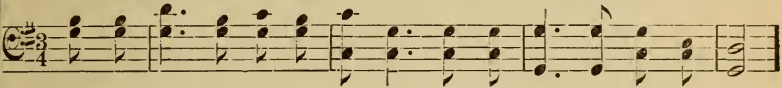
No.175. Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON.

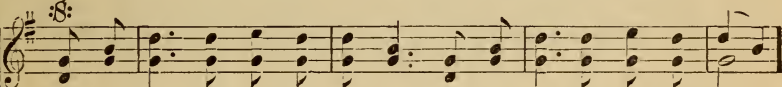
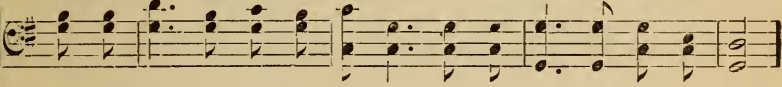
REV. J. W. DADMUN.



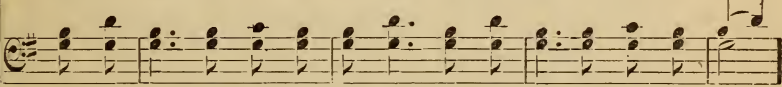
1. I am dwell - ing on the mount - ain, Where the gold - en sun - light gleams  
2. I can see far down the mount - ain, Where I wan - dered wea - ry years,  
3. I am drink - ing at the fount - ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;  
4. Tell me not of heav - y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,  
5. Oh, the cross has won - drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;



O'er a land whose won - drous beau - ty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est dreams;  
Oft - en hin - d - ered in my jour - ney, By the ghosts of doubts and fears;  
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;  
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;  
When I'm in the way so nar - row, I can see a path - way thro';

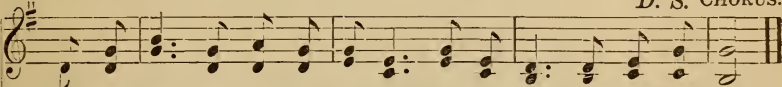


Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,  
Brok - en vows and dis - ap - point - ments Thick - ly sprin - kled all the way,  
There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas - ures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,  
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,  
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whis - pers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,



D.S.—Is not this the Land of Beu - lah? Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light;

D. S. CHORUS.



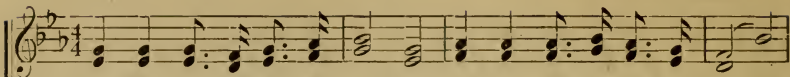
They are bloom - ing by the foun - tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow'rs.  
But the spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.  
For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.  
World - ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.  
For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.



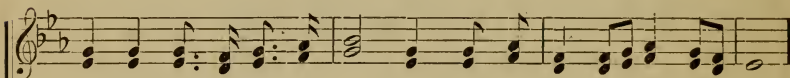
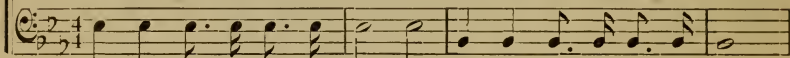
Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

# No. 176. Shall We Gather at the River?

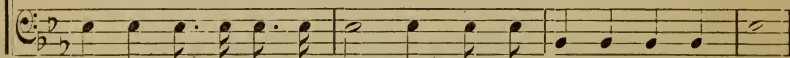
REV. R. LOWRY.



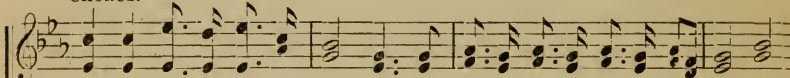
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav - ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease,



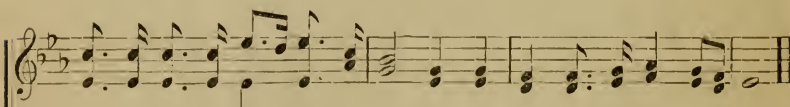
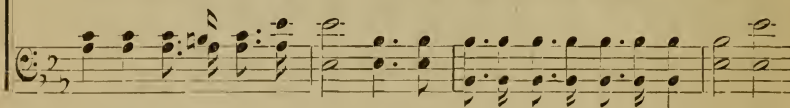
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.  
 Saints whom death will nev - er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.  
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



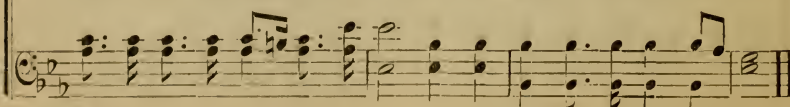
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

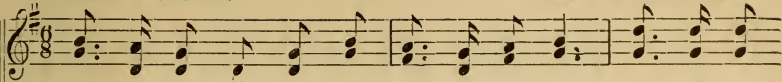


Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

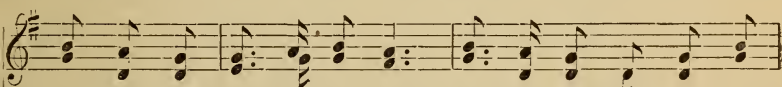


FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, my King and my Lord, I am re-  
 2. Glo - ry to Je - sus, how bright is my way! Cheered by His  
 3. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the trans - port I feel Lan - guage can  
 4. Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll fol - low Him still, Pa - tient - ly

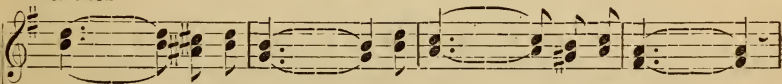


pos - ing my trust on His word; Washed in the fount - ain that  
 pres - ence and bless - ing to - day; Souls for His king - dom He  
 nev - er, no, nev - er re - veal; He has re - deem - ed me and  
 wait - ing and do - ing His will; Then when my jour - ney is

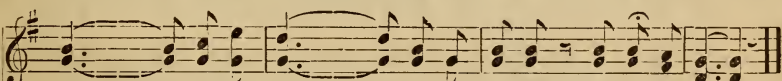


cleans - eth from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.  
 helps me to win, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.  
 cleans'd me from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.  
 fin - ished be - low, Shout - ing and sing - ing to Him I shall go.

CHORUS.



Riv - ers of love . . . all bound - less and free, . . .  
 Riv - ers of love, Riv - ers of love boundless and free, boundless and free.

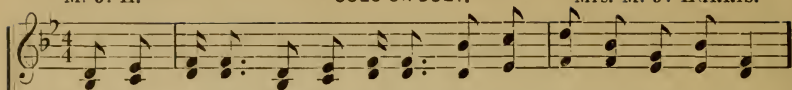


Glo - ry to Je - sus, are flow - ing, flow - ing for me.  
 Glo - ry to Je - sus, O glo - ry to Je - sus,

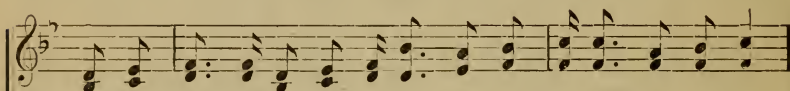
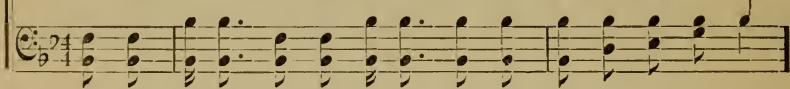
M. J. H.

SOLO OR DUET.

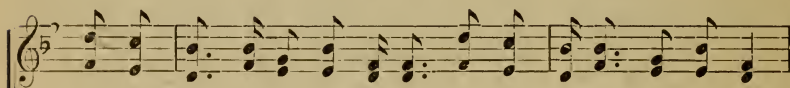
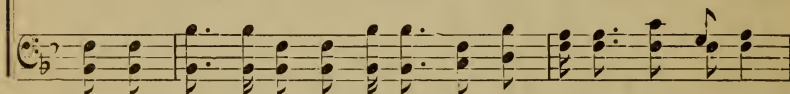
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



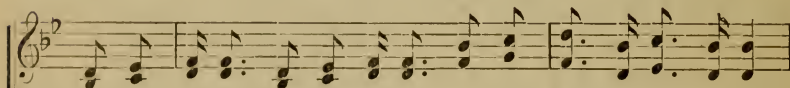
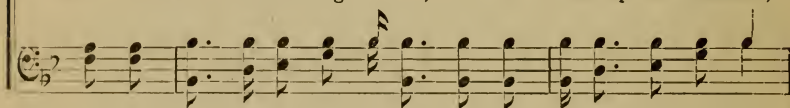
1. There's a sto - ry, bless - ed sto - ry, That I heard in days gone by,
2. 'Twas of Christ, my dear Re-deem - er, Of the babe in Beth - le - hem,
3. He was found with - in the tem - ple, Teach - ing old - er men the right,



Of the Christ who came and suf - fer'd, On the cru - el cross did die;  
 How the true and faith - ful shepherds, Bore the mes - sage un - to men;  
 He was found up - on the high - way, Where the blind re - ceiv'd their sight;



How He bled for my trans - gres - sions, To re - deem me from the fall,  
 How the star ap - peared be - fore them, And they fol - lowed at its sight  
 He was found with sink - ing Pe - ter, As He walked up - on the sea;



Do you won - der that I tell it, When 'tis full and free for all.  
 To the place where in the man - ger Lay the bless - ed Child of Light.  
 He was found with His dis - ci - ples, On the shores of Gal - i - lee.

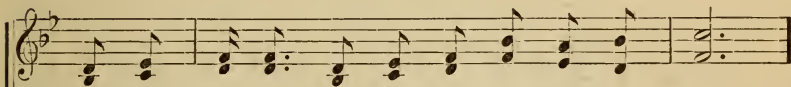


# The Old Story.

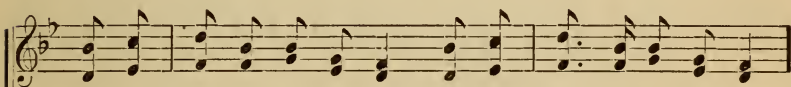
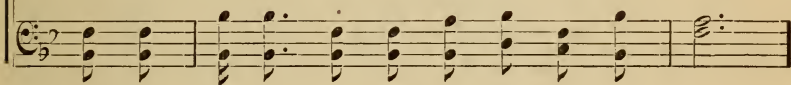
## CHORUS.



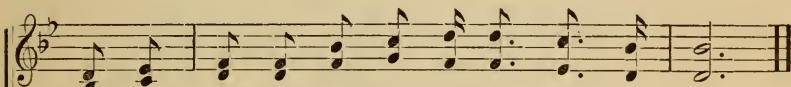
This sal - va - tion full and free, Reach-es out to you and me;



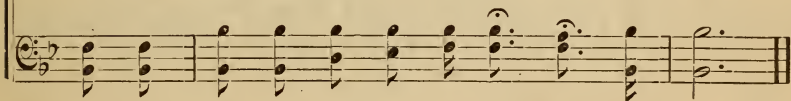
I will tell it though the whole wide world may frown,



For He saves me by His grace, And He's giv - en me a place



To sit down with Him in glo - ry, by and by.



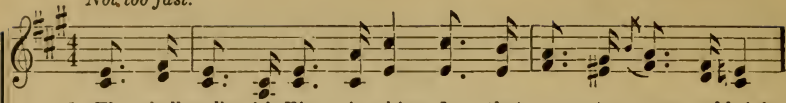
4 He was praying in the garden,  
 "Not my will, but Thine be done,"  
 When they took Him unto Pilate  
 For a trial—God's own Son;  
 How they mocked, and spat upon Him,  
 As they followed by His side,  
 To the place they called Golgotha,  
 Where my Lord was crucified.

5 But the best of this old story,  
 Is that Jesus came to save,  
 With an uttermost salvation,  
 And give victory o'er the grave;  
 That He opened wide the fountain,  
 For uncleanness and for sin,  
 And His blood can make you holy,  
 Sanctify and keep you clean.

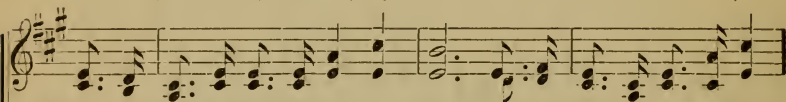
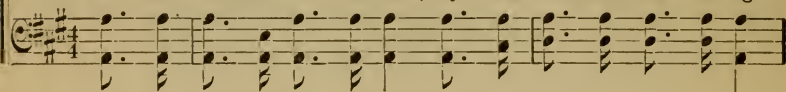
E. E. HEWITT.

*Not too fast.*

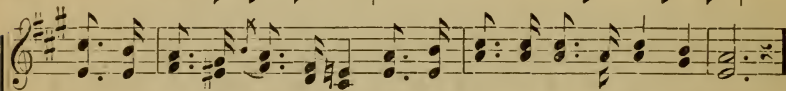
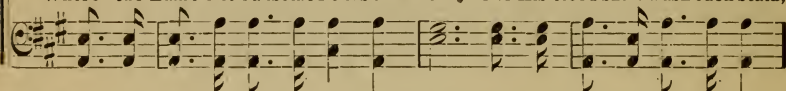
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



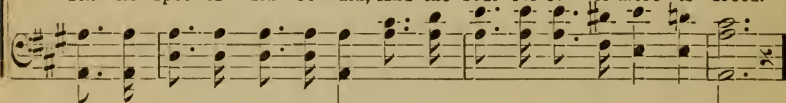
1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss - ful sight
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the fount - ains of de-light



Where shall en - ter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,  
 When the beau - ty of the King we see; Hold - ing con - verse full and sweet,  
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,



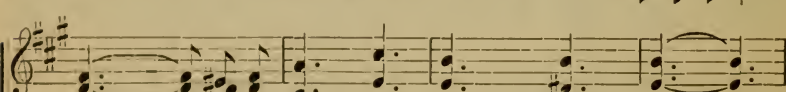
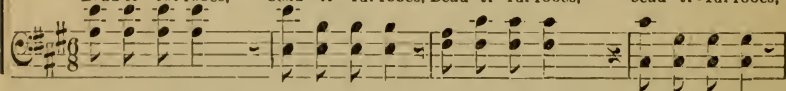
For the bless - ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav - ior's smile.  
 In a fel - low - ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.  
 Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for - ev - er - more is freed.



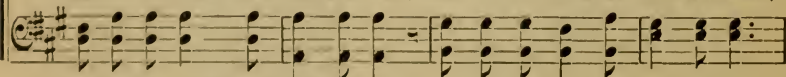
## CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes, . . .  
 Beau - ti - ful robes, beau - ti - ful robes, Beau - ti - ful robes, beau - ti - ful robes,



Beau - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear; . .  
 Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear;



## Beautiful Robes.

Gar - ments of light, . . . Love - ly and bright, . . .  
 Garments of light, garments of light, Love-ly and bright, love-ly and bright,

Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece consists of two staves of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

## No. 180. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword;  
 2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:  
 How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for Thee!  
 And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:

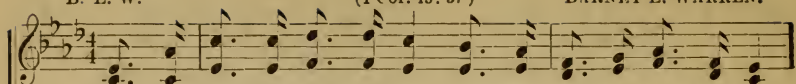
Faith of our fa - thers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece consists of three staves of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

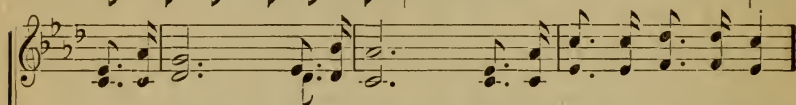
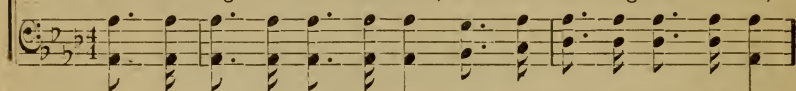
B. E. W.

(1 Cor. 15: 57)

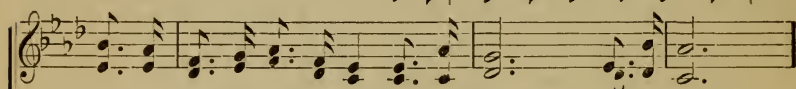
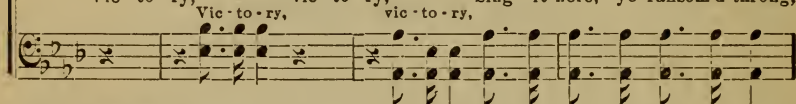
BARNEY E. WARREN.



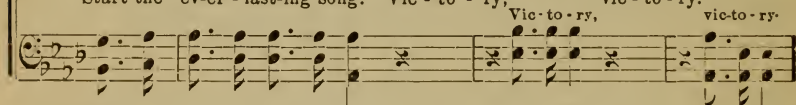
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, what a tho't! Je - sus full sal - va - tion bro't,
2. I am trust - ing in the Lord, I am stand - ing on His word,
3. Shout your free - dom ev - 'ry-where, His e - ter - nal peace de - clare,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleet - ing life is o'er,



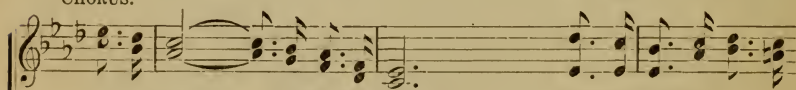
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Let the pow'rs of sin as - sail,  
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, I have peace and joy with-in,  
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Let us sing it here be-low,  
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Sing it here, ye ransom'd throng,



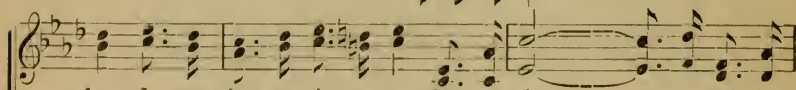
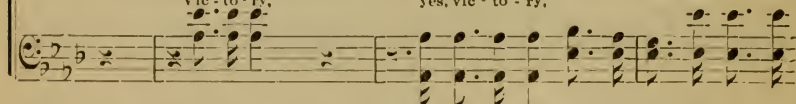
Heaven's grace can nev - er fail, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.  
 Since my life is free from sin, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.  
 In the face of ev - 'ry foe, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.  
 Start the ev - er - last - ing song:—Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.



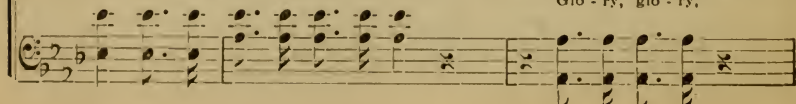
## CHORUS.



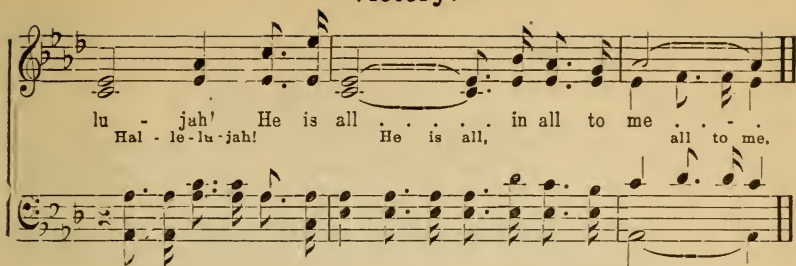
Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! I am  
 Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry,



free, Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -  
 Glo - ry, glo - ry,



# Victory!

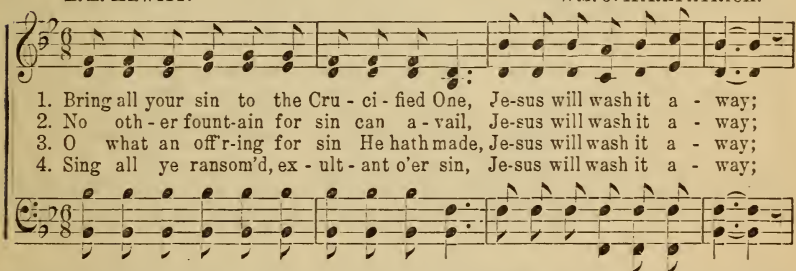


lu - jah' He is all He is all in all to me all to me,  
Hal - le - lu - jah!

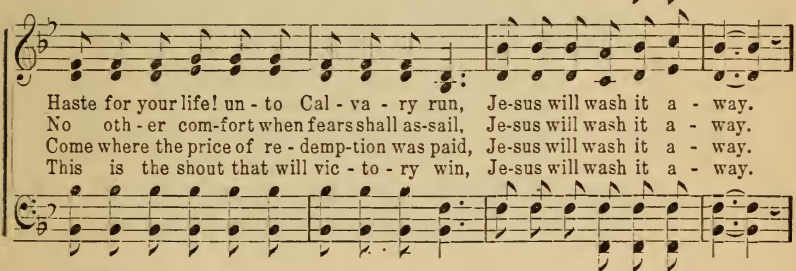
## No. 182. Jesus Will Wash It Away.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

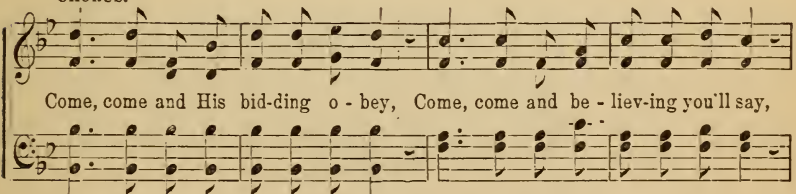


1. Bring all your sin to the Cru - ci - fied One, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
2. No oth - er fount - ain for sin can a - vail, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
3. O what an off - ring for sin He hath made, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
4. Sing all ye ransom'd, ex - ult - ant o'er sin, Je - sus will wash it a - way;

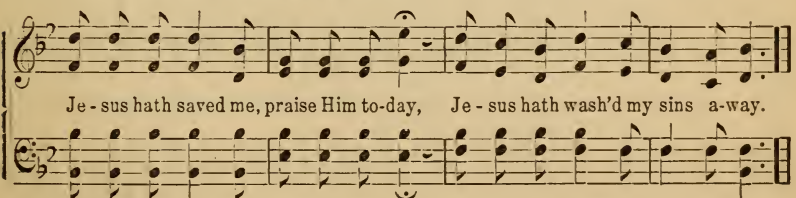


Haste for your life! un - to Cal - va - ry run, Je - sus will wash it a - way.  
No oth - er com - fort when fear shall as - sail, Je - sus will wash it a - way.  
Come where the price of re - demp - tion was paid, Je - sus will wash it a - way.  
This is the shout that will vic - to - ry win, Je - sus will wash it a - way.

### CHORUS.



Come, come and His bid - ding o - bey, Come, come and be - liev - ing you'll say,

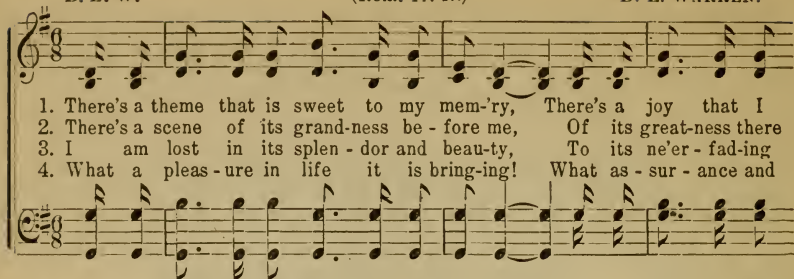


Je - sus hath saved me, praise Him to - day, Je - sus hath wash'd my sins a - way.

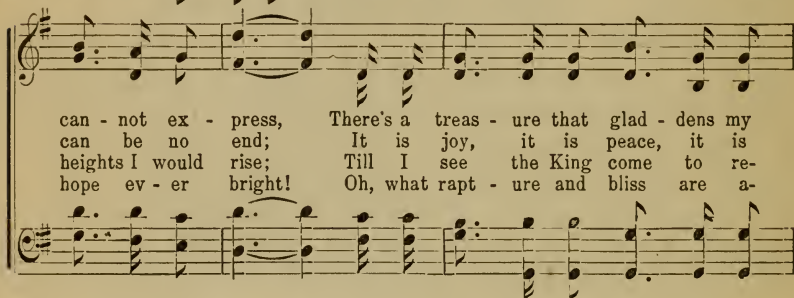
B. E. W.

(Rom. 14: 17.)

B. E. WARREN.



1. There's a theme that is sweet to my mem'-ry, There's a joy that I  
 2. There's a scene of its grand-ness be-fore me, Of its great-ness there  
 3. I am lost in its splen-dor and beau-ty, To its ne'er-fad-ing  
 4. What a pleas-ure in life it is bring-ing! What as-sur-ance and

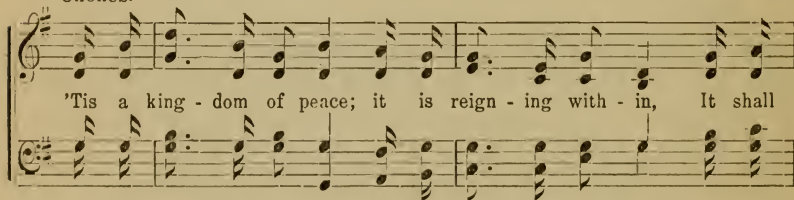


can - not ex - press, There's a treas - ure that glad - dens my  
 can be no end; It is joy, it is peace, it is  
 heights I would rise; Till I see the King come to re-  
 hope ev - er bright! Oh, what rapt - ure and bliss are a-

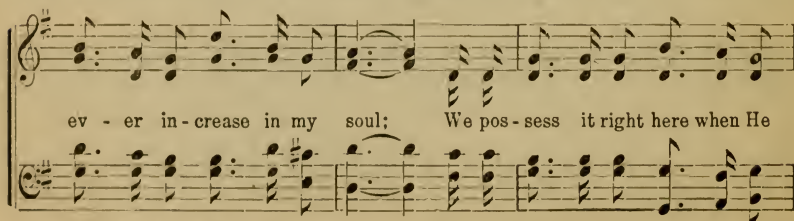


be - ing, 'Tis the king - dom of God's right-eous - ness.  
 glo - ry, In my heart, how these rich - es do blend!  
 ceive me, And ex - plore it with Him in the skies.  
 wait - ing, When our faith shall be lost in the sight!

## CHORUS.



'Tis a king - dom of peace; it is reign - ing with - in, It shall



ev - er in-crease in my soul; We pos-sess it right here when He

# What a Kingdom!

saves from all sin, And 'twill last while the a - ges shall roll.

## No. 184. Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I know not the hour of His com - ing, Nor how He will speak to my heart;
2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my Sav - ior a - bove;
3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from the Lord I shall hear;
4. I know not, but oh, I am watch - ing, My lamp ev - er burn - ing and bright;

Or wheth - er at morn - ing or mid - day, My spir - it to Him will de - part.  
 I know not how soon I shall en - ter, And bathe in the o - cean of love.  
 Per - haps in the slum - ber of mid - night, Its mes - sage may fall on my ear.  
 I know not if Je - sus will call me At morn - ing, at noon or at night.

CHORUS.

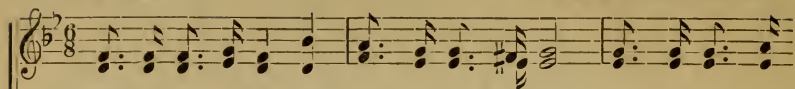
But I know I shall wake in the likeness Of Him I am longing to see;  
 I know of Him

I know that mine eyes shall behold Him And that is enough for me.  
 I know is enough,

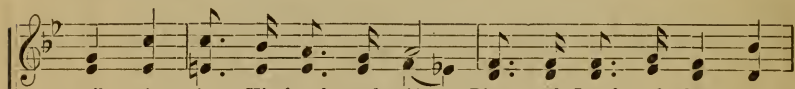
# No. 185. Lift Your Eyes to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

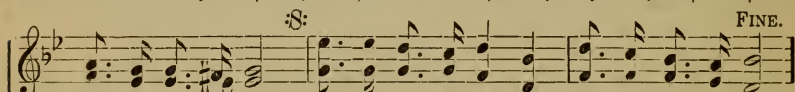
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. Lift your eyes to Je - sus; see the Cru - ci - fied, Bear - ing still the  
 2. Lift your eyes to Je - sus; He's not far a - way, Bend - ing close be -  
 3. Lift your eyes to Je - sus in temp - ta - tion's hour, All the ranks of  
 4. Lift your eyes to Je - sus, when in grief and pain, In life's storm - y



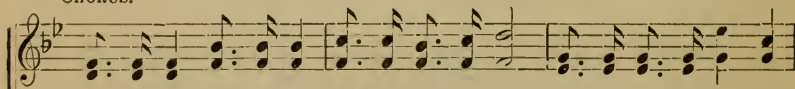
nail - prints in His hands and side; Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - v'ry,  
 side you in His love to - day; Full of ten - der pit - y,  
 dark - ness flee be - fore His pow'r; "A - ble to de - liv - er"  
 weath - er, in its beat - ing rain; He will give you com - fort,



slain for you and me, Look and doubt no long - er; He will set you free.  
 full of sav - ing grace, Lift your eyes, be - liev - ing, and be - hold His face.  
 for He conquer'd sin, And for all who trust Him, will the vic - t'ry win.  
 He will whisper cheer, Spread His light a - round you till the sky grows clear.

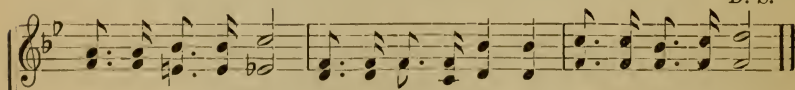
D. S.—"Look, and I will save you," let your heart re-joice.

CHORUS.



Lift your eyes, lift your eyes, lift your eyes a - bove; Lean - ing on His prom - ise,

D. S.



trust - ing in His love; Lift your eyes to Je - sus, hear His bless - ed voice,

# ALTAR SONGS.

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No. 186.

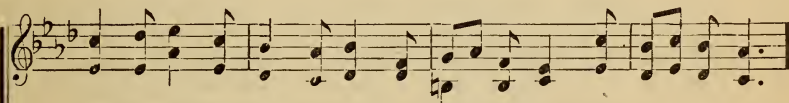
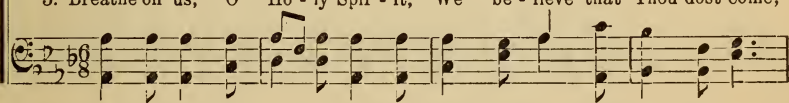
Breathe on Us.

Rev. R. H. WASHBURN.

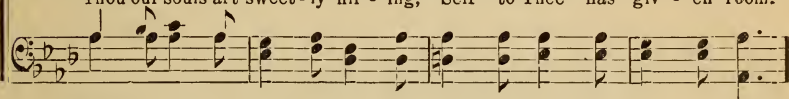
J. M. HARRIS.



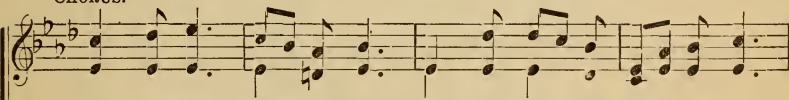
1. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As we meet with one ac - cord;
2. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As Thy al - tar we sur-round;
3. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be - lieve Thy prom - ise true;
4. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Ev - en as at Pen - te - cost;
5. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be - lieve that Thou dost come;



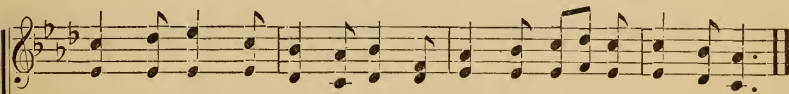
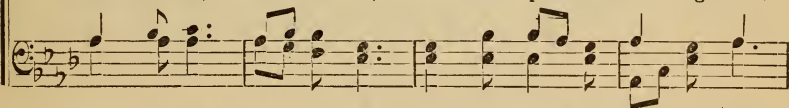
We are wait - ing for Thy com - ing; Come ac - cord - ing to Thy word.  
Fill us with Thy pow'r and bless - ing, Place our feet on high - er ground.  
We are long - ing for Thy full - ness, Quick - ly come, our souls re - new.  
We will wait the prom - ised bless - ing, Then go forth to save the lost.  
Thou our souls art sweet - ly fill - ing, Self to Thee has giv - en room.



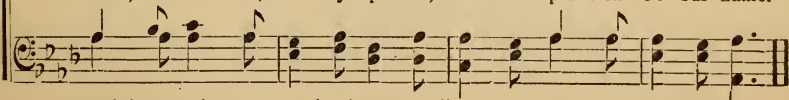
CHORUS.



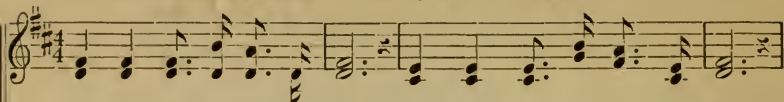
Breathe on us, breathe on us, We the prom - ised bless - ing claim;



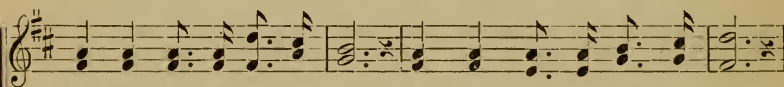
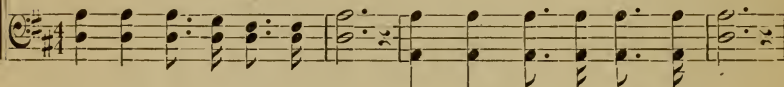
Cleanse, and fill us, Ho - ly Spir - it, This we plead in Je - sus' name.



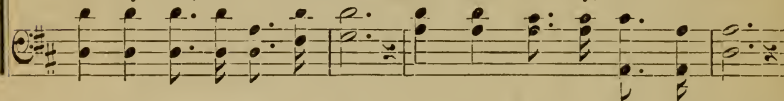
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no long - er mine;
6. Take my love,—my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store!



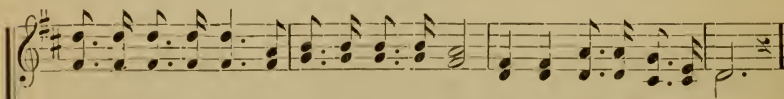
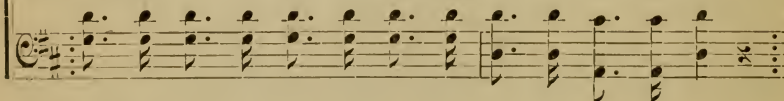
Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
 Take my heart,—it is Thine own,— It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



## CHORUS.



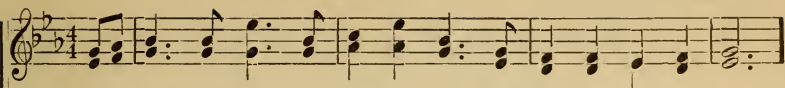
{ Wash me in the Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood, }  
 { Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood; the heal - ing flood; }



Lord, I give to Thee, my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.



Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



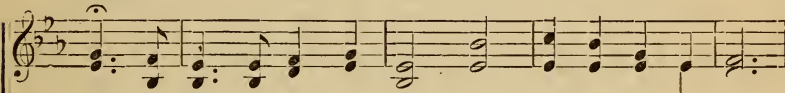
1. The cross! the cross! that blood-stain'd cross! The hallowed cross I see!
2. That cross! that cross! that heav-y cross, My Sav-ior bore for me;
3. How light! how light! this pre-cious cross, Pre-sent-ed to my view;
4. The crown! the crown! the glo-rious crown! The crown of vic-to-ry!
5. My tears, un-bid-den, seem to flow For love, un-bound-ed love,



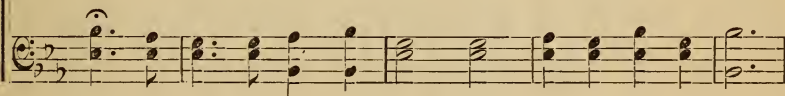
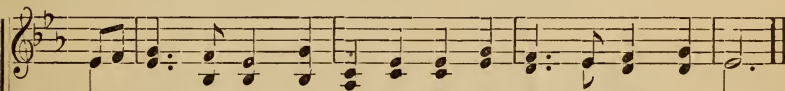
Re-mind-ing me of pre-cious blood, That once was shed for me.  
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal-va-ry.  
And while, with care, I take it up, Be-hold the crown my due.  
The crown of life! it shall be mine, When I shall Je-sus see.  
Which guides me thro' this world of woe, And points to joys a-bove.



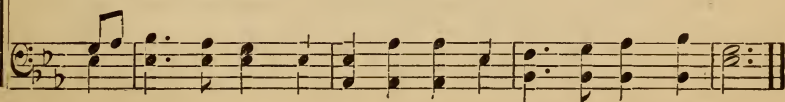
## CHORUS.



Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me,

*ritard.*

Up-on the cross in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.



1. Oh, to be like Thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant  
 2. Oh, to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,  
 3. Oh, to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly, and harm-less,  
 4. Oh, to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th'a-  
 5. Oh, to be like Thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out Thy Spir-it,

long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treas-ures,  
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,  
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,  
 noint-ing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,  
 fill with Thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for Thy dwell-ing,

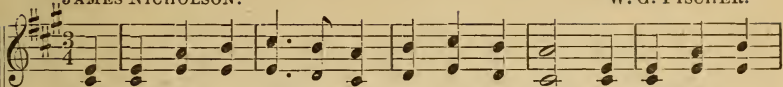
CHORUS.  
 Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.  
 Seek-ing the wand'ring sin-ner to find.  
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save. Oh, to be like Thee!  
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be Thine.  
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

Oh, to be like Thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

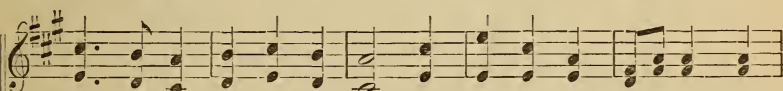
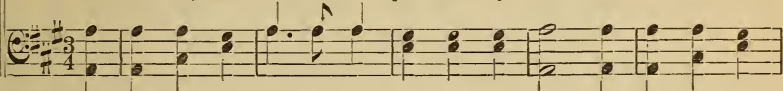
sweet-ness, come in Thy full-ness; Stamp Thine own im-age deep on my heart.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

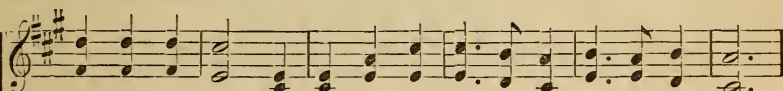
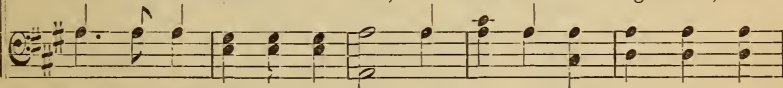
W. G. FISCHER.



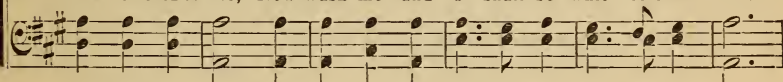
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus look down from Thine home in the skies; And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa - tient - ly wait, Come now, and with-



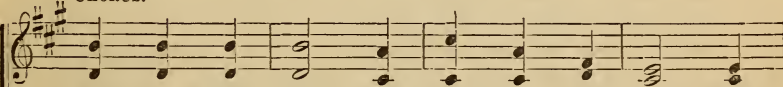
ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast  
make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-  
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans - ing, I  
in me a clean heart cre - ate, To those who have sought Thee, Thou



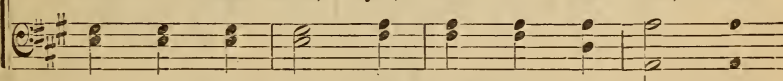
out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
ev - er I know; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
nev - er said'st "no," Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.



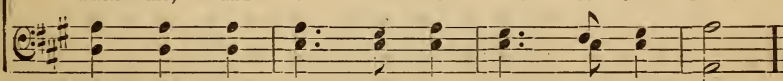
## CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, Whit - er than snow, Now

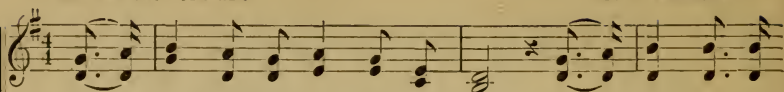


wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

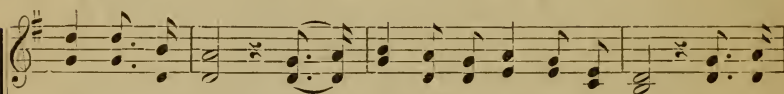
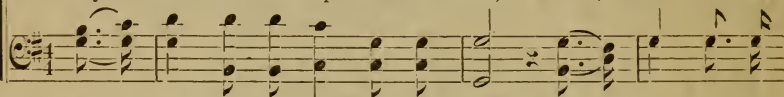


Rev. W. McDONALD.

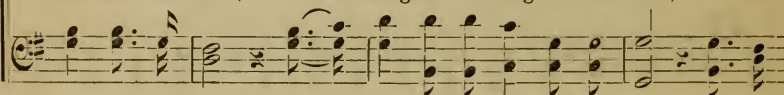
J. P. WEBSTER.



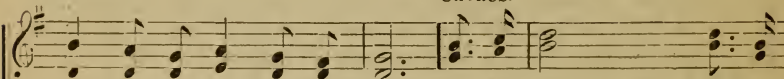
1. I am com - ing to Je - sus for rest, Rest such as the
2. In com - ing my sins I de - plore, My weak - ness and
3. To Je - sus I give up my all, Ev - 'ry treas - ure and
4. I am trust - ing in Je - sus a - lone, Trust - ing now his sal -
5. My heart is in rap - tures of love, Love, such as the



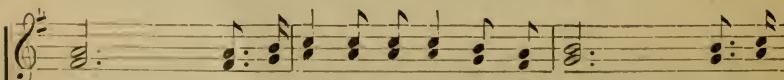
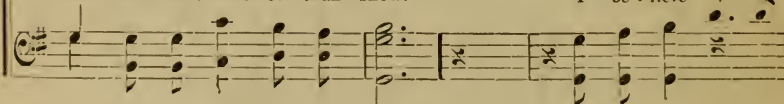
pu - ri - fied know; My soul is a - thirst to be blest, To be  
 pov - er - ty show; I long to be saved ev - er more, To be  
 i - dol I know; For his full - ness of bless - ing I call, Till his  
 va - tion to know; And his blood doth so ful - ly a - tone, I am  
 ran - som'd ones know; I am strengthen' with might from a - bove, I am



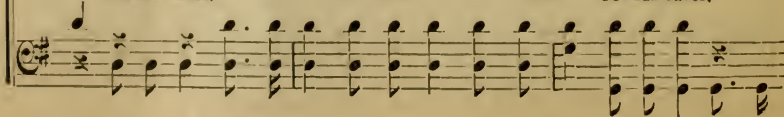
## CHORUS.



wash'd and made whit - er than snow.  
 wash'd and made whit - er than snow. I be - lieve Je - sus  
 blood wash - es whit - er than snow.  
 wash'd and made whit - er than snow.  
 wash'd and made whit - er than snow. I be - lieve



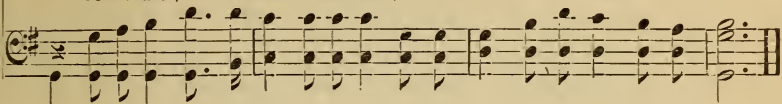
saves, And his blood washes whit - er than snow. I be -  
 Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,



# I Believe Jesus Saves.



lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood wash-es whit-er than snow.  
Je-sus saves, I be - lieve Je-sus saves,

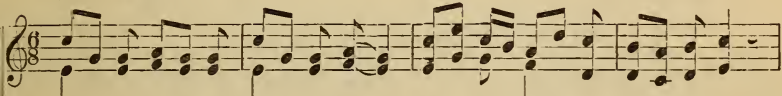


## No. 192.

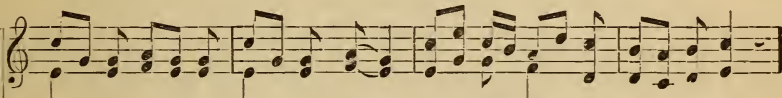
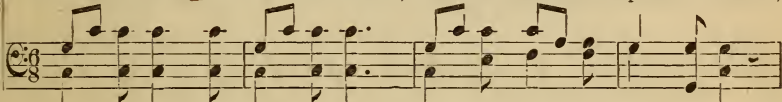
## Depth of Mercy.

CHAS. WESLEY.

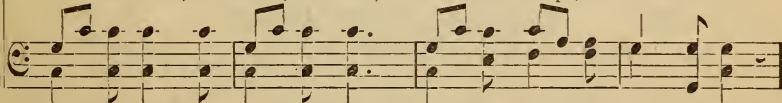
J. STEVENSON.



1. Depth of mcr - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with - stood His grace; Long pro - voked Him to His face;
3. Now in - cline me to re - lent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
4. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are; Me He now de - lights to spare;
5. There for me the Sav - ior stands; Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;



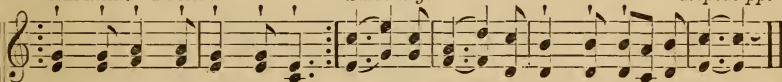
Can my God His wrath for - bear Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?  
Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.  
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"— Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.  
God is love, I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.



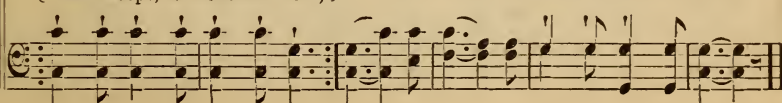
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

*Smoothly.*

*Repeat pp.*



{ God is love, I know, I feel; } Je - sus weeps, He weeps, and loves me still.  
{ Jesus weeps, and loves me still; }

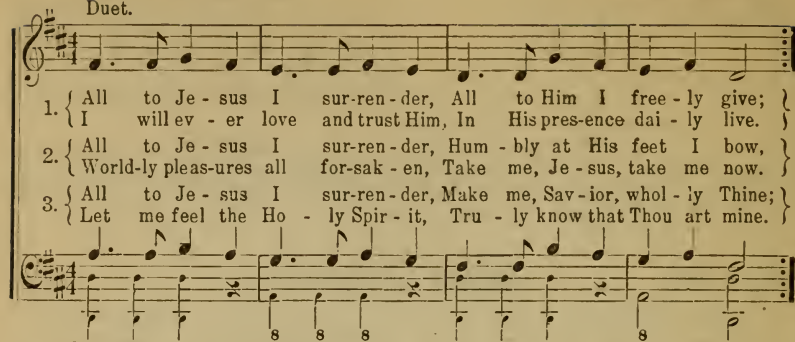


## No. 193.

## I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.  
Duet.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }  
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live. }  
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow, }  
 { World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }  
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine; }  
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.



I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all,  
 I sur-ren - der all,  
 All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren - der all.

Copyright, 1896, by Weedon &amp; Van DeVenter.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Lord, I give myself to Thee,  
 Fill me with Thy love and power,  
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Now I feel the sacred flame;  
 O the joy of full salvation!  
 Glory, glory to His name!

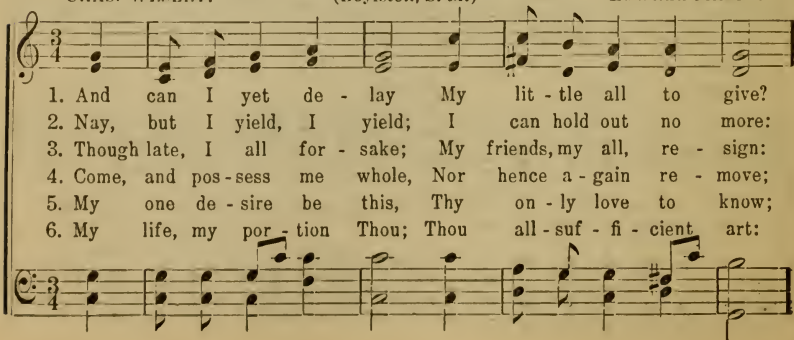
## No. 194.

## And Can I Yet Delay?

CHAS. WESLEY.

(Boylston, S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?  
 2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:  
 3. Though late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all, re - sign:  
 4. Come, and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move;  
 5. My one de - sire be this, Thy on - ly love to know;  
 6. My life, my por - tion Thou; Thou all - suf - fi - cient art:

## And Can I Yet Delay.

To tear my soul from earth a-way For Je - sus to re - ceive?  
 I sink by dy - ing love com-pelled, And own the con - quer - or.  
 Gra-cious Re-deem - er, take, O take, And seal me ev - er Thine.  
 Set - tle and fix my wa-v'ring soul With all thy weight of love.  
 To seek and taste no oth - er bliss, No oth - er good be - low.  
 My hope my heav'n - ly treas - ure, now En - ter, and keep my heart.

## No. 195. I Rest Upon His Promise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Lord, I be - lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo - ple known;  
 2. A rest, where all our soul's de-sire Is fix'd on things a - bove;  
 3. Oh! that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve and en - ter in;  
 4. Re - move this hard-ness from my heart, This un - be - lief re - move;

A rest where pure en - joy-ment reigns, And thou art lov'd a - lone.  
 Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.  
 Now, Sav - ior, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin.  
 To me the rest of faith im - part, — The Sab - bath of Thy love.

D. S. The cleans - ing of my heart from sin, The full - ness of His love.

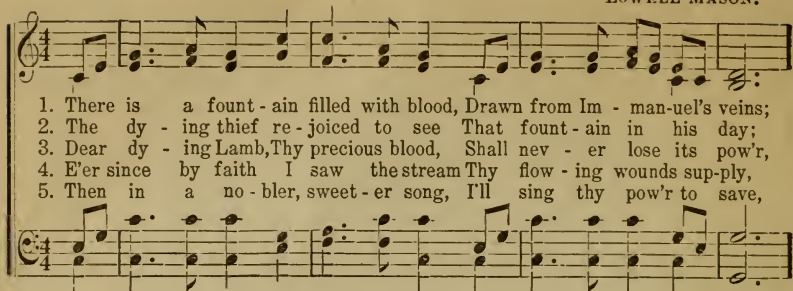
REFRAIN.

I rest up - on His prom - ise, sure; I come, I wait to prove

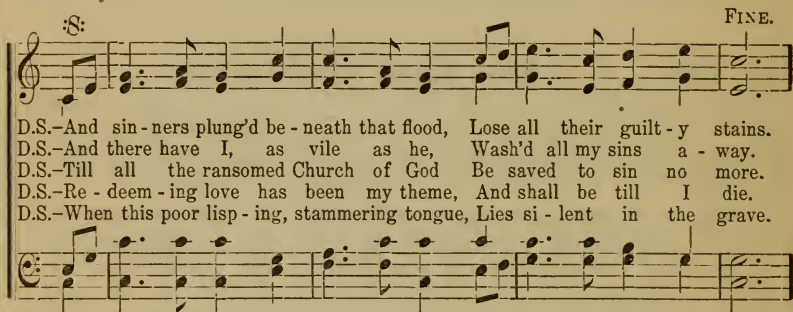
## No. 196.

## There is a Fountain.

LOWELL MASON.

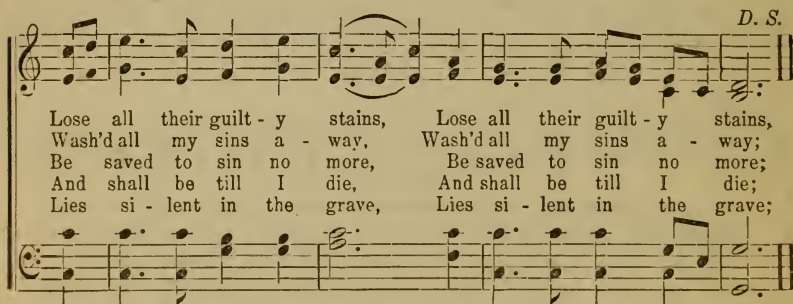


1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain in his day;  
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,  
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,  
 5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,



*FINE.*

D.S.—And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 D.S.—And there have I, as vile as he, Wash'd all my sins a - way.  
 D.S.—Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.  
 D.S.—Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 D.S.—When this poor lisp - ing, stammering tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave.



*D. S.*

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,  
 Wash'd all my sins a - way, Wash'd all my sins a - way;  
 Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;  
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;  
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

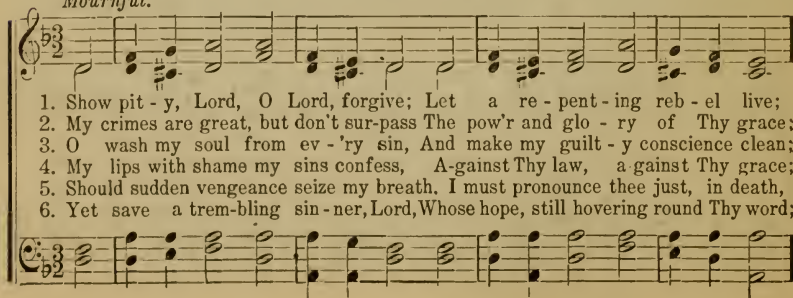
## No. 197.

## Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.  
*Mournful.*

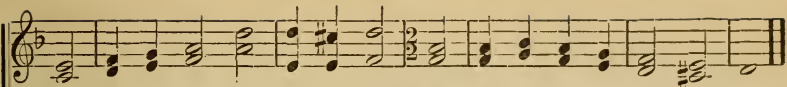
Windham. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

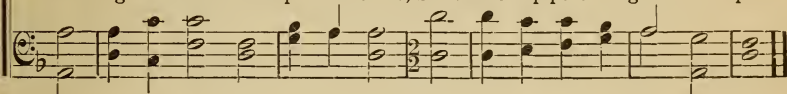


1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;  
 2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;  
 3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean;  
 4. My lips with shame my sins confess, A - gainst Thy law, a gainst Thy grace;  
 5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just, in death,  
 6. Yet save a trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word;

## Show Pity, Lord.



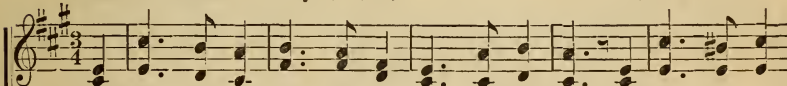
Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?  
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found.  
Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ses pain my eyes.  
Lord, should Thy judgments grow se - vere I am condemned, but Thou art clear.  
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap - proves it well.  
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup - port a - gainst de - spair.



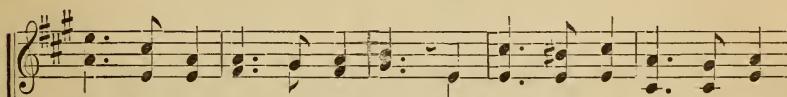
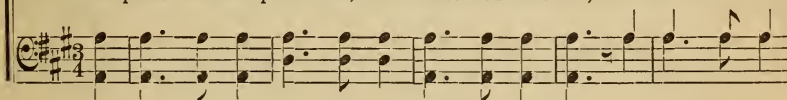
## No. 198. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

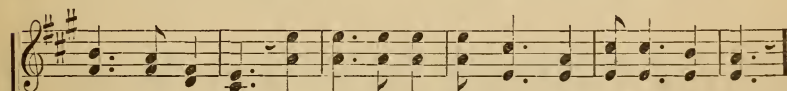
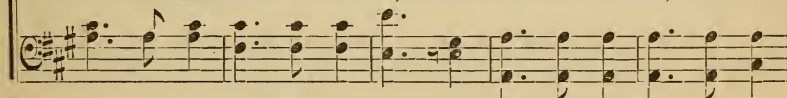
E. F. MILLER.



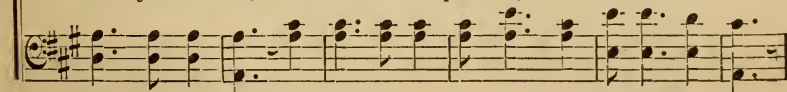
1. O mourn - er, in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled
4. Step out on this prom - ise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His



wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the  
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the  
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the  
Son cleans - eth us from all sin, It cleans - eth me now, hal - le -

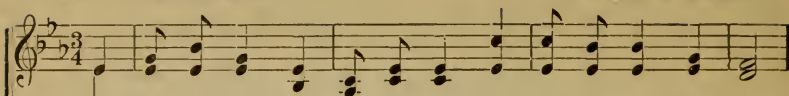


word of thy God; Step out on the prom - ise, — get un - der the blood.  
ban - quet of God; Step out on the prom - ise, — get un - der the blood.  
bo - som of God; Step out on the prom - ise, — get un - der the blood.  
lu - jah to God; I rest on His prom - ise, — I'm un - der the blood.

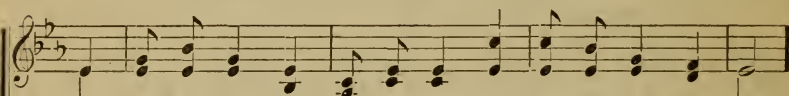
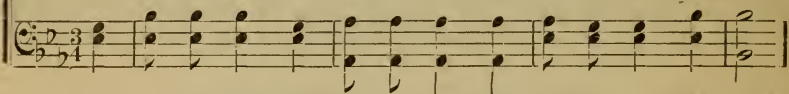


Mrs. PHOEBE PAMLER.

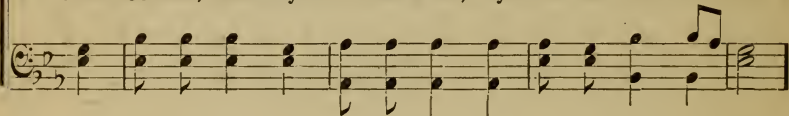
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



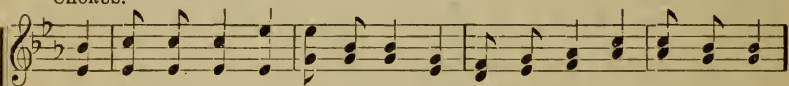
1. Oh! now I see the crim-son wave, The fount-ain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre-a-tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin,
4. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap-plied,



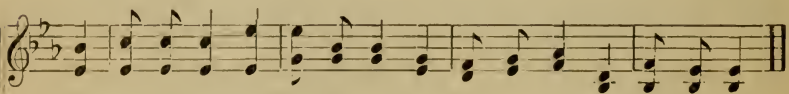
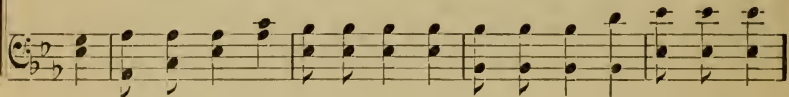
Je-sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.  
 It speaks! pol-lu-ted na-ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans-ing flood.  
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ en-thron'd with-in.  
 And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.



## CHORUS.



The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



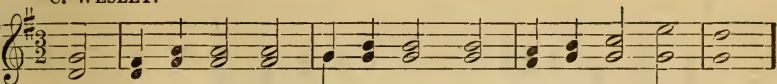
Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!



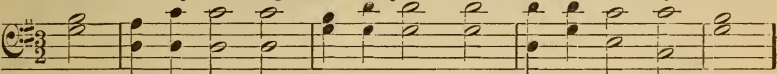
# No. 200.

# I Do Believe.

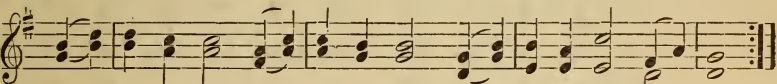
C. WESLEY.



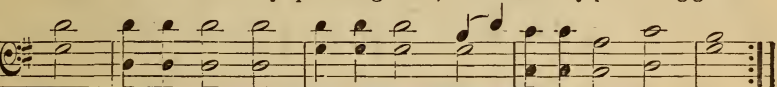
1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
4. Sure - ly Thou canst not let me die; O speak, and I shall live;
5. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could I but see Thy face!



CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;



If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!  
 O, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul, with - out it, dies.  
 And here I will un - wea - ried lie, Till Thou Thy Spir - it give.  
 Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice; And taste Thy par - doning grace.

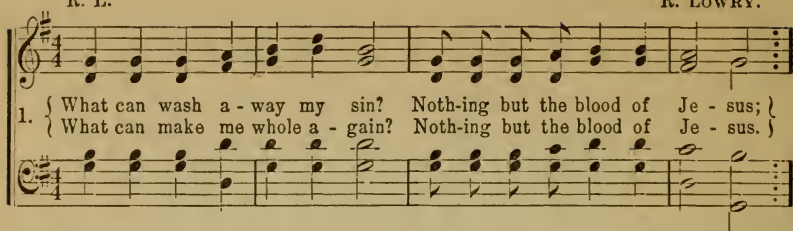


sin be free.

# No. 202. Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

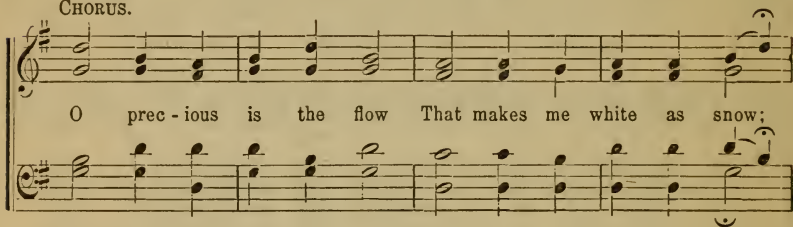
R. LOWRY.



1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
{ What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }

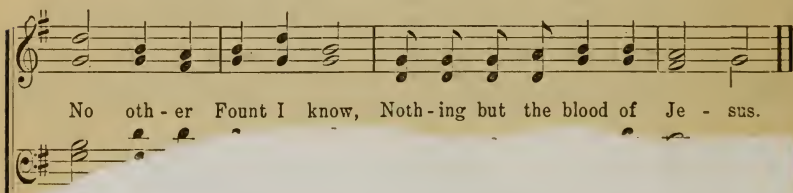
The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with the first line of the verse enclosed in curly braces.

CHORUS.



O prec - ious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

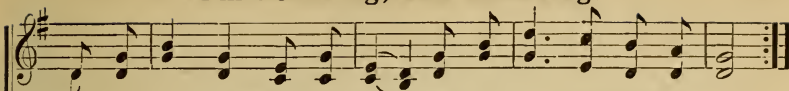
The chorus begins with a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



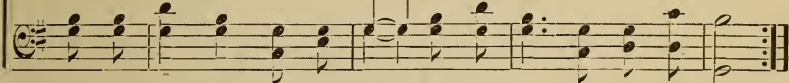
No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

The second system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment from the chorus. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# I'm Believing, and Receiving.



Dark-est night is changed to day, When I to the fount-ain go.  
 Sor-row chang-es in-to song, When I to the fount-ain go.  
 All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fount-ain go.  
 All my treas-ure is a-bove, When I to the fount-ain go.  
 Arm'd by King Je-ho-vah's might, When I to the fount-ain go.



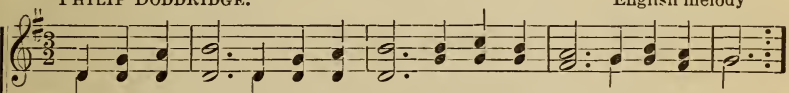
*And my heart the waves are cleansing Whiter than the driv-en snow.*

No. 204.

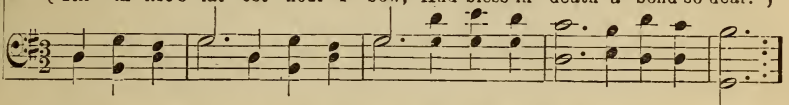
## Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English melody



1. { Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }  
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { Oh, hap-py bond, that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love! }  
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine: }  
 { He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charm'd to con-fess the voice di-vine. }
4. { Now rest my long di-vid-ed heart; Fixed on this bliss-ful, cen-ter, rest; }  
 { Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part; With Him of ev-'ry good possessed. }
5. { High Heav'n that heard the sol-enn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear, }  
 { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }



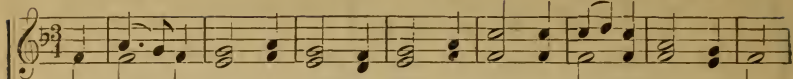
FINE.

# No. 205. O for a Glance of Heavenly Day.

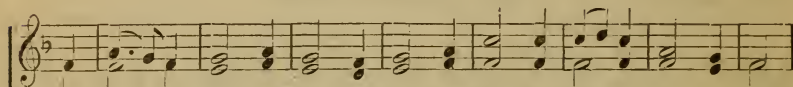
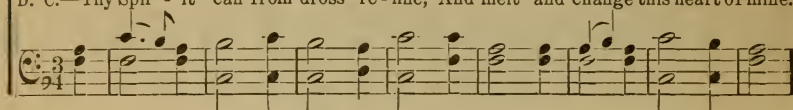
J. HART.

Fillmore. L. M. D.

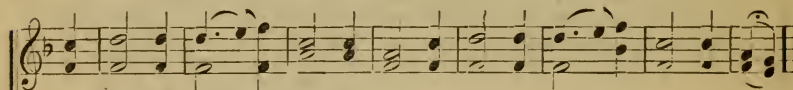
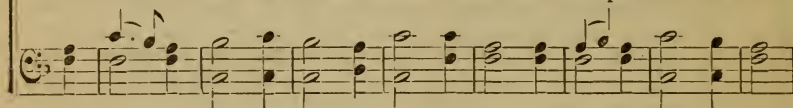
JEREMIAH INGAELS.



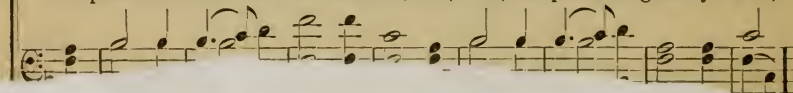
1. O for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stubborn heart a-way;  
 D. c.—Of feel - ing, all things show some sign, But this un - feel - ing heart of mine.  
 2. Thy judgments too, which dev - ils fear, A - maz - ing thought! unmoved I hear;  
 D. c.—Thy Spir - it can from dross re - fine, And melt and change this heart of mine.



And thaw, with beams of love di-vine, This heart, this fro-zen heart of mine.  
 Good - ness and wrath in vain com bine to stir this stu-pid heart of mine.



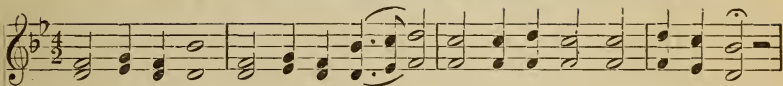
The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake;  
 But pow'r di - vine can do the deed; And, Lord, that power I great-ly need;



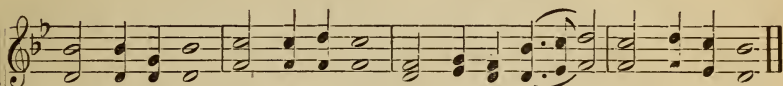
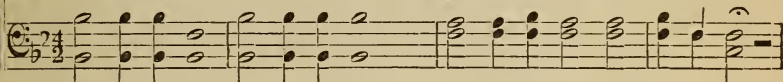
# No. 207.

Sessions. L. M.

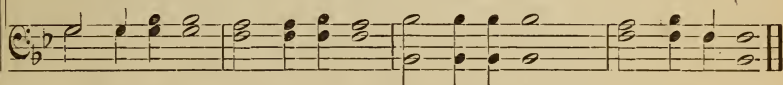
L. O. EMERSON.



1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine;
2. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;
4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilt-y soul for God,



With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov - ereign right in me.  
 A wretched sin - ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.  
 The vow is past be-yond re - peal, And now I set the solemn seal.  
 Thee, my new Mas - ter, now I call, And con-se - crate to Thee my all.



# No. 208. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,<br/>         To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;<br/>         To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain<br/>         Is sweet, and life or death is gain.</p> <p>2 Take my poor heart, and let it be<br/>         Forever closed to all but Thee:<br/>         Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear<br/>         That pledge of love forever there.</p> | <p>3 How blest are they who still abide<br/>         Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!<br/>         Who thence their life and strength derive,<br/>         And by Thee move, and in Thee live.</p> <p>4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,<br/>         Our words are lost, nor will we know,<br/>         Nor will we think of aught beside;<br/>         "My Lord, my Love, is crucified."</p> |
|---|--|

My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with Thee;  
 Thy - self hast called me by my name; Look on Thy hands, and read it there;  
 Art Thou the Man that died for me? The se - cret of Thy love un - fold:  
 Tell me, I still be - seech Thee, tell; To know it now re - solved I am:  
 I rise su - per - ior to my pain: When I am weak, then I am strong;

With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wres - tle till the break of day; of day.  
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou? Tell me Thy name, and tell me now; me now.  
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy na - ture know; ture know.  
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy na - ture know; ture know.  
 And when my all of strength shall fail, I shall with the God - man pre - vail; pre - vail.

## No. 210. Yield to Me Now, for I am Weak.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Yield not to me now, for I am weak,<br/>         But confident in self-despair;<br/>         Speak to my heart, in blessing, speak;<br/>         Be conquered by my instant prayer;<br/>         Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,<br/>         And tell me if Thy name be Love?</p> | <p>3 My prayer has pow'r with God; the grace<br/>         Unspeakable I now receive;<br/>         Through faith I see Thee face to face;<br/>         I see Thee face to face, and live!<br/>         I vain I have not wept and strove;<br/>         Thy nature and Thy name is Love.</p> |
| <p>2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou didst for me;<br/>         I hear Thy whisper in my heart;<br/>         The morning breaks, the shadows flee;<br/>         Pure, universal Love Thou art;<br/>         To me, to all, Thy bowels move,—<br/>         Thy nature and Thy name is Love.</p>      | <p>4 I know Thee, Savior, who Thou art,—<br/>         Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;<br/>         Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,<br/>         But stay and love me to the end:<br/>         Thy mercies never shall remove;<br/>         Thy nature and Thy name is Love.</p>    |

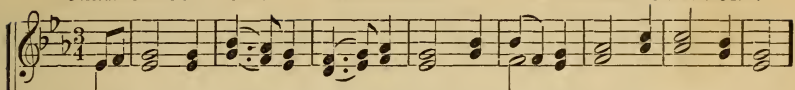
## No. 211.

## Just as I am.

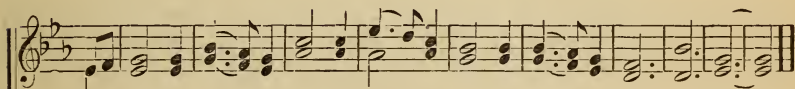
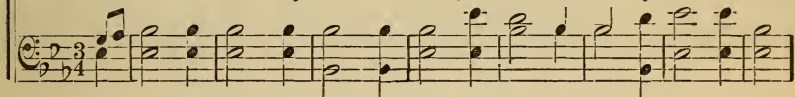
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Woodworth. L. M.

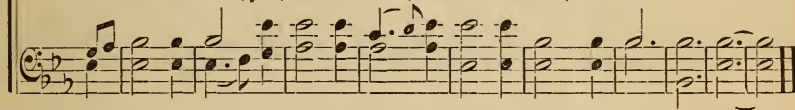
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
6. Just as I am—Thy love un-known, Has bro-ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fight-ings with - in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

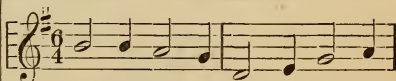


## No. 212. O That My Load of Sin.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone;  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down;  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;  
Savior of all, if mine Thou art,  
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove;  
The cross allstained with hallowed blood,  
The labor of Thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but Thou must give the power;  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

## No. 213.

Fill Me Now.



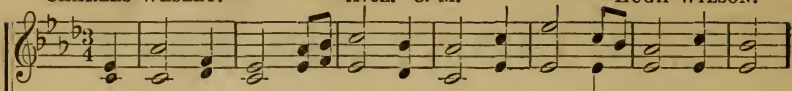
- 1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;  
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,—  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,  
Jesus, come and fill me now;  
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,—  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Though I cannot tell Thee how;  
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.—CHO.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
At Thy sacred feet I bow;  
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power, and fill me now.—CHO.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;  
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.—CHO.

## No. 214. Forever Here my Rest Shall Be.

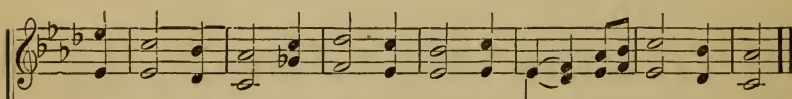
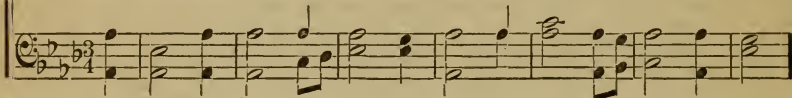
CHARLES WESLEY.

AVON. C. M.

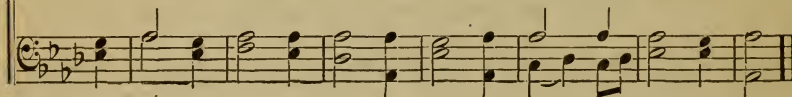
HUGH WILSON.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior, and my God, Fount-ain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. The atone-ment of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;



This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - ior died."  
 Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.  
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.  
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.



## No. 215. Jesus, Thine All-victorious Love.

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
 Shed in my heart abroad:  
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire  
 Might now begin to glow:  
 Burn up the dross of base desire:  
 And make the mountains flow.
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
 And all my sins consume:  
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;  
 Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
 Illuminate my soul;  
 Scatter Thy life through every part,  
 And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
 Shall then no longer move;  
 While Christ is all the world to me,  
 And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 216. The Gift of Righteousness.

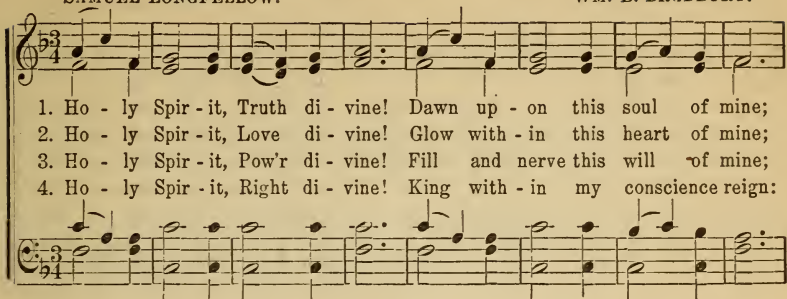
- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness,  
 The sin-subduing power;  
 Power to believe, and go in peace,  
 And never grieve Thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,  
 The liberty from sin,  
 The grace infused, the love revealed,  
 The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;  
 Thou seest my heart's desire;  
 Made ready in thy powerful day,  
 Thy fullness I require.
- 4 My restless soul cries out, oppressed,  
 Impatient to be freed;  
 Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
 Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,  
 So arm me with thy power,  
 That I to sin may never cleave,  
 May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

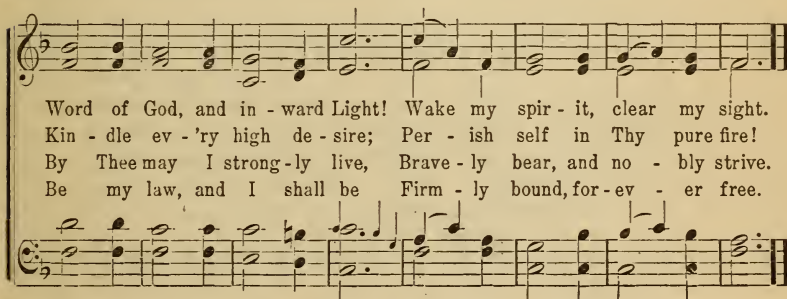
# No. 217. Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with - in this heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with - in my conscience reign:

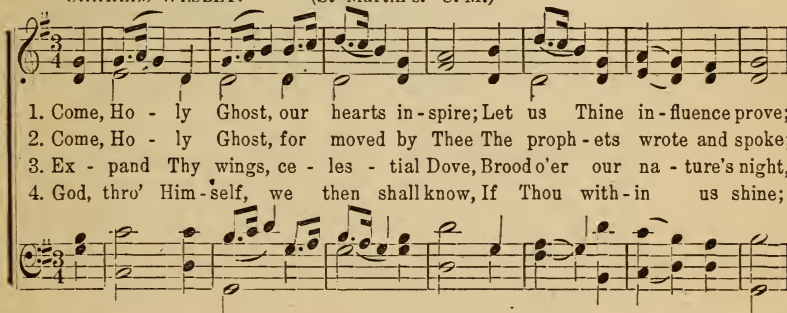


Word of God, and in - ward Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.  
 Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire!  
 By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.  
 Be my law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - er free.

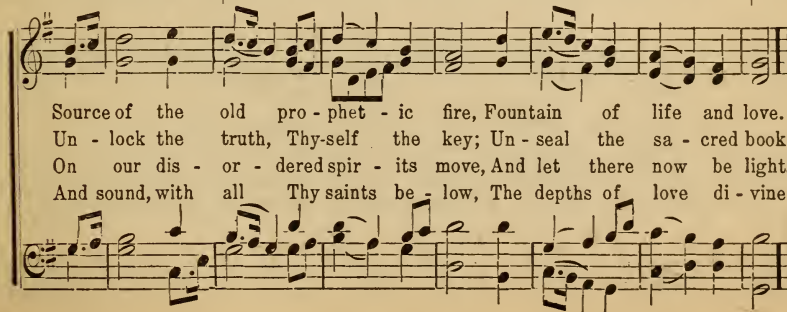
# No. 218. Come, Holy Ghost.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(St Martin's. C. M.)



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us Thine in - fluence prove;  
 2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by Thee The proph - ets wrote and spoke;  
 3. Ex - pand Thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our na - ture's night,  
 4. God, thro' Him - self, we then shall know, If Thou with - in us shine;

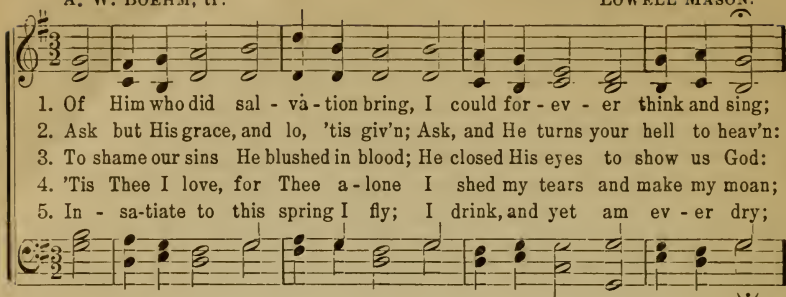


Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Fountain of life and love.  
 Un - lock the truth, Thy - self the key; Un - seal the sa - cred book.  
 On our dis - or - dered spir - its move, And let there now be light.  
 And sound, with all Thy saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine.

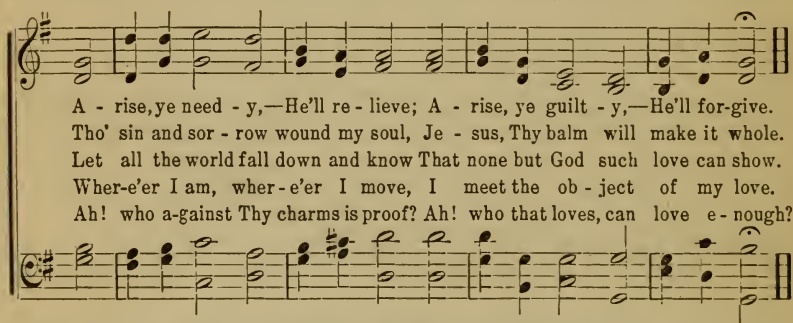
## No. 219. Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

A. W. BOEHM, tr.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Of Him who did sal - vation bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;  
 2. Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis giv'n; Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n:  
 3. To shame our sins He blushed in blood; He closed His eyes to show us God:  
 4. 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee a-lone I shed my tears and make my moan;  
 5. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ev - er dry;

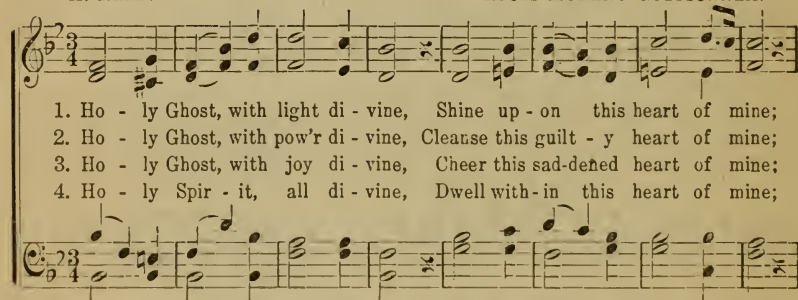


A - rise, ye need - y,—He'll re - lieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y,—He'll for-give.  
 Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, Je - sus, Thy balm will make it whole.  
 Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.  
 Wher-e'er I am, wher-e'er I move, I meet the ob - ject of my love.  
 Ah! who a-against Thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love e - nough?

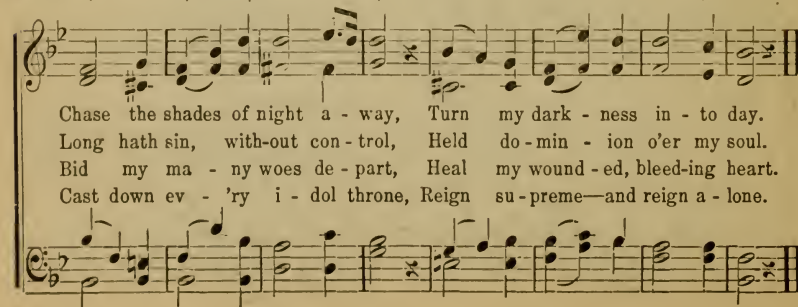
## No. 220. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. REED.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleave this guilt - y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

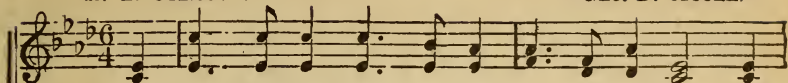


Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma - ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.  
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

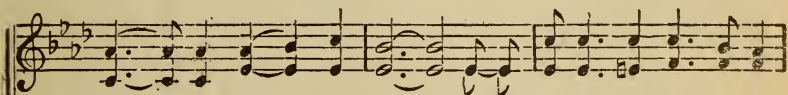
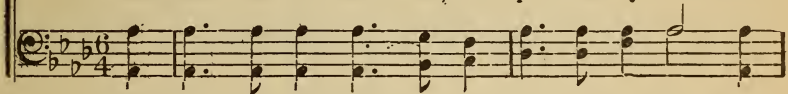
## The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

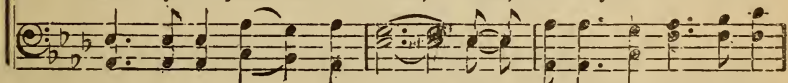
GEO. D. MOORE.



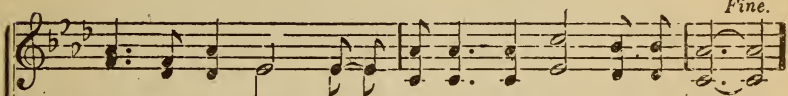
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self - to his ten - der em brace. And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, he pa - tient - ly waits To



bur - dened with sin; and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing  
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so.  
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by his pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

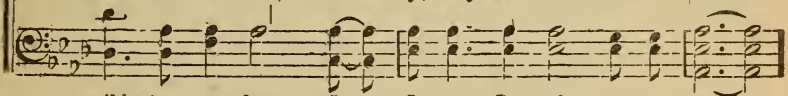


D. S.—The tem pest may sweep o'er the



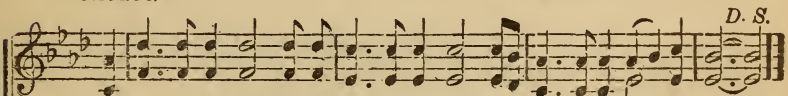
Fine.

"Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 ha ven of rest, And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine!"



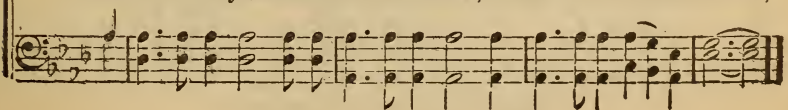
wild, storm y deep, In Je - sus I'm - safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



D. S.

I've anchor'd my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



Rev. JOHN PARKER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know the bless-ed Saviour's at the door? That He lingers there to  
 2. Do not keep Him lon-ger waiting at the door. Hear Him knocking, calling  
 3. Will you close your heart against Him at the door? Will He not be all you  
 4. Oh, to think that Je-sus waits outside the door, He may leave you to re-

bless you more and more? Will you not in-vite Him in, And His  
 loud-er than be-fore. Bid Him wel-come now with-in. Turn a-  
 need for ev-er-more? He will take a-way your pride, Be your  
 turn, no, nev-er-more. Leave you hope-less and a-lone, With a

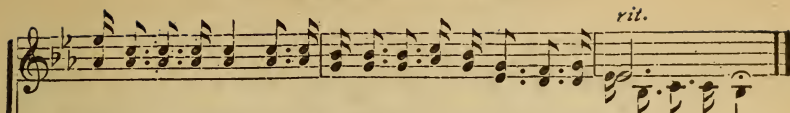
fel-lowship be-gin, He is wait-ing, knocking, calling at the door.  
 way from ev-'ry sin, He will en-ter and the feast be ev-er-more.  
 nev-er-fail-ing guide, To the mansions where the bless-ed ones a-dore.  
 heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear Him now and o-pen wide the door.

## CHORUS.

He is wait-ing. He is knocking at the door, He is  
 Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door.

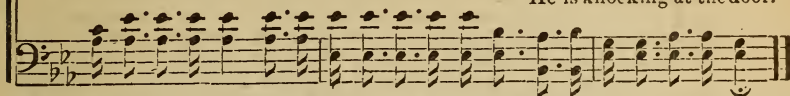
wait-ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait-ing, He is  
 Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, He is waiting,

# The Bolted Door. Concluded.



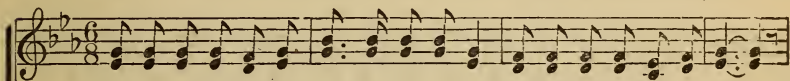
knocking at the door, He is waiting, He is knocking at the door.

He is knocking at the door.

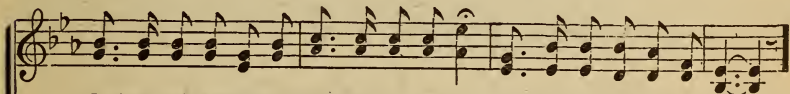
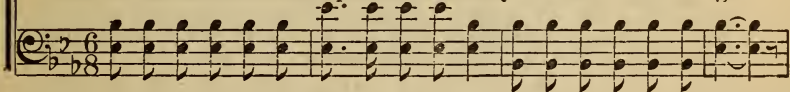


## No. 223. I Shall be Like Him.

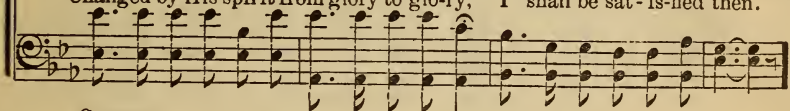
Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.



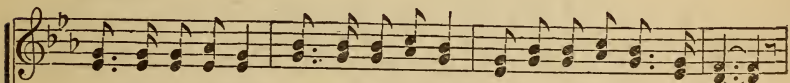
1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story, Over and o-ver a - gain,



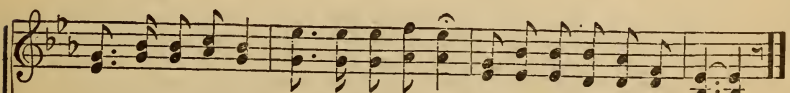
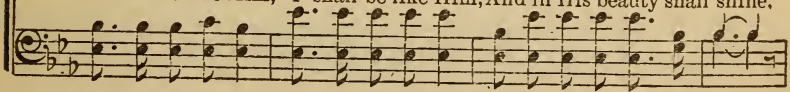
I shall behold Him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like Him at last.  
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we His image may bear.  
Changed by His spirit from glo-ry to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.



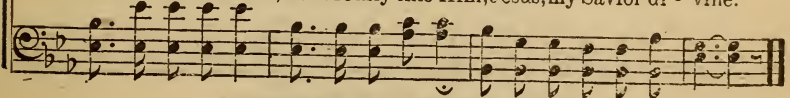
### CHORUS.

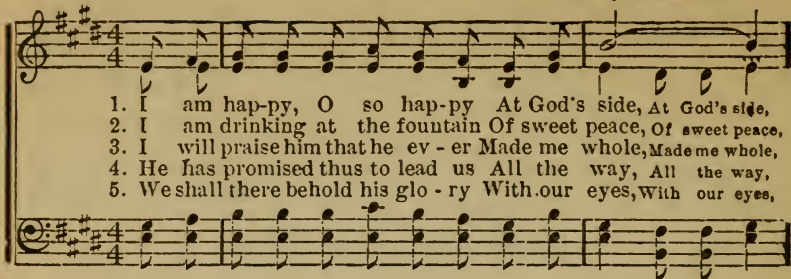


I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beauty shall shine.

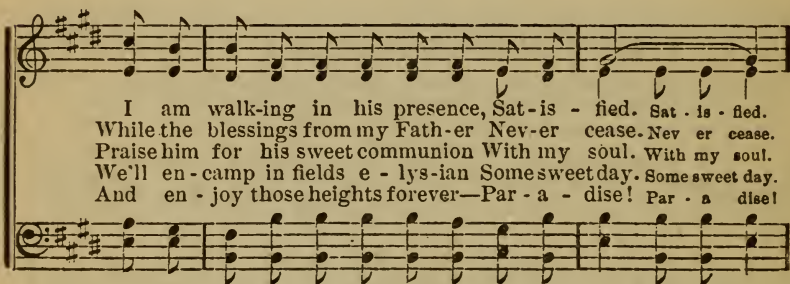


I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Jesus, my Savior di - vine.





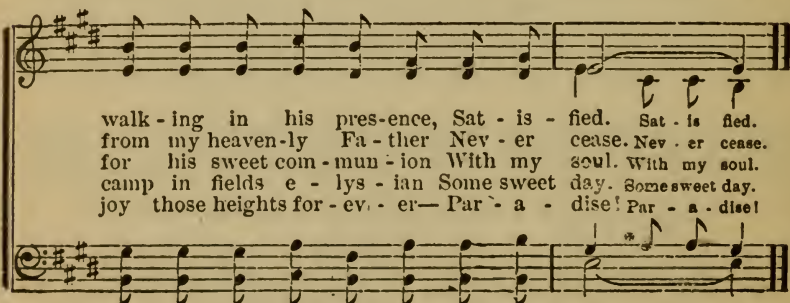
1. I am hap-py, O so hap-py At God's side, At God's side,  
 2. I am drinking at the fountain Of sweet peace, Of sweet peace,  
 3. I will praise him that he ev - er Made me whole, Made me whole,  
 4. He has promised thus to lead us All the way, All the way,  
 5. We shall there behold his glo - ry With our eyes, With our eyes,



I am walk-ing in his presence, Sat-is - fied. Sat - is - fied.  
 While the blessings from my Fath-er Nev-er cease. Nev er cease.  
 Praise him for his sweet communion With my soul. With my soul.  
 We'll en-camp in fields e - lys-ian Some sweet day. Some sweet day.  
 And en - joy those heights forever—Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I am  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Bless-ings  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise him  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en-  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en-



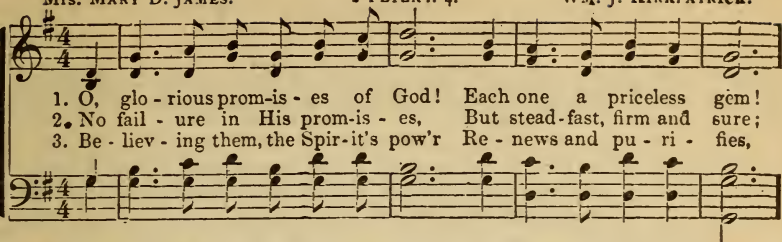
walk - ing in his pres-ence, Sat - is - fied. Sat - is fied.  
 from my heav-en-ly Fa - ther Nev - er cease. Nev er cease.  
 for his sweet com - mun - ion With my soul. With my soul.  
 camp in fields e - lys - ian Some sweet day. Some sweet day.  
 joy those heights for - ev - er—Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!

# God's Promises.

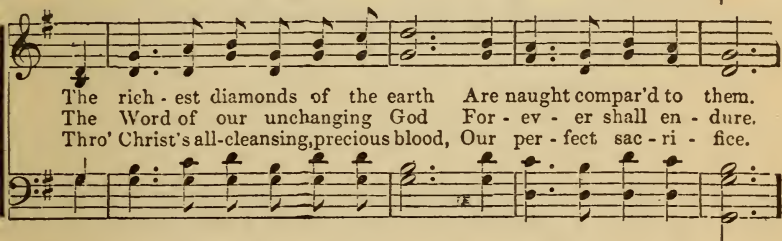
Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

2 PETER i. 4.

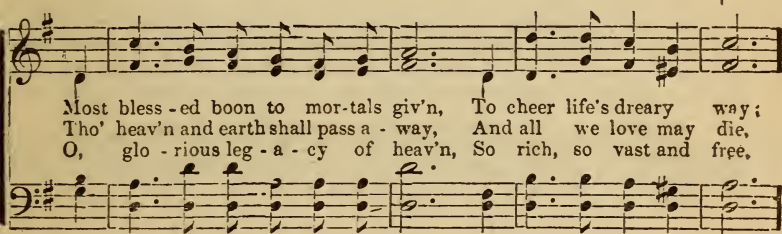
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



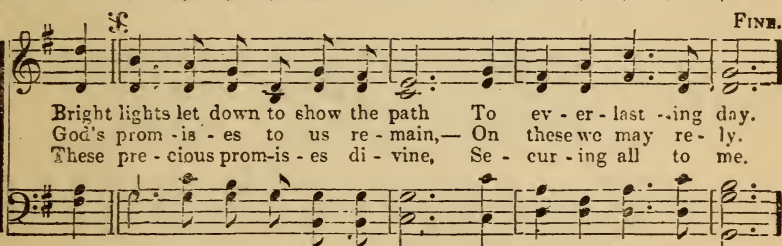
1. O, glo - rious prom - is - es of God! Each one a priceless gem!  
 2. No fail - ure in His prom - is - es, But stead - fast, firm and sure;  
 3. Be - liev - ing them, the Spir - it's pow'r Re - news and pu - ri - fies,



The rich - est diamonds of the earth Are naught compar'd to them.  
 The Word of our unchanging God For - ev - er shall en - dure.  
 Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, precious blood, Our per - fect sac - ri - fice.

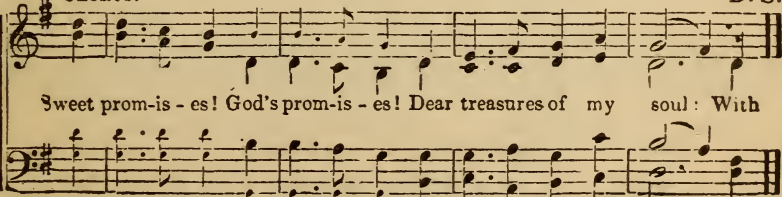


Most bless - ed boon to mor - tals giv'n, To cheer life's dreary way;  
 Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, And all we love may die,  
 O, glo - rious leg - a - cy of heav'n, So rich, so vast and free,



Bright lights let down to show the path To ev - er - last - ing day.  
 God's prom - is - es to us re - main, — On these we may re - ly.  
 These pre - cious prom - is - es di - vine, Se - cur - ing all to me.

D.S. these I'm rich, with these se - cure, While end - less a ges roll. D. S.



Sweet prom - is - es! God's prom - is - es! Dear treasures of my soul: With

"When I see the blood I will pass over you. Ex." 12: 13.

"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Chor 5: 7.

JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all his due;  
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised, so will He do;  
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed, who have refused?  
 4. Oh, what com-pas-sion, Oh, boundless love, Je-sus hath pow-er, Je-sus is true;

All who re-ceive Him, need nev-er fear, Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Oh, sin-ner, hast-en, let Je-sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 All who be-lieve, are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

CHORUS.

When I see the blood, When I see the blood,  
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.  
 When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you, o-ver you.

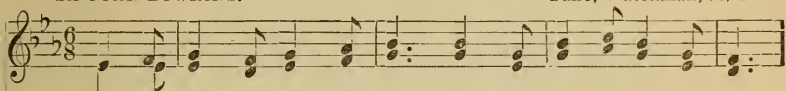
# STANDARD HYMNS.

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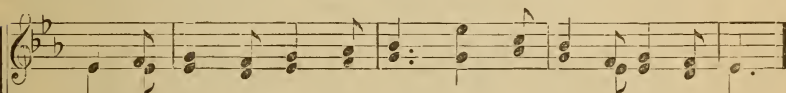
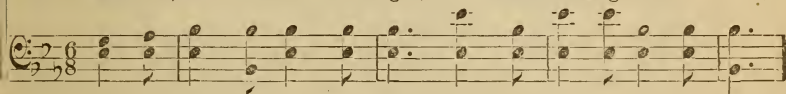
## No. 227. Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

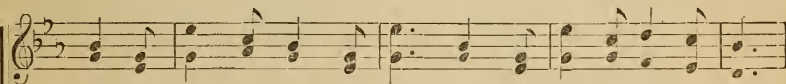
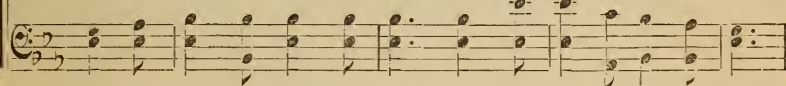
Tune, Watchman, 7s, d.



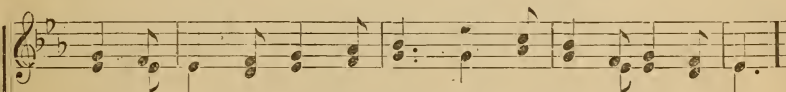
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are;
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends;
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn;



Traveler, o'er yon mount-ain's height, See that glo - ry-beaming star!  
 Traveler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends!  
 Traveler, dark - ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn;



Watchman, does its beau - teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?  
 Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Watchman, let thy wan-d'ring cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home!



Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.  
 Traveler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!  
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

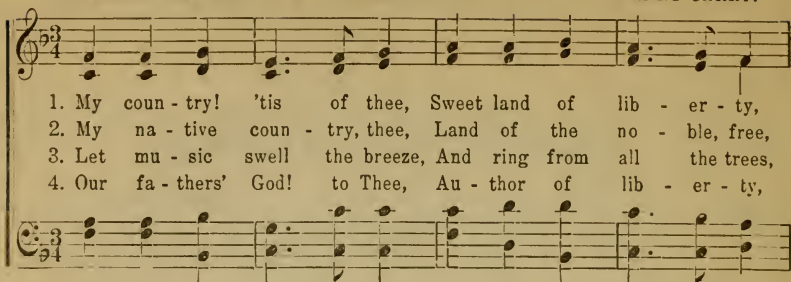


# No. 228. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

America.

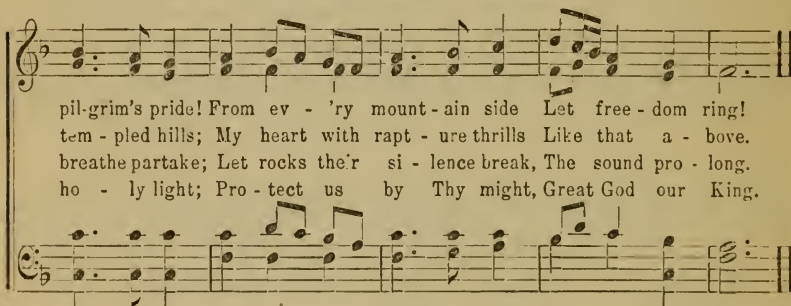
HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,  
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-doms song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's



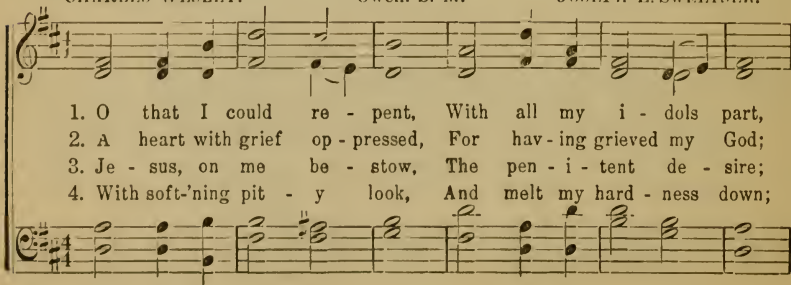
pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

# No. 229. O That I Could Repent.

CHARLES WESLEY.

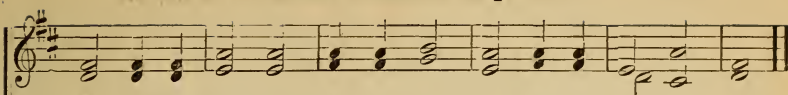
Owen. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

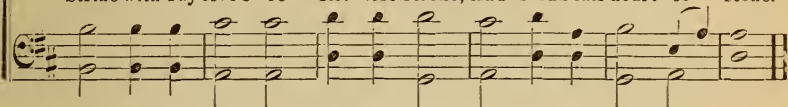


1. O that I could re - pent, With all my i - dols part,  
 2. A heart with grief op - pressed, For hav - ing grieved my God;  
 3. Je - sus, on me be - stow, The pen - i - tent de - sire;  
 4. With soft - ning pit - y look, And melt my hard - ness down;

# O That I Could Repent.



And to Thy gra-cious eye pre-sent An hum-ble, con-trite heart!  
A troubled heart, that can-not rest Till sprinkled with Thy blood.  
With true sin- cer - i - ty of woe, My ach-ing breast in - spire.  
Strike with Thy love's re - sist-less stroke, And break this heart of stone.

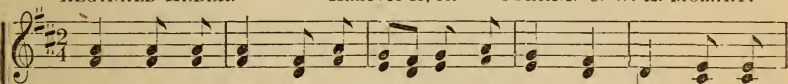


## No. 230. Brightest and Best.

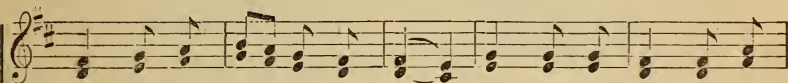
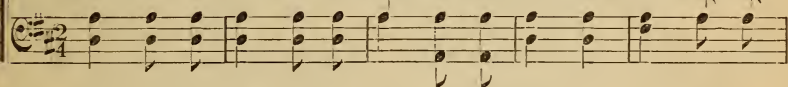
REGINALD HEBER.

Hanover 11, 10.

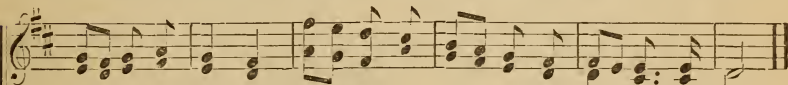
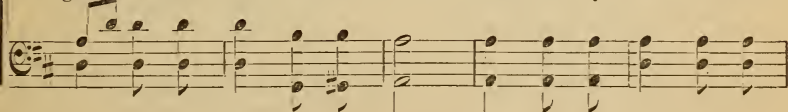
JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.



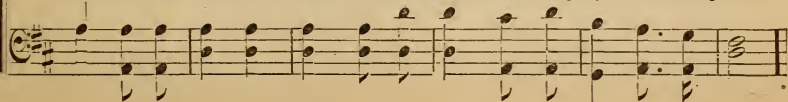
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our  
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies His  
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of  
4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion; Vain-ly with



dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-  
bed with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him, in  
E-dom and of-f'rings di-vine? Gems of the mount-ain, and  
gifts would His fa-vor se-cure; Rich-er by far is the



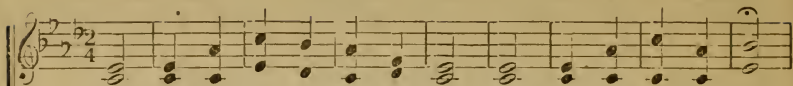
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.  
slum-ber re-clin-ing,—Mak-er, and Mon-arch, and Sav-ior of all.  
pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?  
heart's a-do-ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.



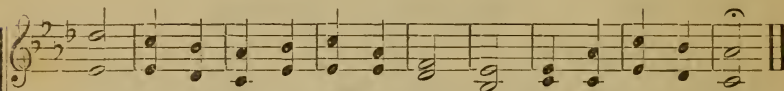
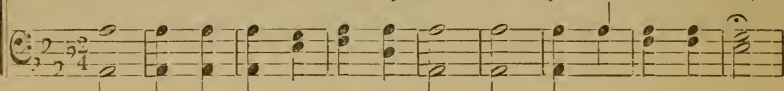
# No. 231. Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.

CHARLES WESLEY.

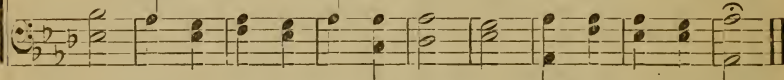
EVAN, C. M. REV. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. Lord, I be - lieve a rest re - mains To all thy peo - ple known;
2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fixed on things a - bove;
3. O that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve and en - ter in!
4. Re - move this hard - ness from my heart, The depth of sin re - move;



- A rest where pure en - joy - ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone.  
Where fear and sin and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.  
Now, Sav - ior, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin.  
To me the rest of faith im - part, The Sab - bath of Thy love.



## No. 232. I Know That My Redeemer

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find Him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;  
What can withstand His will?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfill.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

- 2 Savior from sin, we Thee receive,  
From all indwelling sin;  
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,  
Shall make us thoroughly clean.
- 3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,  
And pure as those above,  
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,  
And perfect us in love.
- 4 The counsel of Thy love fulfill:  
Come quickly, gracious Lord!  
Be it according to Thy will,  
According to Thy word.
- 5 O that the perfect grace were given,  
Thy love diffused abroad!  
O that our hearts were all a heaven,  
Forever filled with God!

Charles Wesley.

## No. 233. O Jesus, at Thy Feet We Wait.

- 1 O Jesus, at Thy feet we wait,  
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,  
Restored to our unsinning state,  
To love's sweet paradise.

## No. 234. Jesus, the Very Thought.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
The Savior of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who ask, how kind Thou art!  
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
No tongue nor pen can show:  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

### No. 235. O Joyful Sound of Gospel Grace.

1 O joyful sound of gospel grace!  
Christ shall in me appear;  
I, even I, shall see His face,  
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reached out I view:  
Conqueror thro' Him, I soon shall seize  
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see;  
My hope is full, O glorious hope!  
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, Thou art;  
But this cannot suffice,

Unless Thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.

5 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void:  
Thou only canst my spirit fill;  
Come, O my God, my God!

### No. 236. With Joy We Hail.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,  
Which God has called His own;  
With joy the summons we obey,  
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!  
As here Thy servants throng,  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell  
Within Thy church below;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her sons unite,  
To spread with holy zeal around,  
Her clear and shining light.

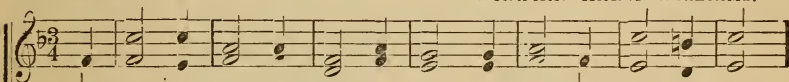
5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,  
Which Thou hast called Thine own;  
With joy the summons we obey,  
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber.

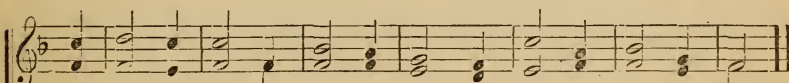
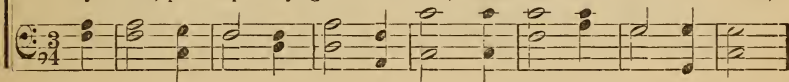
### No. 237. Vain Man. Thy Fond Pursuits Forbear.

JOSEPH HART.

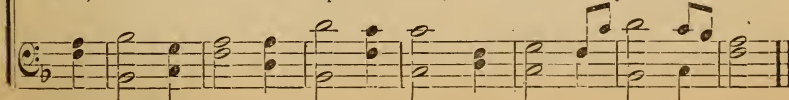
Welsh Air. AARON WILLIAMS.



1. Vain man, thy fond pur-suits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh;
2. Re-flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount!
3. Death en-ters, and there's no de-fense; His time there's none can tell;
4. Thy flesh, per-haps thy great-est care, Shall in-to dust con-sume;



Death, at the far-thest, can't be far: O think be-fore thou die.  
What are thy hopes be-yond the grave? How stands that dark ac-count?  
He'll in a mo-ment call thee hence, To heav'n, or down to hell.  
But, ah! de-struc-tion stops not there; Sin kills be-yond the tomb.

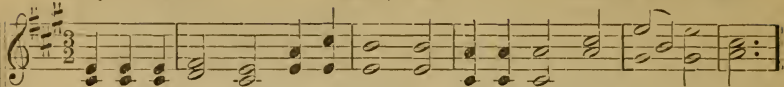


## No. 238. Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness.

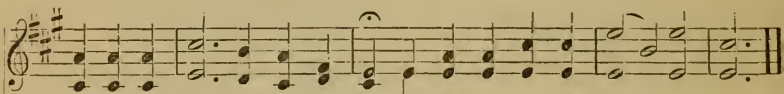
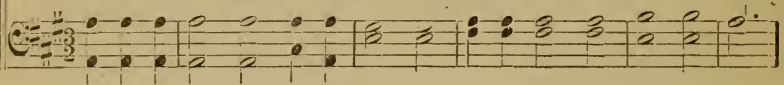
Tr. by J. WESLEY.

Ware, L. M.

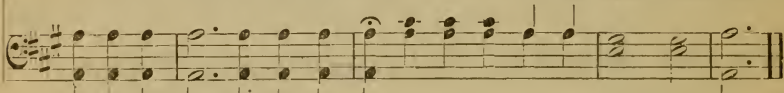
GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. Je - sus, Thy blood and righteousness My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress;
2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay?
3. The ho - ly, meek, un - spot - ted Lamb, Who from the Fa - ther's bo - som came,
4. Lord, I be - lieve Thy precious blood, Which, at the mer - cy - seat of God,
5. Lord, I be - lieve were sinners more Than sands up - on the o - cean shore,



- 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.  
 Ful - ly absolved thro' these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.  
 Who died for me, e'en me to atone, Now for my Lord and God I own.  
 For - ev - er doth for sin - ners plead, For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.  
 Thou hast for all a ran - som paid, For all a full a - tone - ment made.



## No. 239. Our Lord is Risen.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high!  
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold th'ethereal scene:  
 He claims these mansions as His right—  
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory? Who?  
 The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew—  
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.

- 6 Who is the King of glory? Who?  
 The Lord, of glorious pow'r possessed:  
 The King of saints and angels too,  
 God over all forever blessed.  
 Charles Wesley.

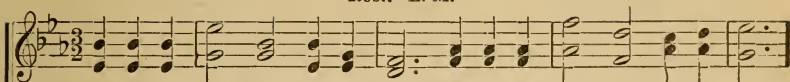
## No. 240. Come, Let Us Tune our Loftiest Songs.

- 1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,  
 And raise to Christ our joyful strain;  
 Worship and thanks to Him belong,  
 Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
- 2 His sovereign power our bodies made;  
 Our souls are His immortal breath;  
 And when His creatures sinned, He bled,  
 To save us from eternal death.
- 3 Burn ev'ry breast with Jesus' love;  
 Bound every heart with rapturous joy;  
 And saints on earth, with saints above,  
 Your voices in His praise employ.
- 4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,  
 Ascend for Him our joyful strain;  
 Worship and thanks to Him belong,  
 Who reigns, and shall forever reign.  
 Robert A. West.

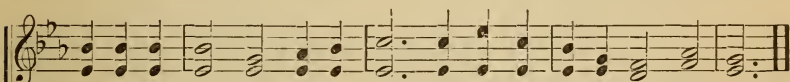
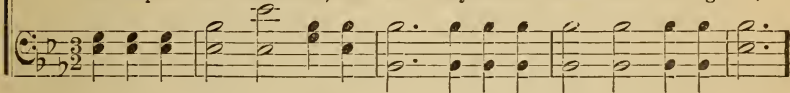
# No. 241.

# Asleep in Jesus.

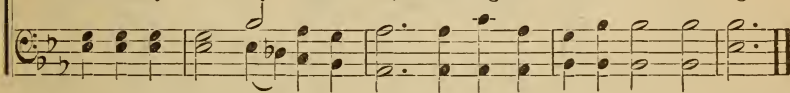
Rest. L. M.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref-uge be;



A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.  
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his ven - om'd sting!  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.  
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait - ing the summons from on high.



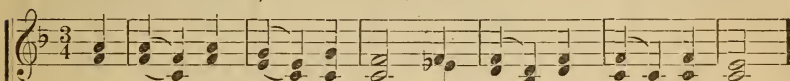
# No. 242.

# Blest be the Tie that Binds.

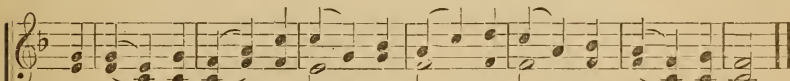
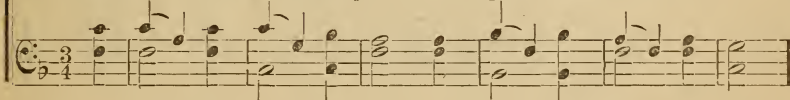
Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

Dennis, S. M.

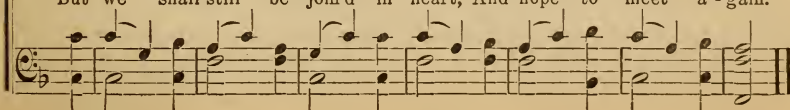
H. G. NAGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—Our com - forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



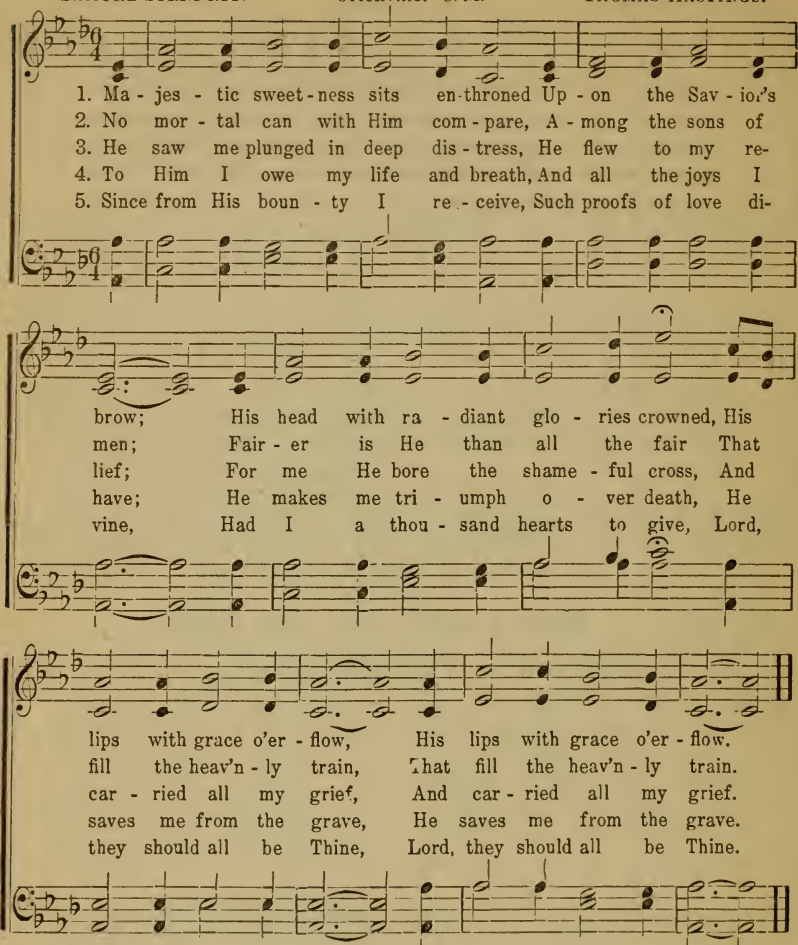
# No. 243.

# Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

Ortonville. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of  
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re -  
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I  
 5. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive, Such proofs of love di -

brow; His head with ra - dant glo - ries crowned, His  
 men; Fair - er is He than all the fair That  
 lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And  
 have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, He  
 vine, Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord,

lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
 fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.  
 car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
 saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.  
 they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

## No. 244. Lift Up Your Hearts.

- 1 Lift up your hearts to things above,  
 Ye followers of the Lamb,  
 And join with us to praise His love,  
 And glorify His name.
- 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,  
 Whose mercies never end:  
 Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;  
 The King is now our Friend.
- 3 We for His sake count all things loss;  
 On earthly good look down;  
 And joyfully sustain the cross  
 Till we receive the crown.
- 4 O let us stir each other up,  
 Our faith by works to approve,  
 By holy, purifying hope,  
 And the sweet task of love.
- 5 Let all who for the promise wait,  
 The Holy Ghost receive:  
 And raised to our unsinning state,  
 With God in Eden live:
- 6 Live till the Lord in glory come,  
 And wait His heaven to share:  
 He now is fitting up your home:  
 Go on, we'll meet you there.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 245. Jesus, the Name High Over All.

- 1 Jesus, the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear;  
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,  
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace;  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim:  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His name;  
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb!
- Charles Wesley.

## No. 246. Let Him to Whom We.

- 1 Let Him to whom we now belong,  
His sovereign right assert;  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for His own,  
Who bought us with a price:  
The Christian lives to Christ alone;  
To Christ alone He dies.
- 3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive;  
Fulfill our hearts' desire:  
And let us to Thy glory live,  
And in Thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;  
With joy we render Thee  
Our all, —no longer ours, but Thine  
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 247. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:  
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,  
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone:  
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

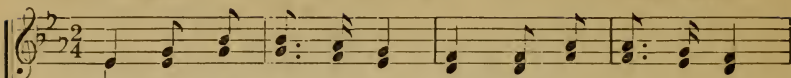
Be of sun the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

# No. 248. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

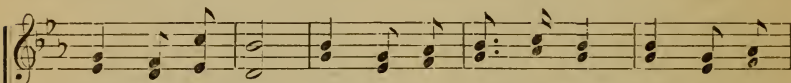
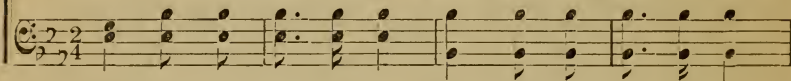
RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6, 4.

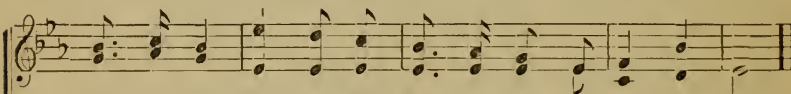
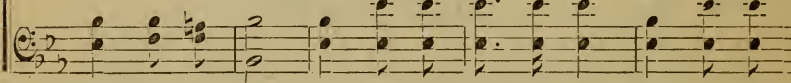
LOWELL MASON.



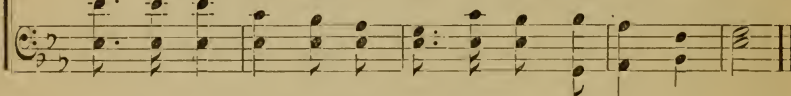
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



- Sav - ior di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -



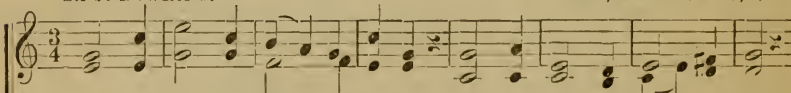
- guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, — A liv - ing fire.  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, — A ran - somed soul.



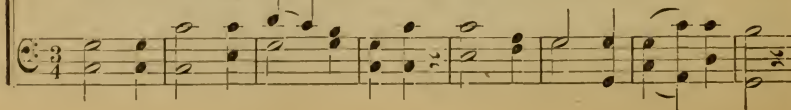
# No. 249. In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING.

TUNE, RATHBUN. 8, 7.



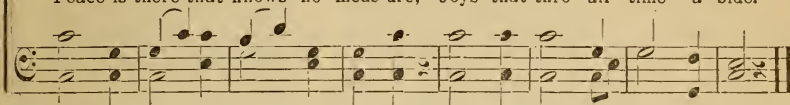
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



# In the Cross of Christ.



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - dianc streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.  
 Peace is there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



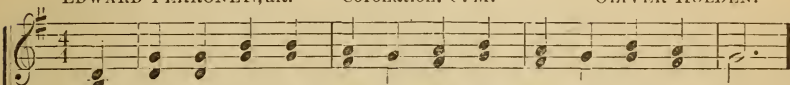
## No. 250.

## All Hail the Power!

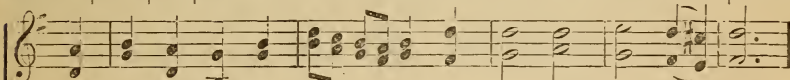
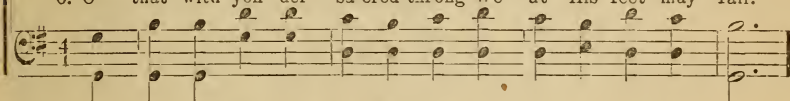
EDWARD PERRONET, alt.

Coronation. C. M.

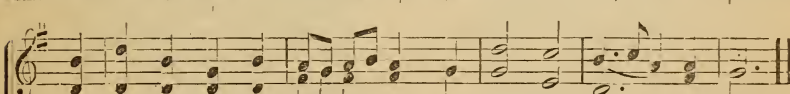
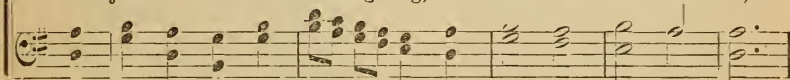
OLIVER HOLDEN.



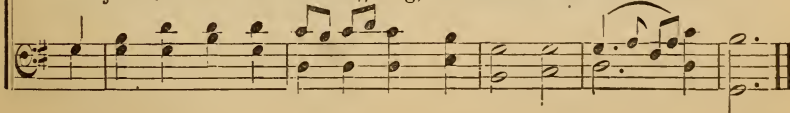
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall;
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saved you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Go spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



# No. 251. Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Laban. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,  
 2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might-y pow'r,  
 3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;  
 4. That hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past,  
 5. Leave no un - guard - ed place, No weak - ness of the soul;  
 6. In - dis - so - lu - bly joined, To bat - tle all pro - ceed;

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.  
 Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.  
 But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.  
 Ye may o'er - come, thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.  
 Take ev - 'ry vir - tue, ev - 'ry grace, And fort - i - fy the whole.  
 But arm yourselves with all the mind That was in Christ your Head.

## No. 252. Urge on Your Rapid Course.

- 1 Urge on your rapid course,  
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands;  
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force;  
 'Tis seized by violent hands.
- 2 See there the starry crown  
 That glitters through the skies;  
 Satan, the world, and sin tread down  
 And take the glorious prize.
- 3 Through much distress and pain,  
 Through many a conflict here,  
 Through blood ye must the entrance gain,  
 Yet, O disdain to fear.
- 4 "Courage," your Captain cries,  
 (Who all your toil foreknew,)  
 "Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,  
 I have o'ercome for you."
- 5 The world cannot withstand  
 Its ancient Conqueror;  
 The world must sink beneath the Hand  
 Which arms us for the war.
- 6 This is the victory,  
 Before our faith they fall;  
 Jesus has died for you and me;  
 Believe and conquer all.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 253. How Can a Sinner Know?

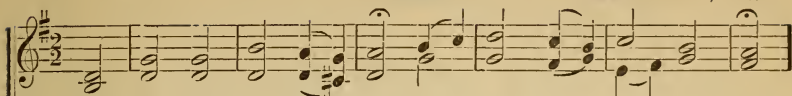
- 1 How can a sinner know  
 His sins on earth forgiven?  
 How can my gracious Savior show  
 My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen  
 With confidence we tell;  
 And publish to the sons of men,  
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We, who in Christ believe  
 That He for us hath died,  
 We all his unknown peace receive,  
 And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul.  
 Disburdened of her load,  
 And swells unutterably full  
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far  
 The love of all beneath,  
 We find within our hearts, and dare  
 The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell  
 The sacred power we prove;  
 And, conquerors, of the world, we dwell  
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

Charles Wesley.

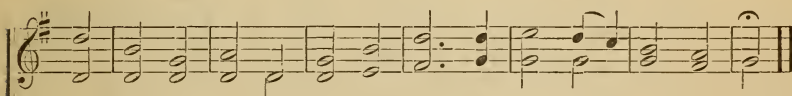
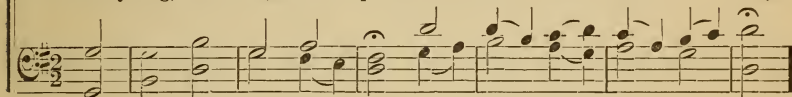
# No. 254. Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!

St. Thomas.

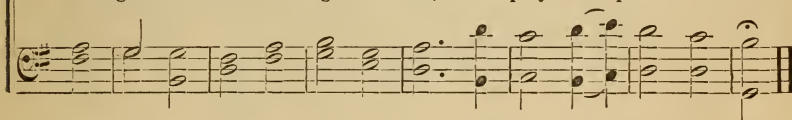
WM. TANSUR, 1768.



1. Lord, God, the Ho - ly Ghost! In this ac - cept - ed hour,
2. We meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place,
3. Like might - y, rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath,
4. The young, the old, in - spire With wis - dom from a - bove,



As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r.  
 And wait the prom - ise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace.  
 Move with one im - pulse ev - 'ry mind; One soul, one feel - ing breathe.  
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire, To pray and praise and love.



## No. 255. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The house of Thine abode,  
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved,  
 With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!  
 Her walls before Thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways;  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight.

## No. 256. O Come, and Dwell in Me.

- 1 O come, and dwell in me,  
 Spirit of power within;  
 And bring the glorious liberty  
 From sorrow fear and sin!
- 2 The seed of sins disease,  
 Spirit of health, remove,  
 Spirit of finished holiness,  
 Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day,  
 Which shall my sins consume,  
 When old things shall be done away,  
 And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,  
 That all I do is right,  
 According to Thy will and word,  
 Well pleasing in Thy sight.
- 5 I ask no higher state;  
 Indulge me but in this,  
 And soon or later then translate  
 To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

# No. 257. Savior of the Sin-sick Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Hendon. 7.

CÆSAR MALAN.

1. Sav - ior of the sin - sick soul, Give me faith to  
 2. Speak the sec - ond time, "Be clean!" Take a - way my  
 3. Noth - ing less will I re - quire; Noth - ing more can  
 4. O that I might now de - crease! O that all I

make me whole; Fin - ish Thy great work of grace; Cut it  
 in - bred sin; Ev - 'ry stam - bling block re - move; Cast it  
 I de - sire; None but Christ to me be giv'n, None but  
 am might cease! Let me in - to noth - ing fall; Let my

short in right - eous - ness; Cut it short in right - eous - ness.  
 out by per - fect love; Cast it out by per - fect love.  
 Christ in earth or heav'n; None but Christ in earth or heav'n.  
 Lord be all in all! Let my Lord be all in all!

## No. 258. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
 God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise—  
 Join the triumphs of the skies;  
 With angelic hosts proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
 Christ the everlasting Lord;  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail, incarnate Deity.
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.
- 5 Come, desire of nations, come!  
 Fix in us Thy humble home;  
 Second Adam from above,  
 Reinstall us in Thy love.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 259. Christ, the Lord, is Risen.

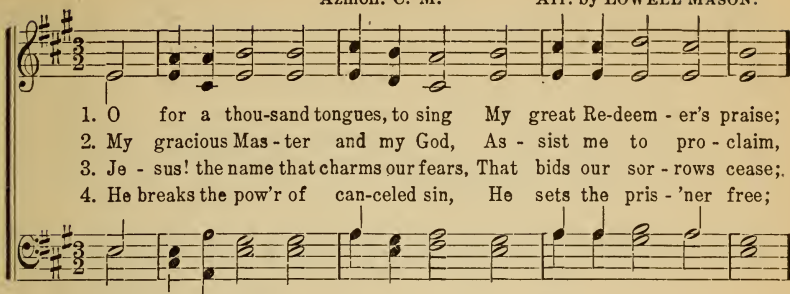
- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
 Sons of men and angels say:  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
 Sing, ye heavens.—and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,—  
 Fought the fight, the battle won;  
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:  
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell:  
 Death in vain forbids his rise;  
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Once he died our souls to save;  
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Follow our exalted head;  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

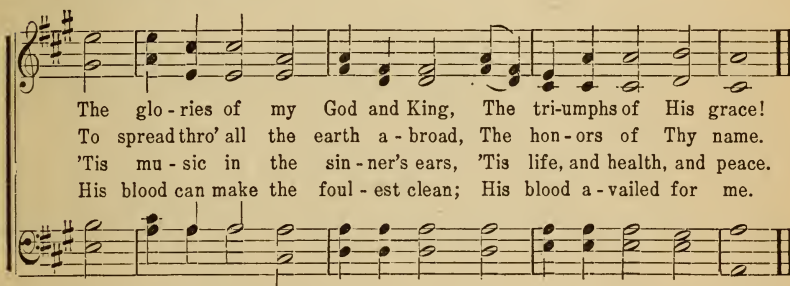
# No. 260. O for a Thousand Tongues.

Azmon. C. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise;  
 2. My gracious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,  
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;  
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-cel'd sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;



The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!  
 To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.  
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

## No. 261. How Sweet the Name of Jesus

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds  
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding-place,  
 My never-failing treasure, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,  
 My Prophet Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring!

- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean,  
 Which neither life nor death can part,  
 From Him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 263. O For a Faith.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
 Though pressed by every foe,  
 That will not tremble on the brink  
 Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
 Beneath the chastening rod,  
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
 Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
 When tempests rage without:  
 That when in danger knows no fear,  
 In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread  
 Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,  
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
 Nor Satan's arts beguile.

## No. 262. O For a Heart to Praise.

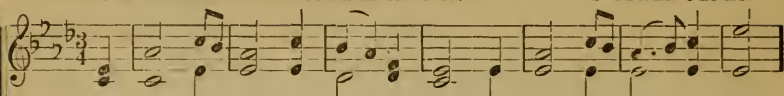
- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free!  
 A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 Wy great Redeemer's throne;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

# No. 264. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

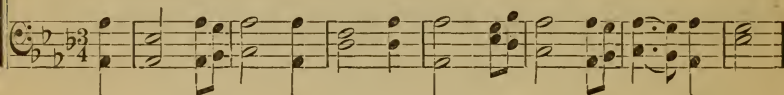
ISAAC WATTS.

Communion. C M.

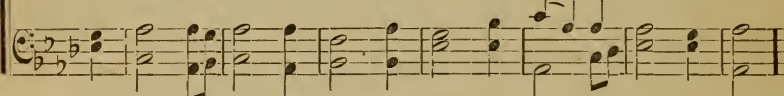
STEPHEN JENKS.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sow - reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:



- Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



## No. 265. The Head That Once Was Crowned With Thorns.

- 1 The head that once was crowned with  
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns,  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is to our Jesus given;  
The King of kings and Lord of lords,  
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name, an everlasting name,  
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above;  
Their everlasting joy to know  
The mystery of His love.

Thomas Kelly.

## No. 266. Amazing Grace!

- 1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,—  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to  
And grace my fears relieved; [fear,  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and  
I have already come; [snares,  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall  
And mortal life shall cease, [fail,  
I shall possess, within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

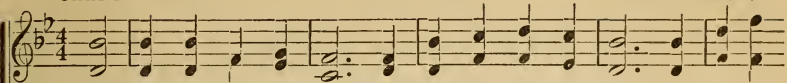
Rev. John Newton.

# No. 267. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

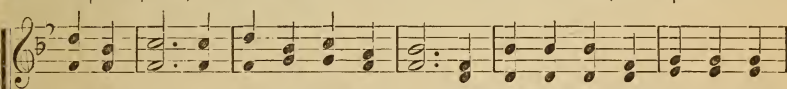
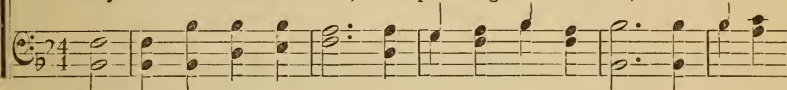
CHARLES WESLEY.

LENOX. H. M.

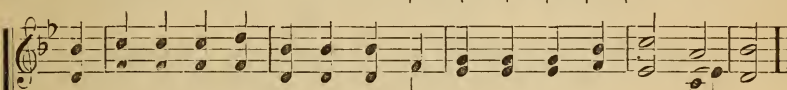
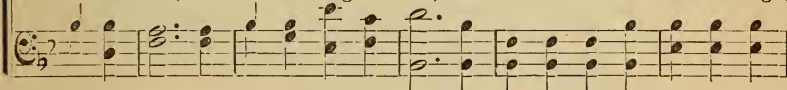
LEWIS EDSON.



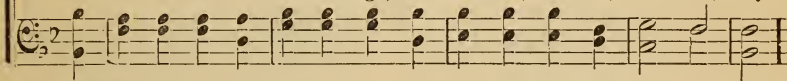
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleeding
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re -
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef -
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One; He can - not
5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me



sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands  
deeming love, His precious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,  
fectual pray'rs, They strongly plead for me; "For - give Him, O for - give," they cry,  
turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son: His Spir - it an - swers to the blood,  
for His child; I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
"For - give Him, O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."  
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.  
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.



## No. 268. Blow Ye the Trumpet.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly - solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad;  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all - atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live;  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love;  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear,  
Before your Savior's face;  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

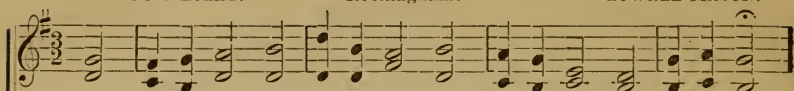
# No. 269.

# Come, Holy Spirit.

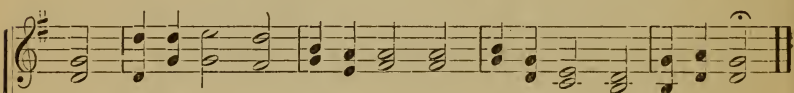
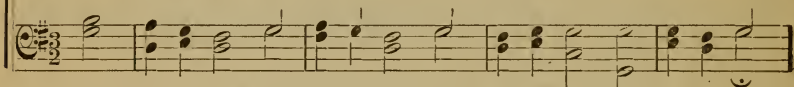
CHARLES WESLEY.

Rockingham.

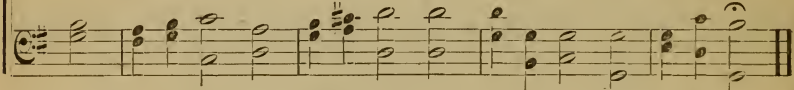
LOWELL MASON.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, raise our songs To reach the won-ders of that day,
2. Lord, we be-lieve to us and ours, The a-pos-tol - ic promise giv'n;
3. As - sembled here with one ac-cord, Calm - ly we wait the promised grace,
4. If ev-'ry one that asks, may find, If still thou dost on sin-ners fall.
5. O leave us not to mourn be-low, Or long for Thy re - turn to pine;



When, with Thy fier - y cloven tongues Thou didst such glorious scenes display.  
 We wait the pen - te - cost-al pow'rs, The Ho-ly Ghost sent down from heav'n.  
 The purchase of our dy-ing Lord; Come, Ho-ly Ghost, and fill the place.  
 Come as a might-y rushing wind; Great grace be now up - on us all.  
 Now, Lord, the Com-fort - er be-stow, And fix in us the Guest di - vine.



## No. 270. Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring,  
I could forever think and sing;  
Arise, ye needy, He'll relieve;  
Arise, ye guilty, He'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given,  
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood.  
He closed His eyes to show us God:  
Let all the world fall down and know,  
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan;  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink, and yet am ever dry:  
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

## No. 271. O for that Flame of Living Fire.

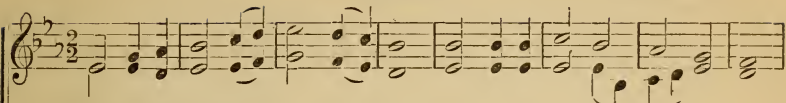
- 1 O for that flame of living fire,  
Which shone so bright in saints of old;  
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,  
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt  
In Abraham's breast, and sealed Him Thine?  
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt  
And glow with energy divine?
- 3 That Spirit, which from age to age  
Proclaim'd Thy love, and taught Thy ways?  
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?
- 4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power;  
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;  
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;  
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,  
On us Thy holy Spirit pour.

# No. 272.

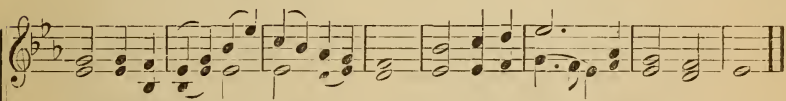
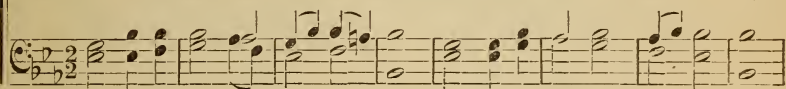
# From all That Dwell.

Duke Street.

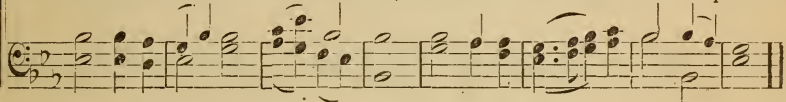
JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;
3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring, In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long;



Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
The great sal - va - tion loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name.  
In cheer - ful sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise.



## No. 273. O Thou, Whom all Thy Saints Adore.

- 1 O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore,  
We now with all Thy saints agree,  
And bow our inmost souls before  
Thy glorious, awful majesty.
- 2 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,  
And for Thy loving kindness wait;  
And O, how dreadful is this place!  
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 3 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;  
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;  
And lo! we see descend from high  
The pillar and the flames of fire.
- 4 Still let it on the assembly stay,  
And all the house with glory fill;  
To Canaan's bounds point out the way  
And lead us to the holy hill.
- 5 There let us all with Jesus stand,  
And join the general church above,  
And take our seat at Thy right hand,  
And sing Thine everlasting love.  
Charles Wesley.

## No. 274. Jesus Shall Reign.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless praise be made,  
And endless praises crown His head.  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue,  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim,  
Their young hosannas to His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest;  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast,  
More blessings than their father lost.  
Isaac Watts.

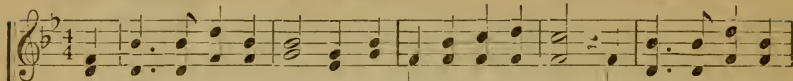
## No. 275.

## Stand Up for Jesus.

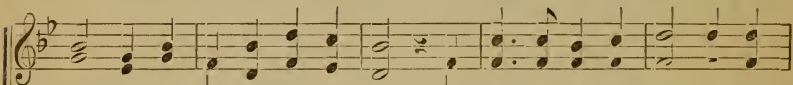
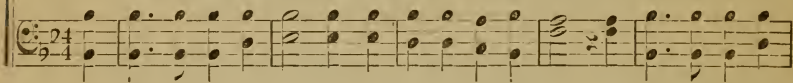
GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

Webb. 7, 6.

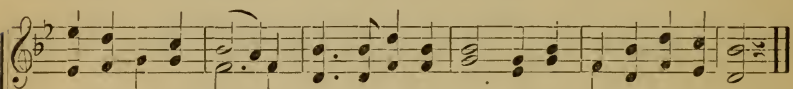
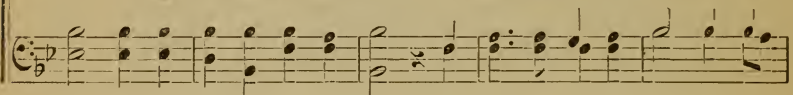
GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



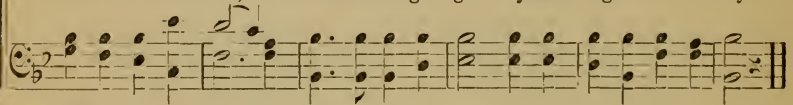
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



- ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
 fail you; Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each  
 bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song; To him that o - ver - com - eth, A



- arm - y shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.  
 piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



## No. 276. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

- 1 Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,  
 Great David's greater Son!  
 Hail, in the time appointed,  
 His reign on earth begun!  
 He comes to break oppression,  
 To set the captive free;  
 To take away transgression,  
 And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes with succor speedy  
 To those who suffer wrong;  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong;  
 To give them songs for sighing,  
 Their darkness turn to light,  
 Whose souls condemned and dying,  
 Were precious in His sight.

- 3 He shall descend like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth,  
 And love and joy, like flowers,  
 Spring in His path to birth;  
 Before Him, on the mountains,  
 Shall peace, the herald, go,  
 And righteousness, in fountains,  
 From hill to valley flow.

- 4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,  
 And daily vows ascend;  
 His kingdom still increasing,  
 A kingdom without end;  
 The tide of time shall never  
 His covenant remove;  
 His name shall stand forever;  
 His name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

## No. 277. *Paradise of Joy.*

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigil keep;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep;  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion,  
O paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy;  
The Lamb is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction,  
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 With Jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emerald blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
Thy saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;  
Thou hast no time, bright day:  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away:  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.  
Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

### Doxology.

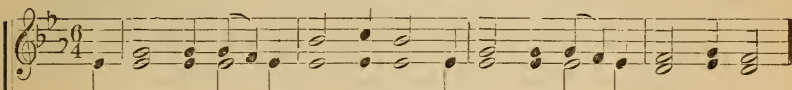
To Thee be praise forever,  
Thou glorious King of kings!  
Thy wondrous love and favor  
Each ransomed spirit sings:  
We'll celebrate Thy glory  
With all Thy saints above,  
And shout the joyful story  
Of Thy redeeming love.

## No. 278. 'Tis Finished.

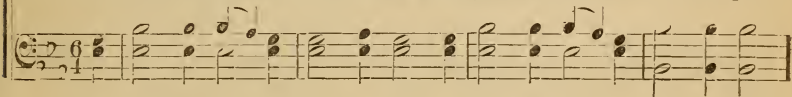
CHARLES WESLEY

Salem. L. M.

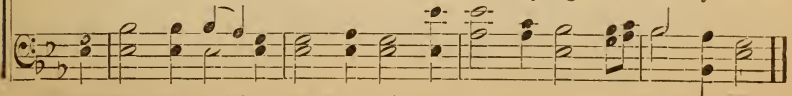
H. R. CHRISTIE.



1. 'Tis fin-ished! the Mes - si - ah dies, Cut off for sins, but not His own!
2. 'Tis fin-ished! all the debt is paid; Jus-tice di-vine is sat-is-fied;
3. The veil is rent in Christ a-lone; The liv-ing way to heav'n is seen:
4. The types and figures are full-filled; Ex-act-ed is the le-gal pain;
5. Death, hell, and sin are now subdued; All grace is now to sin-ners giv'n;



Ac-com-plished is the sac-ri-fice, The great re-deem-ing work is done.  
The grand and full a-tone-ment made: Christ for a guilt-y world hath died.  
The mid-dle wall is bro-ken down, And all man-kind may en-ter in.  
The pre-cious prom-is-es are seal'd: The spot-less Lamb of God is slain.  
And lo! I plead th'a-ton-ing blood, And in Thy right I claim Thy heav'n.

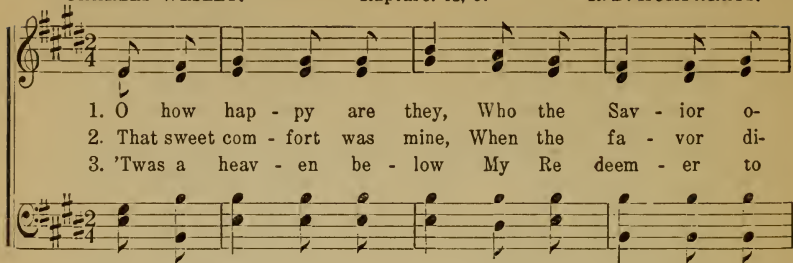


# No. 279. O How Happy are They.

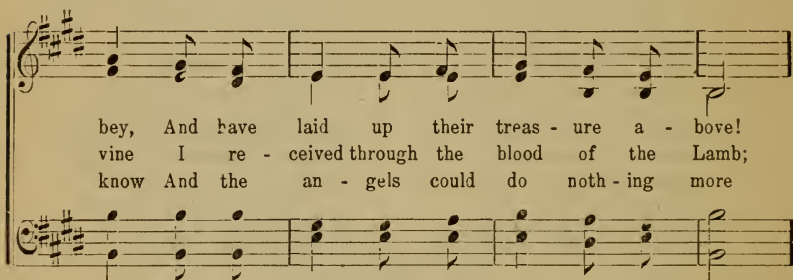
CHARLES WESLEY.

Rapture. 12, 9.

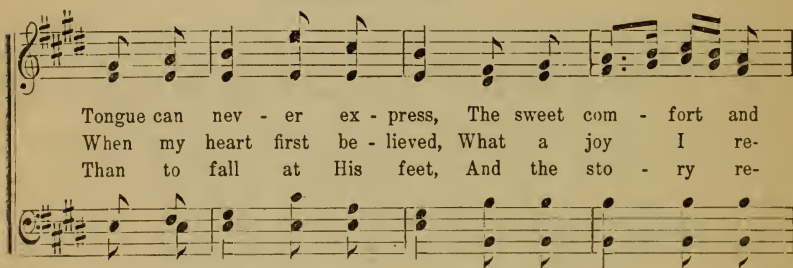
R. D. HUMPHREYS.



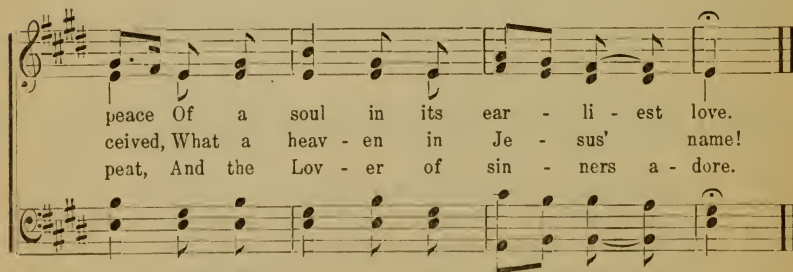
1. O how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - ior o -  
 2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di -  
 3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re deem - er to



bey, And have laid up their treas - ure a - bove!  
 vine I re - ceived through the blood of the Lamb;  
 know And the an - gels could do noth - ing more



Tongue can nev - er ex - press, The sweet com - fort and  
 When my heart first be - lieved, What a joy I re -  
 Than to fall at His feet, And the sto - ry re -



peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.  
 ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' name!  
 peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.

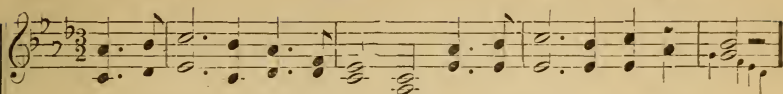
4 Jesus all the day long  
 Was my joy and my song;  
 O that all His salvation might see!  
 "He hath loved me," I cried,  
 "He hath suffered and died,  
 To redeem even rebels like me."

5 O the rapturous height,  
 Of that holy delight  
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
 Of my Savior possessed,  
 I was perfectly blessed,  
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

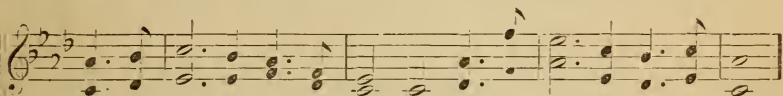
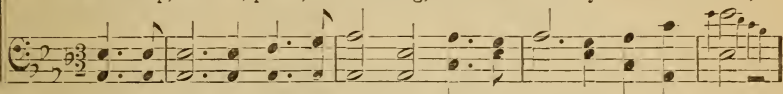
# No. 280. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

JOHN BAKEWELL.

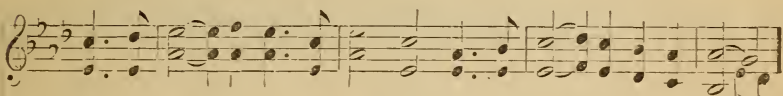
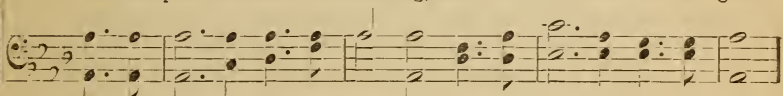
Autumn. 8, 7. Spanish Melody, from Marechio.



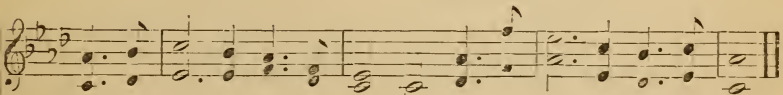
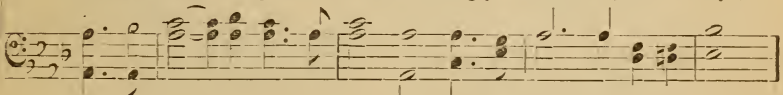
1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
2. Pasch - al Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je - sus, hail! en - throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;
4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r, and bless - ing, Thou art worth - y to re - ceive;



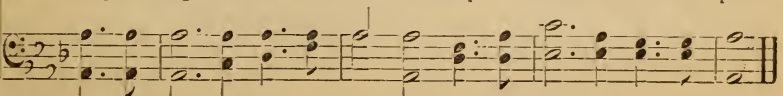
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.  
By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.  
All the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's side.  
Loud - est prais - es with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.



Hail Thou ag - on - iz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!  
All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en, Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood;  
Therefor sin - ners Thou art plead - ing, There Thou dost our place pre - pare;  
Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweet - est, nob - lest lays;



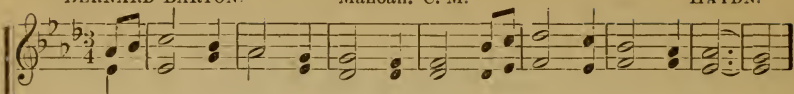
By Thy mer - its we find fav - or; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.  
O - pened is the gate of heav - en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.  
Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.  
Help to sing our Sav - ior's mer - its; Help to chant Im - man - uel's praise!



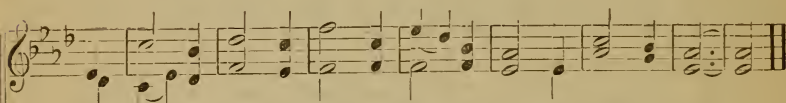
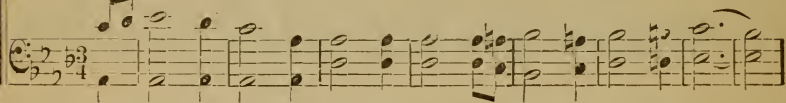
BERNARD BARTON.

Manoah. C. M.

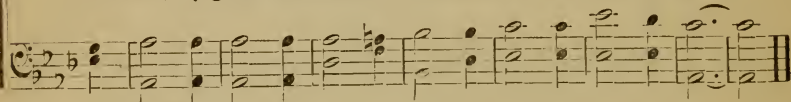
HAYDN.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness pass'd a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shades shall wear;
5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peace-ful, se-rene and bright.



- His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.  
 Who dwells in cloud-less light en-shrined, In whom no dark-ness is.  
 Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.  
 Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom. For Christ hath conquer'd there.  
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him - self is light.



## No. 282. Jesus Hath Died That I Might Live.

- 1 Jesus hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone;  
In Him eternal life receive,  
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Savior, I thank Thee for Thy grace,  
The gift unspeakable:  
And wait with arms of faith t'embrace,  
And all Thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire  
The perfect bliss to prove;  
My longing heart is all on fire  
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me Thyself: from every boast,  
From every wish set free;  
Let all I am in Thee be lost,  
But give Thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,  
Unless Thyself be given;

Thy presence makes my paradise,  
And where Thou art is heaven.

## No. 283. What Is Our Calling's Glorious Hope?

- 1 What is our calling's glorious hope,  
But inward holiness?  
For this to Jesus I look up;  
I calmly wait for this.
- 2 I wait till He shall touch me clean,  
Shall life and power impart,  
Give me the faith that casts out sin,  
And purifies the heart.
- 3 When Jesus makes my heart His home,  
My sin shall all depart;  
And, lo! He saith, "I quickly come,  
To fill and rule thy heart."
- 4 Be it according to Thy word;  
Redeem me from all sin;  
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord;  
Come in, my Lord, come in!

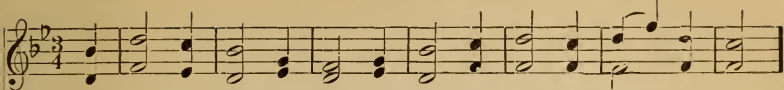
Charles Wesley.

# No. 284.

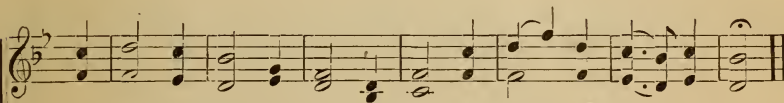
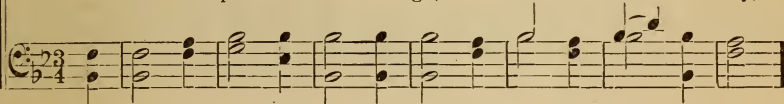
# Come, Humble Sinner.

E. JONES.

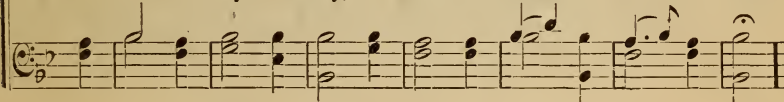
Balerna. C. M. Span. mel. Arr. by R. SIMPSON.



1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Like mountains 'round me close:
3. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
4. Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
5. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try,



Come, with your guilt and fear op-press'd, And make this last re - solve:  
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With - out His sov - 'reign grace.  
But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.  
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.



## No. 285. Come, O My God.

- 1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,  
This mountain, sin, remove;  
Now in my waiting soul reveal  
The virtue of Thy love.
- 2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,  
Thy righteousness, brought in:  
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee  
To be redeemed from sin.
- 3 For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,  
My inbred sin cast out:  
Thou wilt, in me, Thy power display;  
I can no longer doubt.
- 4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,  
This moment be subdued;  
Be cast into the crimson tide  
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Savior, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Savior Thou!  
In all the confidence of hope  
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done; Thou dost this moment save—  
With full salvation bless;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.  
Charles Wesley.

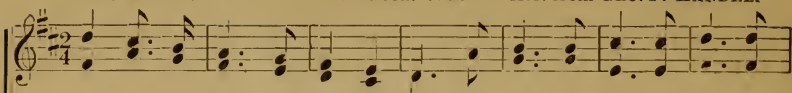
## No. 286. Come, Holy Ghost.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;  
Let us Thy influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire;  
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke:  
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;  
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, Celestial Dove  
Brood o'er our nature's night;  
On our disordered Spirit's move,  
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, thro' Himself, we then shall know,  
If Thou within us shine;  
And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine.

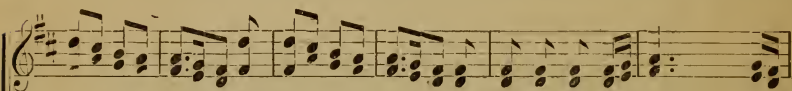
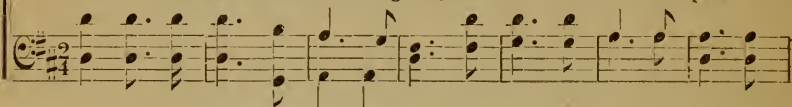
ISAAC WATTS.

Antioch. C. M.

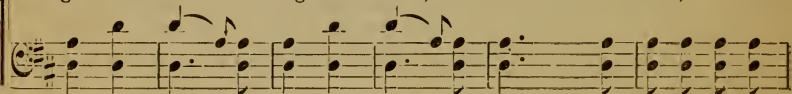
Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.



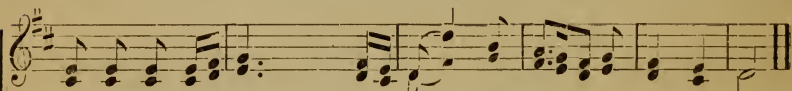
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The



ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And  
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-  
 comes to make His bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found, Far  
 glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And



And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture



heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.  
 peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, Re-peat the sound ing joy.  
 as the curse is found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.  
 won-ders of His love, And wonders, And won-ders of His love.



sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

## No. 288. Hark, the Glad Sound!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes!<br/>         The Savior promised long!<br/>         Let every heart prepare a throne,<br/>         And every voice a song.</p> <p>2 He comes, the prisoner to release,<br/>         In Satan's bondage held;<br/>         The gates of brass before Him burst,<br/>         The iron fetters yield.</p> | <p>3 He comes, from thickest films of vice<br/>         To clear the mental ray,<br/>         And on the eyeballs of the blind<br/>         To pour celestial day.</p> <p>4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,<br/>         The bleeding soul to cure,<br/>         And with the treasure of His grace,<br/>         To enrich the humble poor.</p> |
|--|--|

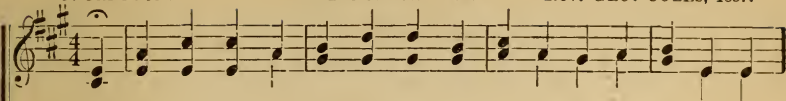
## No. 289.

## Jesus, My All.

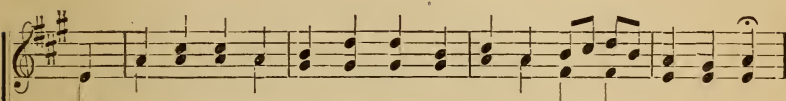
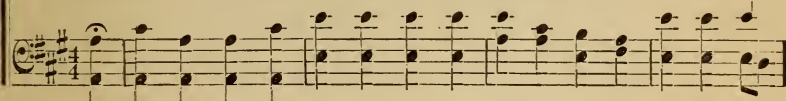
J. CENNICK.

Duane Street. L. M.

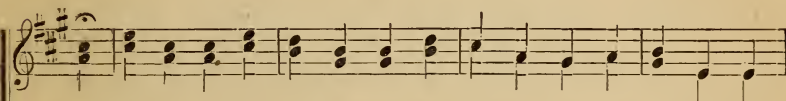
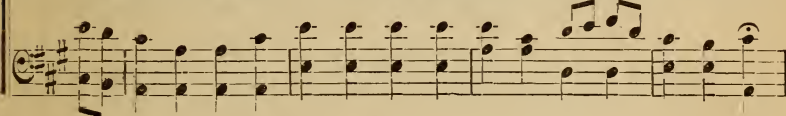
Rev. GEO. COLES, 1837.



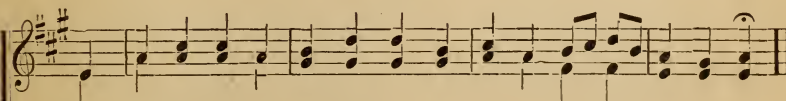
1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fix my hopes up - on;
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not;
3. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am;



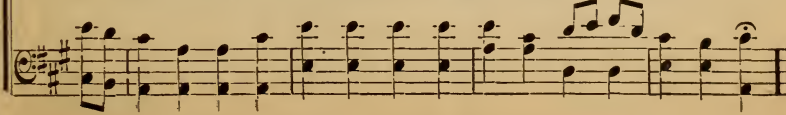
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way, till Him I view.  
 My grief a bur - den long has been, Be - cause I was not saved from sin.  
 Noth - ing but sin have I to give, Noth - ing but love shall I re - ceive.



The way the ho - ly proph - ets went, The road that leads from ban - ish - ment,  
 The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I felt its weight and guilt the more,  
 Then will I tell to sin - ners 'round, What a dear Sav - ior I have found;



The Kings's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go for all His paths are peace.  
 Till late I heard my Sav - ior say, Come hith - er, soul, I am the way.  
 I'll point to Thy re - deem - ing blood, And say, "Be - hold the way to God."

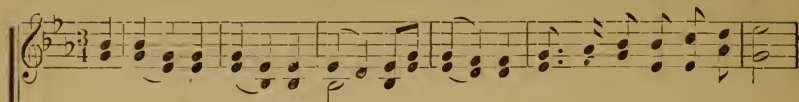


# No. 290. O Glorious Hope of Perfect Love!

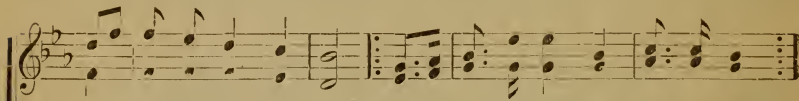
CHAS. WESLEY.

Ariel. C. P. M. 8s & 6s.

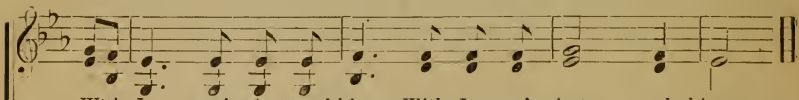
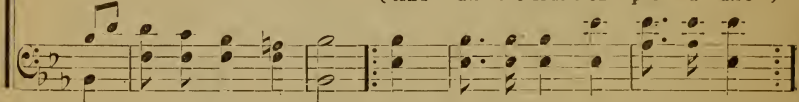
Dr. L. MASON.



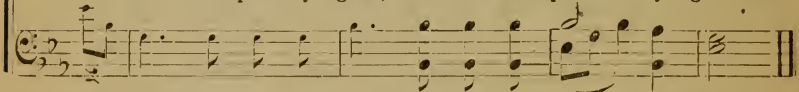
1. O glo - rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a - bove;  
2. Re-joic - ing now in earn - est hope I stand, and from the mountain top



- It bears on eag - les' wings; { It gives my rav - ish'd soul a taste, }  
And makes me for some mo - ments feast, }  
See all the land be - low; { Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise, }  
And all the fruits of par - a - dise }



- With Je - sus' priests and kings, With Je - sus' priests and kings.  
In end - less plen - ty grow, In end - less plen - ty grow.



- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;  
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps His own in perfect peace  
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up;  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
A howling wilderness!
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine;  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress.  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the character He bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on His throne;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.

## No. 291. O Could I Speak

- 1 O could I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Savior shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.

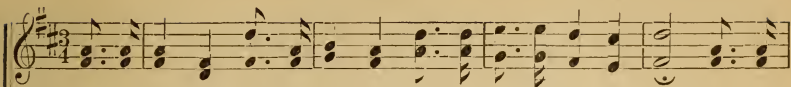
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face;  
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley.

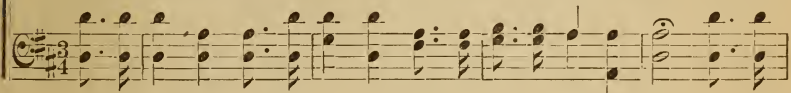
# No. 292. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Zion. 8, 7, 4.

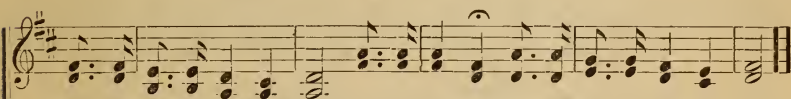
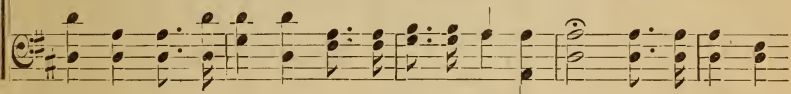
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount-ain, Whence the healing waters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-i-ous fears sub-side; Bear me



weak—but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heav-en,  
fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong De-liv'r-er,  
thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of prais-es



Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en Feed me till I want no more.  
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'r-er, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.



## No. 293. Come, Ye Saints

- 1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;  
See the place where Jesus lay;  
He has burst His bands asunder;  
He has borne our sins away;  
Joyful tidings!  
Yes, the Lord has risen today.

- 2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;  
By His death He overcame;

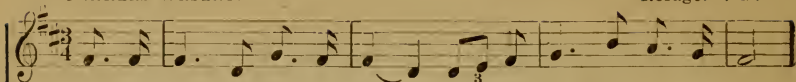
Thus the Lord His glory raises,  
Thus He fills His foes with shame;  
Sing ye praises!  
Praises to the Victor's name.

- 3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions  
Come from heaven to meet their King;  
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,  
They shall join His praise to sing,  
Songs eternal  
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.  
Thomas Kelly.

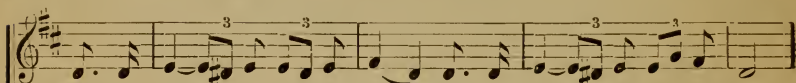
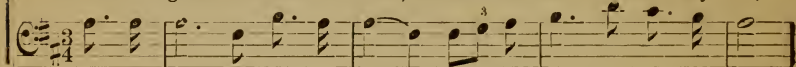
# No. 294. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

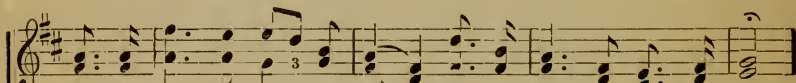
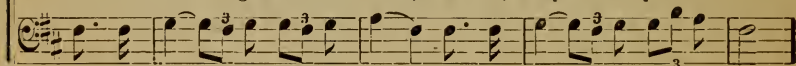
Refuge. 7 D.



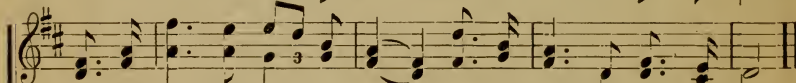
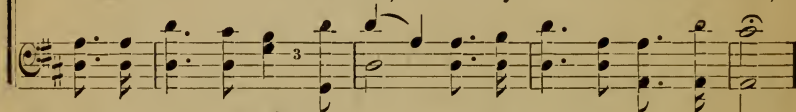
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



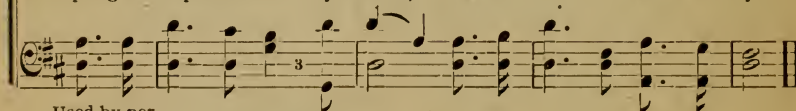
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.  
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;  
 Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

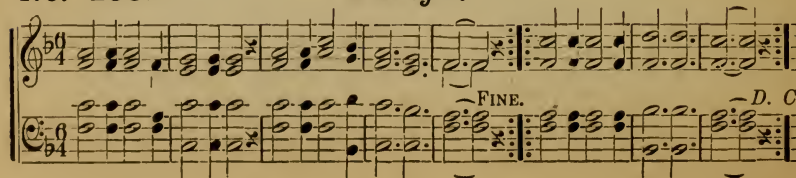


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



Used by per.

# No. 295. Martyn.

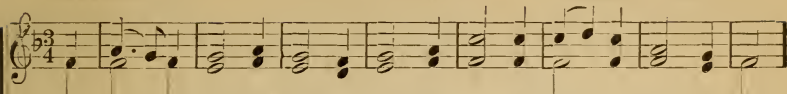


# No. 296. The Friend of Sinners Dies!

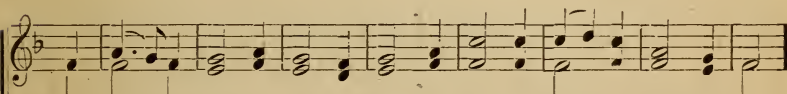
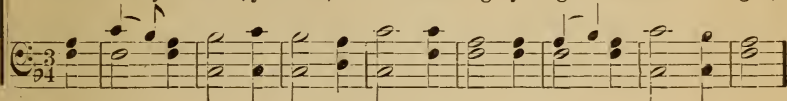
ISAAC WATTS.

Fillmore. L. M. D.

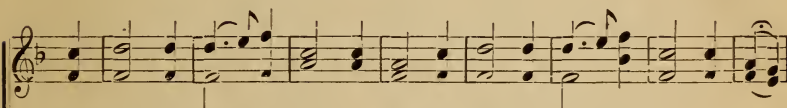
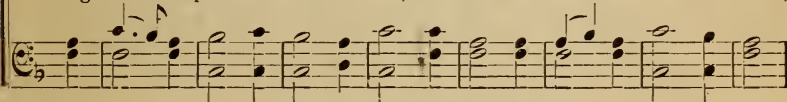
JEREMIAH INGALLS.



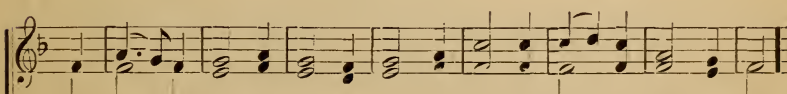
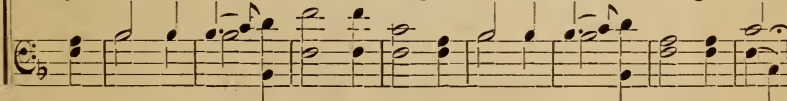
1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daugh - ters weep a - round;
2. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree; The Lord of glo - ry dies for man!
3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De - liv - 'rer reigns;



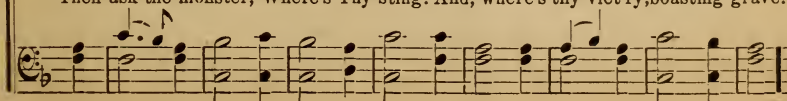
A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies, A sud - dentrembling shakes the ground;  
But lo! what sud - den joys we see; Je - sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain.  
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the mons - ter death in chains;



Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For Him who groaned beneath your load;  
The ris - ing God for - sakes the tomb, In vain the tomb for - bids His rise;  
Say, "Live for - ev - er, won - drous King! Born to re - deem and strong to save;"



He shed a thousand drops for you, A thou - sand drops of rich - er blood.  
Cher - ub - ic le - gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel - come to the skies.  
Then ask the monster, Where's Thy sting? And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

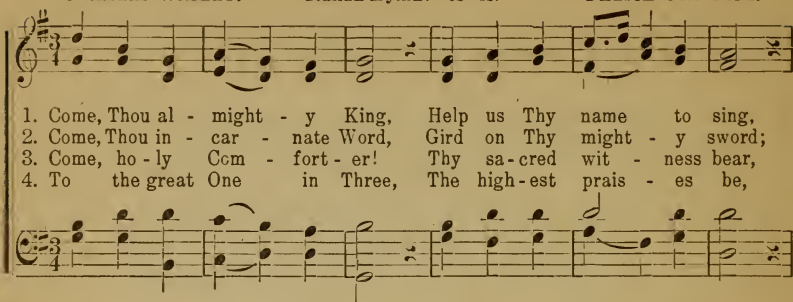


# No. 297. Come, Thou Almighty King.

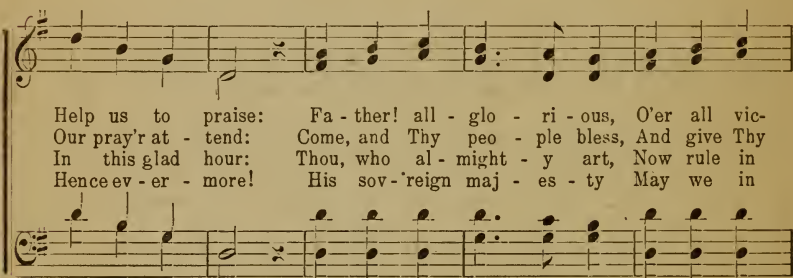
CHARLES WESLEY.

Italian Hymn. 6s 4s.

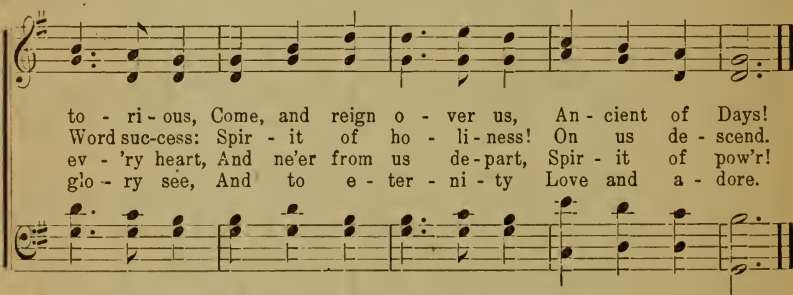
FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;  
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,  
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,



Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in  
 Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in



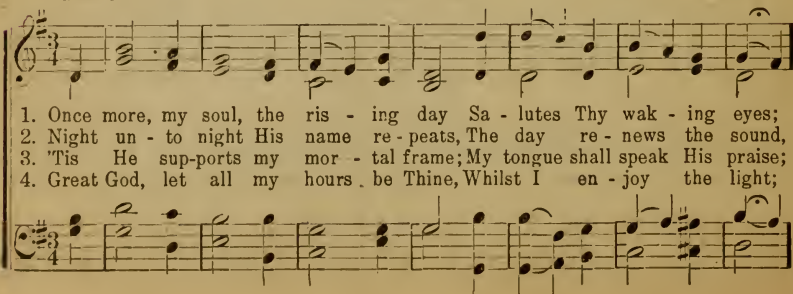
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!  
 Word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

# No. 298. Once More, My Soul.

ISAAC WATTS.

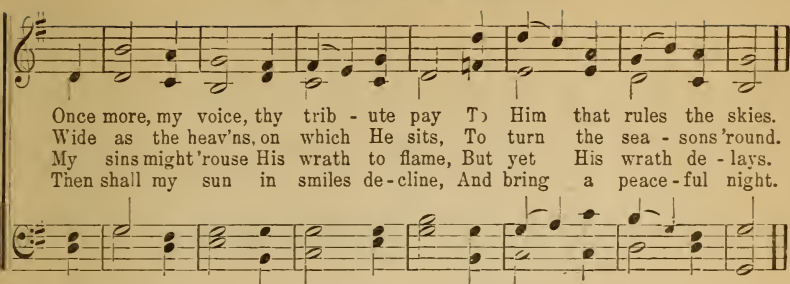
Belmont. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes Thy wak - ing eyes;  
 2. Night un - to night His name re - peats, The day re - news the sound,  
 3. 'Tis He sup - ports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak His praise;  
 4. Great God, let all my hours be Thine, Whilst I en - joy the light;

## Once More, My Soul.



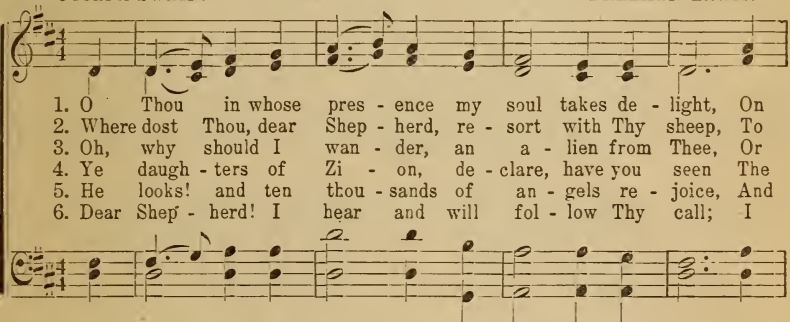
Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.  
Wide as the heav'ns, on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons 'round.  
My sins might 'rouse His wrath to flame, But yet His wrath de - lays.  
Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peace - ful night.

## No. 299.

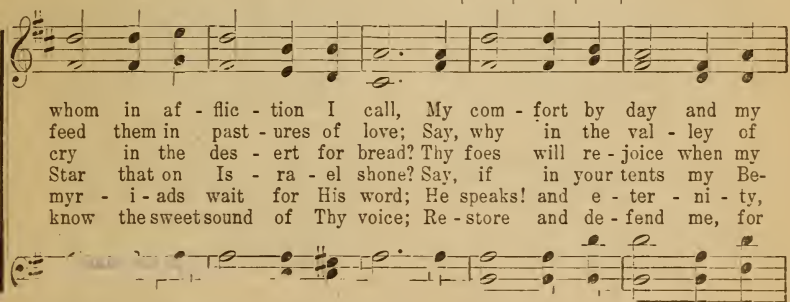
## Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

FREEMAN LEWIS.



1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On  
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To  
3. Oh, why should I wan - der, an a - lien from Thee, Or  
4. Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The  
5. He looks! and ten thou - sands of an - gels re - joice, And  
6. Dear Shep - herd! I hear and will fol - low Thy call; I



whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my  
feed them in past - ures of love; Say, why in the val - ley of  
cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my  
Star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be -  
myr - i - ads wait for His word; He speaks! and e - ter - ni - ty,  
know the sweet sound of Thy voice; Re - store and de - fend me, for

## No. 303. Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:—  
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;

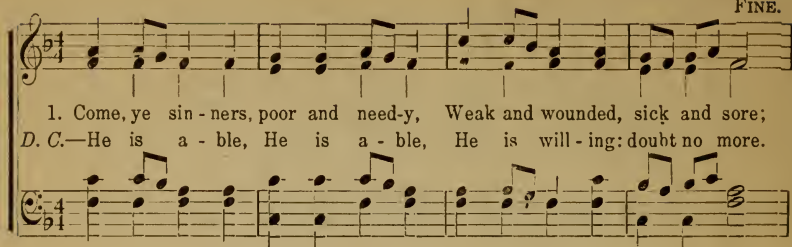
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

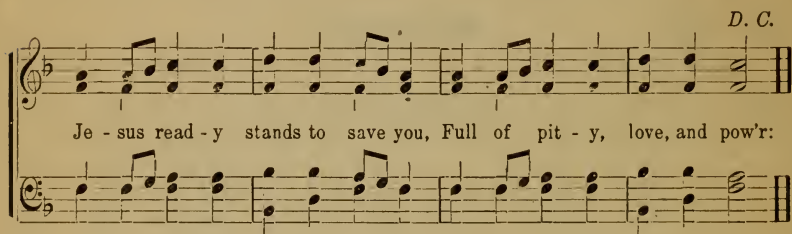
5 See Him set forth before your eyes  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

# No. 300. Greenville, 8, 7, 4.

JOHN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.  
FINE.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
D. C.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.



*D. C.*  
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r:

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
This He gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

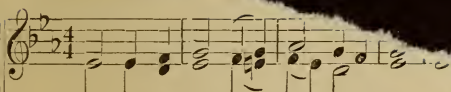
5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him!  
Hear Him cry, before He dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,  
Pleads the merit of His blood:  
Venture on Him, venture freely;  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

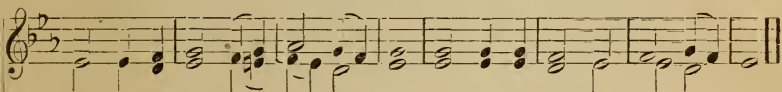
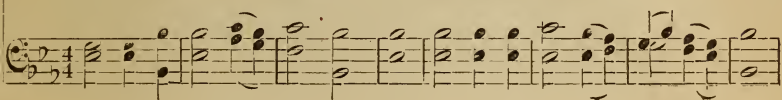
7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with His name:  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may do the same.

# No. 302

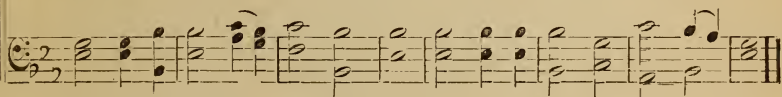
JOHN WESLEY.



1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh: 'Tis God in-vites the ra-
2. In search of emp-ty joys be - low, Ye toil with un - a - vail - ing
3. Come to the liv - ing wa - ters, come! Sin - ners, o - bey your Mak - er's call;
4. See from the Rock a fountain rise: For you a heal - ing stream it rolls;
5. Noth - ing ye in ex - change shall give; Leave all you have, and are, be - hind,



Mer - cy and free sal - va - tion buy, Buy wine, and milk, and Gos - pel grace,  
Whith - er, ah! whither would ye go? I have the words of end - less life.  
Re - turn, ye wea - ry wan - d'rers, home, And find His grace is free for all.  
Mon - ey ye need not bring, nor price, Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin - sick souls,  
Frank - ly the gift of God re - ceive; Par - don and peace in Je - sus find.



# No. 303. Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.

- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:—  
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;

Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

- 4 My message as from God receive,  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
- 5 See Him set forth before your eyes  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,  
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
 dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

## No. 305.

## When I Survey.

I. WATTS.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

## When I Survey.

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

## No. 306.

## Loving-Kindness.

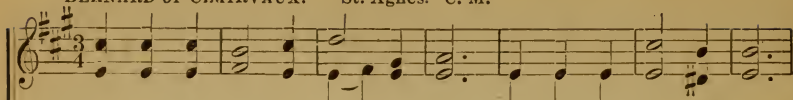
1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-standing all;  
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose;  
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how great!  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how strong!  
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how good!

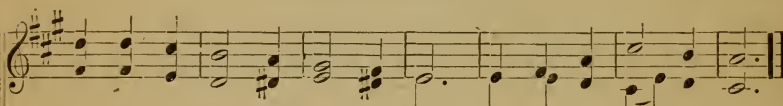
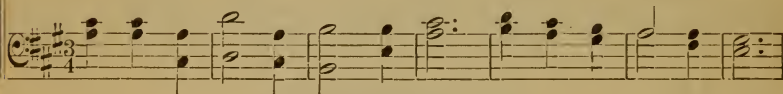
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!  
 Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!  
 Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong!  
 Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

# No. 307. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. St. Agnes. C. M.



1. Je - sus; the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'-ry find
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
4. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-ior of man-kind!  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.  
Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



# No. 308.

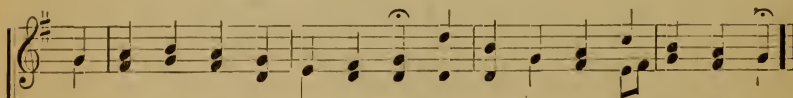
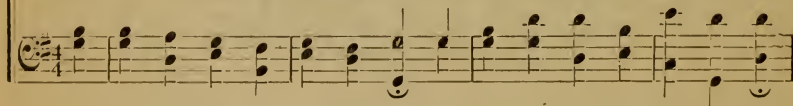
## Doxology.

THOS. KEN.

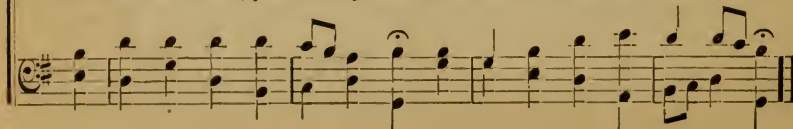
LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



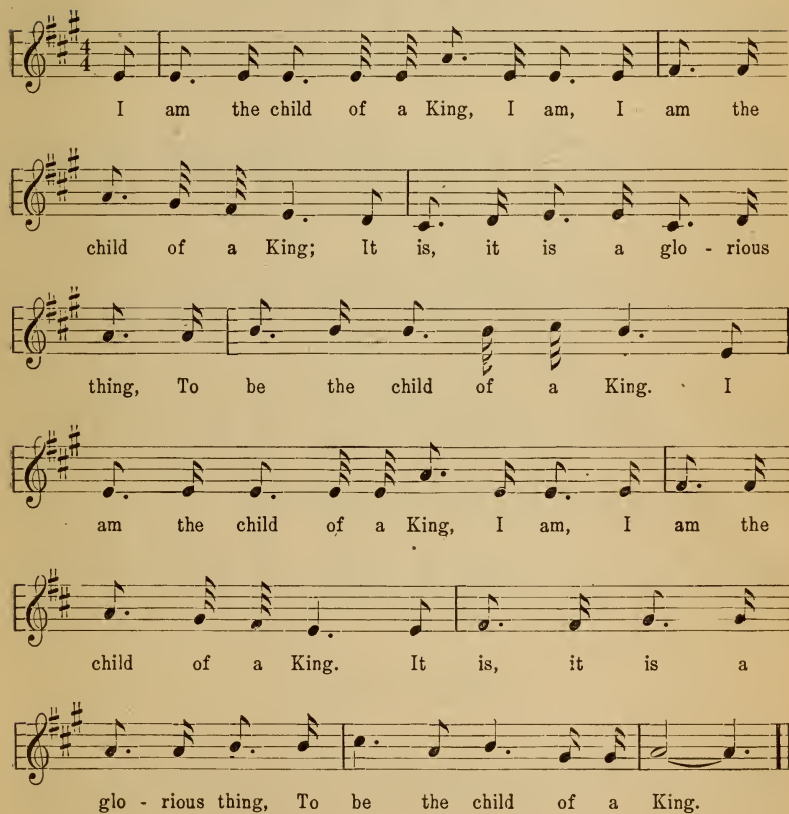
# CHORUSES.

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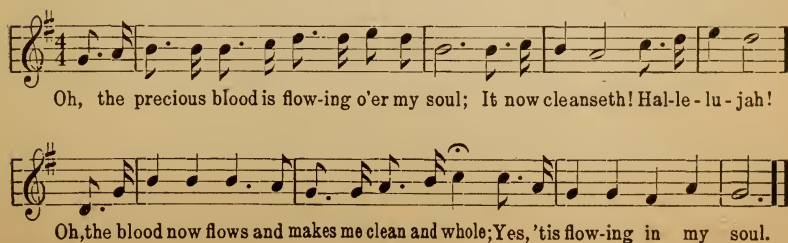
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## The Child of a King.



I am the child of a King, I am, I am the  
child of a King; It is, it is a glo - rious  
thing, To be the child of a King. I  
am the child of a King, I am, I am the  
child of a King. It is, it is a  
glo - rious thing, To be the child of a King.

## Oh, the Precious Blood.



Oh, the precious blood is flow-ing o'er my soul; It now cleanseth! Hal-le-lu-jah!  
Oh, the blood now flows and makes me clean and whole; Yes, 'tis flow-ing in my soul.

## Free.

R. E. SHAW.

Miss CLEMMIE GAY.



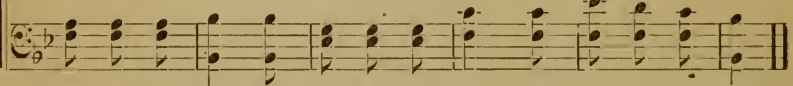
I'm free! I'm free! Oh, glo - ry to God! My soul is now



cleansed in the crim - son flood, I'll shout, Hal - le - lu - jah! How



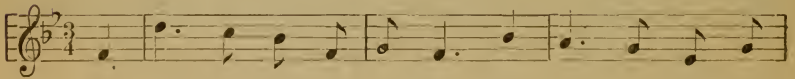
can I keep still! Oh, glo - ry to God! I'm now in His will.



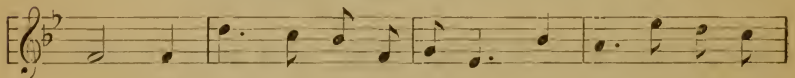
## Blessed Rest.

R. E. SHAW.

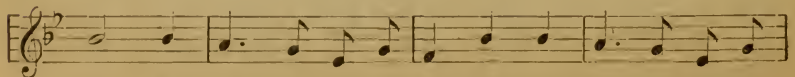
LETTIE MCKEE.



My soul cries Hal - le - lu - jah. How can I help but

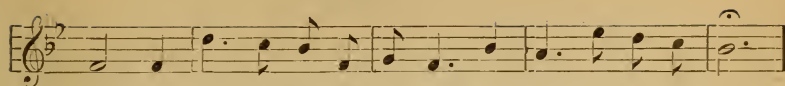


sing, My bless - ed dear Re - deem - er Has now be - come my



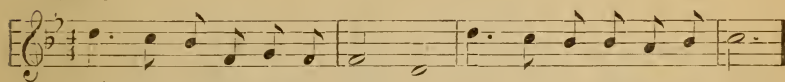
King. My heart I o - pened to Him, He glad - ly then came

## Blessed Rest.



in. He filled my soul with glo - ry And for Him I will sing.

### CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jah, bless-ed Rest!

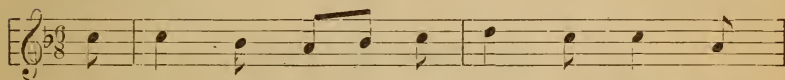


O Hal - le - lu - jah, heaven's near me, O what bless-ed, bless-ed Rest!

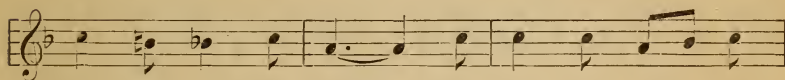
## I Cannot Tell the Joy I Feel.

R. E. SHAW.

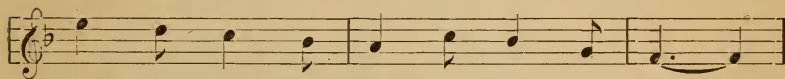
L. MCKEE.



I can - not tell the joy I feel Since



Christ came in.. my soul; But this I know, that

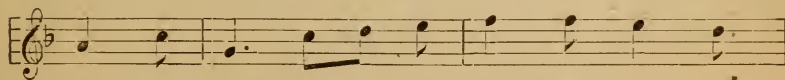


heav'n is near, Since He has made me whole.

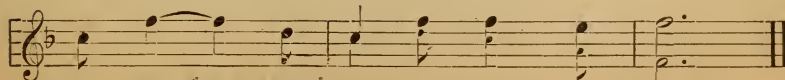
### CHORUS.



My soul sings glo - ry! glo - ry! My lips shall

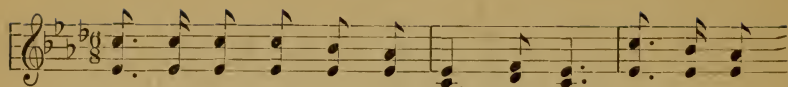


speak His praise O I'm glad that heav'n is



near me, While hal - le - lu - jahs raise.

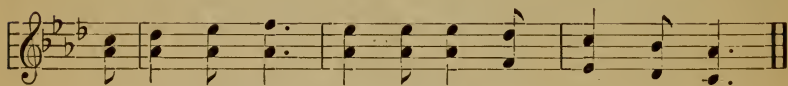
# Victory, Victory!



Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry all the way, Vic - to - ry



thro' the blood each day; Washed and saved,

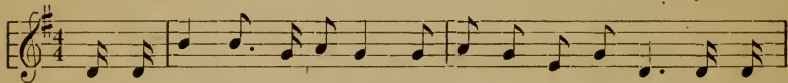


re - deemed from sin, Christ, my Sav - ior, reigns with - in.

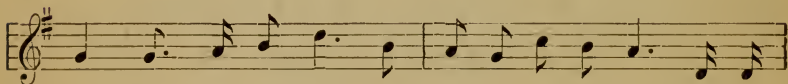
# Old Time Religion.

R. E. SHAW.

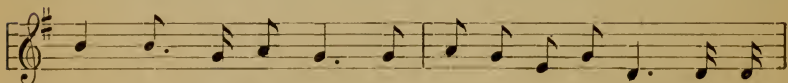
LETTIE MCKEE.



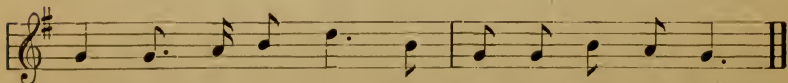
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion That's done so much for me, 'Tis the



old time re - lig - ion That sets my spir - it free, 'Tis the



old time re - lig - ion Gives glo - ry to my soul, 'Tis the



old time re - lig - ion That cleansed and made me whole.

# INDEX.

## A

HYMN NO.

A Glorious Church.....	144
Alas, and Did My Sav- iour Bleed.....	264
All for Jesus.....	17
All Hail the Power of	250
All to Christ I Owe.....	127
Amazing Grace.....	266
And Can I yet Delay?.....	194
Arise, My Soul, Arise	267
Are You Washed in the Blood? .....	166
Asleep in Jesus.....	241

## B

Battle Hymn of the Re- public .....	169
Beautiful Robes.....	179
Blessed Assurance.....	168
Blest Be the Tie.....	242
Blow Ye the Trumpet ....	268
Breathe on Us.. .....	186
Brightest and Best.....	230

## C

Canaan Land.....	128
Christ is Coming.....	164
Christ, the Lord is Risen	259
Cleansing for Me.....	156
Come, Holy Ghost.....	218
Come, Holy Ghost.....	286
Come, Holy Spirit.....	269
Come, Humble Sinner.....	284
Come, Let us Tune.....	240
Come, O My God, the * Promise Seal.....	285
Come, Sinners, to the Gos- pel Feast.....	303
Come, Thou Almighty King .....	297
Come, Ye Saints.....	293
Come, Ye Sinners ....	300-301
Coming to Jesus.....	153
Companionship with Jesus	90
Contentment.....	224

## D

HYMN NO

Deeper Yet.....	87
Depth of Mercy.....	192
Do Not Stagger at the Promise .....	62
Doxology.....	308
Dwelling in His Presence..	94

## E

Entire Consecration.....	187
--------------------------	-----

## F

Faith of our Fathers.....	180
Feasting with My Lord....	162
Fill Me Now.....	213
Forever Here My Rest ....	214
Friendship With Jesus.....	151
From All Sin .....	32
From All that Dwell Below	272

## G

Get Right with God.....	2
Glory to God, Hallelujah!..	72
Glory to His Name.....	117
Glory to Jesus .....	109
God Be With You.....	172
God's Promises.....	225
Great Is the King.....	15
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah .....	292

## H

Hail! to the Lord's Anoin- ted .....	276
Hail! Thou Once Despised Jesus.. .....	280
Hallelujah! Amen.....	149
Hallelujah! Jesus Saves Me	126
Hark, Hark, My Soul.....	24
Hark, the Herald Angels	258
Hark, the Glad Sound.....	288
Have Faith in God.....	89
Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost? .....	76
He Came to Save Me.....	137

He's Coming Again.....	147
He Dies the Friend of Sin- ners.....	296
He Has Come.....	91
He Hideth My Soul .....	71
He Leadeth Me .....	139
He Saves Me .....	86
He Took my Sins Away..	18
He Touched Me and Thus Made Me Whole .....	116
Hidden Peace.....	67
Higher Ground.....	21
His Grace Aboundeth More	75
His Name Shall Be Jesus	26
Ho! Every One that Thirsts	302
Holy Ghost, We Bid Thee Welcome .....	114
Holy Ghost with Light Divine .....	220
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide	133
Holy Spirit Truth Divine..	217
Home of the Soul.....	135
Honey in the Rock.....	103
How Can a Sinner Know?	253
How Sweet the Name of Jesus .....	261

## I

I am Glad There is Cleans- ing .....	161
I Ask the Gift of Right- eousness .....	216
I Believe Jesus Saves.....	191
I Can, I Will, I Do Believe	206
I Do Believe.....	200
I Have Left the World for Jesus .....	81
I Have the Glory in my Soul	111
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice	37
I Know that my Redeemer	154
I Know that my Redeemer	232
I Know I Shall See Him in Glory .....	35
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord	255
I Love to Tell the Story...	47
I Need Thee Every Hour..	171
I Rest Upon His Promise..	195
I Shall be Like Him.....	223
I Shall See the King.....	46

I Surrender All.....	193
I, the Lord, Will Keep Thee	33
I Thirst, Thou Wounded	208
I'll Soon Be There .....	79
I'm Glad I Came Home....	167
I'm Going On.....	6
I'm in the Promised Land	141
I'm Resting in the Cruci- fied .....	150
I'm Believing and Receiv- ing.....	203
In His Will.....	29
In Him I am Free.....	146
In the Cross of Christ I	249
Is Not this the Land of Beulah?.....	175
It is For Us All Today.....	136
It Just Suits Me.....	163
It is Jesus, Blessed Jesus..	88
It Never Runs Dry.....	40
I've Anchored in Jesus....	98
I Want to Love Him Better	80
I Will Praise Him.....	74
I Worship Thee, O Holy Ghost .....	41

## J

Jesus Comes.....	110
Jesus Hath Died that I Might Live.....	282
Jesus has Lifted the Load	83
Jesus is Mine.....	304
Jesus, Lover of My Soul...	294
Jesus, My All, to Heaven	289
Jesus Now Saves Me.....	8
Jesus Shall Reign.....	274
Jesus, the Very Thought of	234
Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee (St. Agnes).....	307
Jesus, the Name High over	245
Jesus, Thine All-Victorious	215
Jesus, Thy Blood and	238
Jesus will Wash it Away..	182
Joy Eternal.....	11
Joy in My Soul.....	20
Joy to the World.....	287
Just as I Am.....	211

## K

Kept in Perfect Peace.....	170
----------------------------	-----

Keep on Believing..... 59  
 Keep the Music Ringing... 36

## L

Let Him to Whom we now 246  
 Let us Tarry for the Power 14  
 Leaning on the Everlast-  
   ing Arms..... 155  
 Living in Canaan Now.... 157  
 Living in the Sunshine.... 82  
 Lift Up your Hearts to 244  
 Lift Your Eyes to Jesus... 185  
 Looking This Way ..... 58  
 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost 254  
 Lord, I Am Thine ..... 207  
 Lord, I Believe a Rest Re-  
   mains ..... 231  
 Lord, I'm Coming Home.. 84  
 Lord of the Harvest..... 5  
 Love Divine ..... 159  
 Love Found Me..... 65  
 Lovingkindness..... 306

## M

Majestic Sweetness..... 243  
 Make His Praises Glorious 44  
 Make Me Pure..... 19  
 Martin ..... 295  
 Marching to Glory..... 165  
 Meditation ..... 299  
 Mine Eyes Shall Behold  
   Him ..... 184  
 Moment By Moment ..... 160  
 My All in All ..... 28  
 My Country, 'Tis of Thee 228  
 My Faith Looks Up to Thee 248  
 My God Shall Supply .... 120  
 My Jesus, I Love Thee.... 1

## N

Never Alone..... 132  
 No Condemnation..... 174  
 No, Not One..... 61  
 Nothing But the Blood of 202  
 Now, I Feel the Sacred  
   Fire..... 143

## O

O Come and Dwell in Me.. 256

O Could I Speak ..... 291  
 O for a Glance of Heavenly 205  
 O for a Heart to Praise..... 262  
 O for a Heart that is  
   Whiter than Snow..... 4  
 O for a Faith..... 263  
 O for a Thousand Tongues  
   to Sing..... 260  
 O for that Flame of Living 271  
 O Glorious Hope of Per-  
   fect Love..... 290  
 O Happy Day..... 204  
 O How Happy are They... 279  
 O Jesus, at Thy Feet We  
   Wait..... 233  
 O Joyful Sound of Gospel  
   Grace ..... 235  
 O Sweet Rest..... 96  
 O that My Load of Sin.... 212  
 O that I Could Repent..... 229  
 O The Blood..... 3  
 O Thou in Whose Presence 299  
 O Thou whom all thy Saints 273  
 Oh! to be Like Thee..... 189  
 O What a Resting Place... 27  
 Of Him Who did Salvation  
   Bring ..... 219  
 Of Him Who Did Sal-  
   vation Bring..... 270  
 Oh! the Glad Home-Com-  
   ing..... 142  
 Once More, My Soul..... 298  
 On the Cross of Calvary... 57  
 Onward, Christian Soldiers 39  
 On the Hallelujah Line... 152  
 On the Victory Side..... 66  
 Our Lord is Risen..... 239  
 Our Lord's Return to Earth  
   Again ..... 54  
 Overflowing With His  
   Love ..... 77  
 Over and Over..... 25

## P

Paradise of Joy..... 277  
 Perfect Peace..... 63  
 Pleading for Admission... 105  
 Pentecostal Power..... 7

Pray Without Ceasing..... 78  
 Purchased with the Blood 43

**R**

Raise the Loud Hosanna... 50  
 Redeemed ..... 93  
 Refreshing ..... 97  
 Riches in Glory ..... 42  
 Rivers of Love..... 177  
 Rock of Ages ..... 247  
 Room at the Fountain ..... 85  
 Running Over ..... 106

**S**

Satisfied..... 131  
 Saved to the Uttermost... 145  
 Saved by the Blood..... 101  
 Saviour of the Sinsick Soul 257  
 Shall we Gather at the  
   River..... 176  
 Shining More and More... 107  
 Show Pity Lord..... 197  
 Since the Holy Ghost Abides 134  
 Soldiers of Christ Arise... 251  
 Stand up for Jesus..... 275  
 Step out on the Promises.. 198  
 Still Out of Christ..... 16  
 Sunlight..... 48  
 Sweet By and Bye ..... 64  
 Sweet Hour of Prayer..... 51  
 Sweet Rest in Canaan..... 69

**T**

Tell Jesus..... 9  
 Tell it Over..... 104  
 That Grand Word Whoso-  
   ever ..... 115  
 The Abiding Comforter... 108  
 The Bloodwashed Pilgrim 53  
 The Breaking of the Day.. 49  
 The Bolted Door ..... 222  
 The Child of a King..... 31  
 The Cleansing Wave ..... 199  
 The Comforter has Come.. 30  
 The Cross is not Greater... 125  
 The Firm Foundation..... 23  
 The Friend you Need..... 102  
 The Half has Never Been  
   Told..... 158  
 The Haven of Rest..... 221

The Hallowed Cross..... 188  
 The Head That Once..... 265  
 The Heavenly Gales are  
   Blowing ..... 173  
 The Lowly Nazarene..... 68  
 The Old Story ..... 178  
 The Old, Old Way ..... 118  
 The Penitent's Plea..... 138  
 The Secret of the Lord.... 124  
 The Solid Rock..... 129  
 The Sweet Beulah Land ... 92  
 The Valley of Blessing .... 140  
 The Voice of Jesus..... 122  
 The Will of God..... 45  
 There's a Great Day Com-  
   ing ..... 100  
 There's a Wideness..... 55  
 There is a Fountain ..... 196  
 There is Glory in My Soul 34  
 There is Power in the Blood 70  
 'Tis Burning in My Soul... 113  
 'Tis Finished, the Messiah 278  
 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in  
   Jesus ..... 13

**U**

Under His Wings ..... 38  
 Under the Blood ..... 119  
 Urge on Your Rapid Course 252

**V**

Vain Man Thy Fond Pur-  
   suits ..... 237  
 Victory..... 181

**W**

Walk in the Light..... 281  
 Walking in the Highway .. 22  
 Watchman Tell us of the  
   Night ..... 227  
 We Have and Anchor ..... 121  
 We're Marching to Zion... 123  
 We Shall See ..... 56  
 We Walk by Faith ..... 52  
 What a Kingdom ..... 183  
 What is Our Calling's  
   Glorious Hope ..... 283  
 When I Survey the Won-  
   drous Cross..... 305

When I see the Blood.....	226
When Love Shines in.....	12
When the Roll is Called ...	130
When the Tithes are Gathered in.....	10
Where He Lead me .....	201
Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven	99
Whiter Than Snow.....	190
While Jesus Whispers to You.....	95

Wilt Thou be Made Whole	148
With Joy we Hail.....	236
Wondrous Love.....	73
Wonderful Savior .....	112
Wrestling Jacob.....	209

## Y

Yield to me Now for I am	210
You May Have the Joy Bells .....	60

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